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THE
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THE

DRAMATICK WORKS

OF

BEAUMONT and FLETCHER.

VOL. III.

9x01

00052971

OF THE
BOMBAY
BRANCH
OF THE

THE HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And, from this hour, no envious spite e'er parts us.
Act V.

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, aſcribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; but as theſe panegyriſts generally attribute to him only the pieces they mention, as if unaſſiſted in any of them by Beaumont, we muſt not much rely on their teſtimony. The Humorous Lieutenant was firſt printed in the folio collection of 1647; *and uſed, until a few years paſt, to be ſometimes acted at the Theatre in Covent-Garden.*

THE PROLOGUE.

'WOULD ſome man would inſtruct me what to ſay:
For this ſame Prologue, uſual to a play,
Is tied to ſuch an old form of petition,
Men muſt ſay nothing now beyond commiſſion:
The cloaks we wear, the legs we make, the place
We ſtand in, muſt be one; and one the face.
Nor alter'd, nor exceeded; if it be,
A general hiſs hangs on our levity.
We have a play, a new play, to play now,
And thus low in our play's behalf we bow:
We bow to beg your ſuffrage, and kind ear.
If it were naught, or that it might appear
A thing buoy'd up by prayer, gentlemen,
Believe my faith, you ſhould not ſee me then.
Let them ſpeak then have power to ſtop a ſtorm;
I never lov'd to feel a houſe ſo warm.
But for the play, if you dare credit me,
I think it well: All new things you ſhall ſee,
And thoſe diſpos'd to all the mirth that may;
And ſhort enough we hope: And ſuch a play
You were wont to like. Sit nobly then, and ſee:
If it miſcarry, pray look not for me!

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

King Antigonus, *an old man with young deſires.*
Demetrius, *ſon to Antigonus, in love with Celia.*
Seleucus, } *Three kings, equal ſharers with Antigonus*
Lyſimachus, } *of what Alexander the Great had, with*
Ptolomey, } *united powers oppoſing Antigonus.*
Leontius, *a brave old merry ſoldier, aſſiſtant to Demetrius.*
Timon, }
Charinthus, } *ſervants to Antigonus, and his vices.*
Menippus, }
The Humorous Lieutenant.
Gentlemen, *friends and followers of Demetrius.*
Three Ambaſſadors *from the three kings.*
Gentlemen-Uſhers.
Citizens.
Phyſicians.
Herald.
Magician.
Hoſt.
Grooms.
Soldiers.

WOMEN.

Celia, (*alias* Enanthe) *daughter to Seleucus, miſtreſs to Demetrius.*
Leucippe, *a bawd, agent for the king's vices.*
Ladies.
Citizens' Wives.
Governeſs *to Celia.*
A Country-woman.
Phebe, *her daughter.*
Two Servants *of the game.*

SCENE, GREECE.

THE

THE

HUMOROUS LIEUTENANT.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter two Uſhers, and Grooms with perfumes.

1 *Uſher.* ROUND, round, perfume it round! quick! Look ye diligently
The ſtate[1] be right! Are theſe the richeſt cuſhions?
Fy, fy! who waits i' th' wardrobe?
2 *Uſher.* But, pray, tell me,
Do you think for certain theſe Ambaſſadors
Shall have this morning audience?
1 *Uſher.* They ſhall have it?
Lord, that you live at court, and underſtand not!
I tell you they muſt have it.
2 *Uſher.* Upon what neceſſity?
1 *Uſher.* Still you are off the trick of court: Sell your place,
And ſow your grounds; you are not for this tillage.

Enter Ladies and Gentlemen.

Madams, the beſt way is the upper lodgings;
There you may ſee at eaſe.
Ladies. We thank you, Sir. [*Exe. Ladies and Gent.*

[1] *The ſtate.*] *i. e.* The ſtate-chair, or throne.

1 *Uſher.* Would you have all theſe ſlighted? Who ſhould report then,
The Ambaſſadors were handſome men? His beard
A neat one; the fire of his eyes quicker than lightning,
And, when it breaks, as blaſting; his legs, tho' little ones,
Yet movers of a maſs of underſtanding?
Who ſhall commend their cloaths? who ſhall take notice
Of the moſt wiſe behaviour of their feathers?
You live a raw man here.

2 *Uſher.* I think I do ſo.

Enter two Citizens, and Wives.

1 *Uſher.* Why, whither would ye all preſs?

1 *Cit.* Good maſter Uſher!

2 *Cit.* My wife, and ſome few of my honeſt neighbours here——

1 *Uſher.* Prithee begone,
Thou and thy honeſt neighbours; thou look'ſt like an aſs.
Why, whither would you, Fiſh-face?

2 *Cit.* If I might have
But th' honour to ſee you at my poor houſe, Sir,
A capon bridled and ſaddled I'll aſſure your worſhip,
A ſhoulder of mutton, and a pottle of wine, Sir.
I knew your brother; he was as like you,
And ſhot the beſt at butts——

1 *Uſher.* A pox upon thee!

2 *Cit.* Some muſic I'll aſſure you too; my toy, Sir,
Can play o' th' virginals.

1 *Uſher.* Prithee, good Toy,
Take away thy ſhoulder of mutton, it is fly-blown;
And, Shoulder, take thy flap along; here's no place for ye.
Nay, then, you had beſt be knock'd! [*Exeunt Cit.*

Enter Celia.

Celia. I would fain ſee him!

The

The glory of this place makes me remember——
But, die thoſe thoughts, die all but my deſires!
Even thoſe to death are ſick too. He's not here,
Nor how my eyes may guide me——
2 *Uſher.* What's your buſineſs?
Who keeps the outward door there? Here's fine ſhuffling!
You waſtcoateër! you muſt go back.
Celia. There is not,
There cannot be, (ſix days, and never ſee me!)
There muſt not be deſire.—Sir, do you think,
That if you had a miſtreſs——
1 *Uſher.* 'Sdeath, ſhe's mad!
Celia. And were yourſelf an honeſt man——It cannot——
1 *Uſher.* What a devil haſt thou to do with me or my honeſty?
Will you be jogging, good Nimble-tongue? My fellow door-keeper!
2 *Uſher.* Prithee, let her alone.
1 *Uſher.* The king is coming,
And ſhall we have an agent from the ſuburbs
Come to crave audience too?
Celia. Before, I thought you to have a little breeding,
Some tang of gentry; but now I take you plainly,
Without the help of any perſpective,
For that you cannot alter.
1 *Uſher.* What is that?
Celia. An aſs, Sir!
You bray as like one, and, by my troth, methinks,
As you ſtand now, conſidering who to kick next,
You appear to me
Juſt with that kind of gravity, and wiſdom.
Your place may bear the name of gentleman,
But if ever any of that butter ſtick to your bread—
2 *Uſher.* You muſt be modeſter.
Celia. Let him uſe me nobler,
And wear good cloaths to do good offices;
They hang upon a fellow of his virtue,

As though they hung on gibbets.

2 *Uſher.* A perilous wench!

1 *Uſher.* Thruſt her into a corner; I'll no more on her.

2 *Uſher.* You have enough. Go, pretty maid, ſtand cloſe,
And uſe that little tongue with a little more temper.

Celia. I thank you, Sir.

2 *Uſher.* When the ſhows are paſt,
I'll have you into the cellar; there we'll dine,
(A very pretty wench, a witty rogue!)
And there we'll be as merry—Can you be merry?

Celia. Oh, very merry.

2 *Uſher.* Only ourſelves; this churliſh fellow ſhall not know.

Celia. By no means.

2 *Uſher.* And can you love a little?

Celia. Love exceedingly:
I have cauſe to love you, dear Sir.

2 *Uſher.* Then I'll carry you,
And ſhew you all the pictures, and the hangings,
The lodgings, gardens, and the walks: and then, ſweet,
You ſhall tell me where you lie.

Celia. Yes, marry, will I.

2 *Uſher.* And't ſhall go hard but I'll ſend you a veniſon paſty,
And bring a bottle of wine along.

1 *Uſher.* Make room there!

2 *Uſher.* Room there afore! Stand cloſe; the train is coming.

Enter King Antigonus, Timon, Charinthus, and Menippus.

Celia. Have I yet left a beauty to catch fools?—
Yet, yet, I ſee him not. Oh, what a miſery
Is love, expected long, deluded longer!

Ant. Conduct in the Ambaſſadors.

1 *Uſher.* Make room there!

Ant. They ſhall not long wait anſwer. [*Flouriſh.*

Celia. Yet he comes not!

Enter

Enter Three Ambaſſadors.

Why are eyes ſet on theſe, and multitudes
Follow, to make theſe wonders? Oh, good gods!
What would theſe look like, if my love were here?
But I am fond, forgetful!

Ant. Now your grievance,
Speak, ſhort, and have as ſhort diſpatch.

1 *Amb.* Then thus, Sir:
In all our royal maſters' names, we tell you,
You have done injuſtice, broke the bonds of concord;
And, from their equal ſhares, from Alexander
Parted[2], and ſo poſſeſs'd, not like a brother,
But as an open enemy, you have hedg'd in
Whole provinces; man'd and maintain'd theſe injuries;
And daily with your ſword, tho' they ſtill honour you,
Make bloody roads, take towns, and ruin caſtles;
And ſtill their ſufferance feels the weight.

2 *Amb.* Think of that love, great Sir, that honour'd friendſhip,
Yourſelf held with our maſters; think of that ſtrength,
When you were all one body, all one mind;
When all your ſwords ſtruck one way; when your angers,
Like ſo many brother billows, roſe together,
And, curling up your foaming creſts, defied
Even mighty kings, and in their falls entomb'd 'em.
Oh, think of theſe! and you that have been conquerors,
That ever led your fortunes open-ey'd,
Chain'd faſt by confidence; you that Fame courted,
Now ye want enemies and men to match ye,
Let not your own ſwords ſeek your ends, to ſhame ye!

Enter Demetrius, with a javelin, and Gentlemen.

3 *Amb.* Chuſe which you will, or peace or war; we come
Prepar'd for either.

1 *Uſher.* Room for the prince there!

[2] *Parted.*] *Parted* here means *divided into parts.*

Celia. Was it the prince they ſaid? How my heart trembled!
'Tis he, indeed! What a ſweet noble fierceneſs
Dwells in his eyes! Young Meleager-like,
When he return'd from ſlaughter of the boar,
Crown'd with the loves and honours of the people,
With all the gallant youth of Greece, he looks now.
Who could deny him love?
Dem. Hail, royal father!
Ant. You're welcome from your ſport, Sir. D'ye ſee this gentleman,
You that bring thunders in your mouths, and earthquakes,
To ſhake and totter my deſigns? Can you imagine,
You men of poor and common apprehenſions,
While I admit this man my ſon, this nature,
That in one look carries more fire, and fierceneſs,
Than all your maſters in their lives; dare I admit him,
Admit him thus, even to my ſide, my boſom,
When he is fit to rule, when all men cry him,
And all hopes hang about his head; thus place him,
His weapon hatch'd in blood; all theſe attending
When he ſhall make their fortunes, all as ſudden
In any expedition he ſhall point 'em
As arrows from a Tartar's bow, and ſpeeding;
Dare I do this, and fear an enemy?
Fear your great maſter? yours? or yours?
Dem. Oh, Hercules!
Who ſays you do, Sir? Is there any thing
In theſe mens' faces, or their maſters' actions,
Able to work ſuch wonders?
Celia. Now he ſpeaks!
Oh, I could dwell upon that tongue for ever!
Dem. You call 'em kings: They never wore thoſe royalties;
Nor in the progreſs of their lives arriv'd yet
At any thought of king: Imperial dignities,
And powerful godlike actions, fit for princes,
They can no more put on, and make 'em ſit right,

Than

Than I can with this mortal hand hold Heaven.
Poor petty men! Nor have I yet forgot
The chiefeſt honours time and merit gave 'em:
Lyſimachus, your maſter, at his beſt,
His higheſt, and his hopefull'ſt dignities,
Was but grand-maſter of the elephants;
Seleucus of the treaſure; and for Ptolomey,
A thing not thought on then, ſcarce heard of yet,
Some maſter of ammunition[3]: And muſt theſe men—
Celia. What a brave confidence flows from his ſpirit!
Oh, ſweet young man!
Dem. Muſt theſe hold pace[4] with us,
And on the ſame file hang their memories?
Muſt theſe examine what the wills of kings are?
Preſcribe to their deſigns, and chain their actions
To their reſtraints? be friends and foes when they pleaſe?
Send out their thunders, and their menaces,
As if the fate of mortal things were theirs?
Go home, good men, and tell your maſters from us,
We do 'em too much honour to force from 'em
Their barren countries, ruin their waſte cities;
And tell 'em, out of love, we mean to leave 'em,
Since they will needs be kings, no more to tread on,
Than they have able wits and pow'rs to manage;
And ſo we ſhall befriend 'em.—Ha! what does ſhe there?
Amb. This is your anſwer, king?
Ant. 'Tis like to prove ſo.

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[3] *Some maſter of* ammunition.] Here the verſe labours under a ſuperfluous ſyllable. *Munition* was undoubtedly the original word, and which bears the ſenſe of *ammunition*. *Theobald.*

Mr. Theobald therefore reads, *maſter of* MUNITION; but we do not think a *ſuperfluous ſyllable* warrants the alteration. The original text is good ſenſe, and not inharmonious.

[4] *Muſt theſe hold* pace *with us.*] To preſerve an uniformity in the metaphor, as *file* is in the ſubſequent line, I have ventured to alter *pace* into *place*. *Theobald.*

We ſee no need of alteration. Why not go from one metaphor to another?

Dem.

Dem. Fy, ſweet! what make you here?
Celia. Pray you, do not chide me.
Dem. You do yourſelf much wrong, and me.
Celia. Pray you, pardon me!
I feel my fault, which only was committed
Thro' my dear love to you. I have not ſeen you,
(And how can I live then?) I have not ſpoke to you—
Dem. I know, this week you have not. I will redeem all.
You are ſo tender now! Think where you are, ſweet!
Celia. What other light have I left?
Dem. Prithee, Celia!
Indeed, I'll ſee you preſently.
Celia. I have done, Sir.
You will not miſs?
Dem. By this, and this, I will not.
Celia. 'Tis in your will, and I muſt be obedient.
Dem. No more of theſe aſſemblies.
Celia. I am commanded.
1 *Uſh.* Room for the lady there! Madam, my ſervice—
1 *Gent.* My coach, an't pleaſe you, lady!
2 *Uſher.* Room before there!
2 *Gent.* The honour, madam, but to wait upon you—
My ſervants, and my ſtate——
Celia. Lord, how they flock now!
Before, I was afraid they would have beat me.
How theſe flies play i' th' ſun-ſhine? Pray ye, no ſervices;
Or, if ye needs muſt play the hobby-horſes,
Seek out ſome beauty that affects 'em! Farewell.
Nay, pray ye, ſpare, gentlemen; I am old enough
To go alone at theſe years, without crutches. [*Exit.*
2 *Uſher.* Well, I could curſe now: But that will not help me.
I made as ſure account of this wench now, immediately.
Do but conſider how the devil has croſs'd me!
'Meat for my maſter,' ſhe cries. Well——
3 *Amb.* Once more, Sir,
We aſk your reſolutions: Peace, or war, yet?

Dem.

Dem. War, war, my noble father!
Ant. Thus I fling it[5]:
And, fair-ey'd Peace, farewell! You have your anſwer!
Conduct out the Ambaſſadors, and give 'em convoys.
Dem. Tell your high-hearted maſters, they ſhall not ſeek us,
Nor cool i' th' field in expectation of us;
We'll eaſe your men thoſe marches; In their ſtrengths,
And full abilities of mind and courage,
We'll find 'em out, and at their beſt trim buckle with 'em.
3 *Amb.* You will find ſo hot a ſoldier's welcome, Sir,
Your favour ſhall not freeze.
2 *Amb.* A forward gentleman:
Pity the war ſhould bruiſe ſuch hopes.
Ant. Conduct 'em! [*Exeunt Amb.*
Now, for this preparation; Where's Leontius?
Call him in preſently: For I mean in perſon,
Gentlemen, myſelf, with my old fortune——
Dem. Royal Sir,
Thus low I beg this honour: Fame already
Hath ev'ry where rais'd trophies to your glory,
And Conqueſt now grown old, and weak with following
The weary marches and the bloody ſhocks
You daily ſet her in. 'Tis now ſcarce honour
For you, that never knew to fight but conquer,
To ſparkle[6] ſuch poor people. The royal eagle,
When ſhe hath try'd[7] her young ones 'gainſt the ſun,
And

[5] 1 Amb. *Thus I fling it:*
And fair ey'd peace, farewell.] Theſe words are, we think, a continuation of the ſpeech of Demetrius, or the beginning of that of Antigonus (which, in the former editions, commences at, *You have your anſwer*); moſt probably the laſt. They cannot belong to the *Ambaſſador*, who does not mean to declare war, till he knows the reſolution of Antigonus.

[6] *To* ſparkle *ſuch poor people.*] This word is ſeveral times uſed by our Authors, to ſignify *ſcatter, diſperſe*; from the alluſion to a red-hot coal, that diſperſes its ſulphureous quality in *ſparkles*.
Theobald.

[7] *When ſhe hath* try'd.] *Try'd* is very good ſenſe, and we would not diſturb

And found 'em right, next teacheth 'em to prey;
How to command on wing, and check below her
Ev'n birds of noble plume: I am your own, Sir;
You have found my ſpirit; try it now, and teach it
To ſtoop whole kingdoms: Leave a little for me;
Let not your glory be ſo greedy, Sir,
To eat up all my hopes. You gave me life;
If to that life you add not what's more laſting,
A noble name, for man you have made a ſhadow.
Bleſs me this day! Bid me go on, and lead;
Bid me go on, no leſs fear'd than Antigonus;
And to my maiden ſword tie faſt your fortune:
I know, 'twill fight itſelf then. Dear Sir, honour me!
Never fair virgin long'd ſo.

Ant. Riſe, and command then;
And be as fortunate as I expect you:
I love that noble will. Your young companions,
Bred up and foſter'd with you, I hope, Demetrius,
You will make ſoldiers too; they muſt not leave you.

Enter Leontius.

2 *Gent.* Never till life leave us, Sir.

Ant. Oh, Leontius,
Here's work for you in hand.

Leon. I am ev'n right-glad, Sir;
For, by my troth, I am now grown old with idleneſs.
I hear we ſhall abroad, Sir.

Ant. Yes, and preſently.
But who, think you, commands now?

Leon. Who commands, Sir?
Methinks, mine eye ſhould guide me. Can there be,
If you yourſelf will ſpare him ſo much honour,
Any found out to lead before your armies,
So full of faith, and fire, as brave Demetrius?
King Philip's ſon, at his years, was an old ſoldier.
'Tis time his fortune be o' th' wing; high time, Sir.

---

diſturb the text, yet ſuſpect the right word to be *tyr'd*. The whole paſſage is an alluſion to falconry—to *tyre*, to *prey*, to *check*, to *ſtoop*, are all terms, we believe, of that art.

So

So many idle hours as here he loiters,
So many ever-living names he loſes:
I hope 'tis he.

Ant. 'Tis he, indeed; and nobly
He ſhall ſet forward. Draw you all thoſe garriſons
Upon the frontiers as you paſs; to thoſe
Join theſe in pay at home, our ancient ſoldiers;
And, as you go, preſs all the provinces.

Leon. We ſhall not need: Believe, this hopeful gentleman
Can want no ſwords, nor honeſt hearts, to follow him.
We ſhall be full, no fear, Sir.

Ant. You, Leontius,
Becauſe you are an old and faithful ſervant,
And know the wars, with all his vantages,
Be near to his inſtructions; leſt his youth
Loſe Valour's beſt companion, ſtaid Diſcretion.
Shew where to lead, to lodge, to charge with ſafety;
In execution not to break, nor ſcatter,
But, with a provident anger, follow nobly;
Not covetous of blood and death, but honour.
Be ever near his watches, cheer his labours,
And, where his hope ſtands fair, provoke his valour.
Love him, and think it no diſhonour, my Demetrius,
To wear this jewel near thee; he is a try'd one,
And one, that ev'n in ſpite of time, that ſunk him,
And froſted up his ſtrength, will yet ſtand by thee;
And with the proudeſt of thine enemies
Exchange for blood, and bravely: Take his counſel.

Leon. Your grace hath made me young again, and wanton.

Ant. She muſt be known, and ſuddenly. Do you know her? [*To Menippus.*

Gent. Char. No, believe, Sir.

Ant. Did you obſerve her, Timon?

Tim. I look'd on her; but what ſhe is——

Ant. I muſt
Have that found. Come in, and take your leave.

Leon.

Leon. And ſome few prayers along [9].
Dem. I know my duty: [*Exit Ant.*
You ſhall be half my father.
Leon. All your ſervant.
Come, gentlemen, you are reſolv'd, I'm ſure,
To ſee theſe wars.
1 *Gent.* We dare not leave his fortunes,
Tho' moſt aſſured death hung round about us.
Leon. That bargain's yet to make.
Be not too haſty, when ye face the enemy,
Nor too ambitious to get honour inſtantly;
But charge within your bounds, and keep cloſe bodies,
And you ſhall ſee what ſport we'll make theſe mad-caps.
Ye ſhall have game enough, I warrant ye;
Every man's cock ſhall fight.
Dem. I muſt go ſee her [10].
Brave Sir, as ſoon as I have taken leave,
I'll meet you in the park: Draw the men thither.
Wait you upon Leontius.
Gent. We'll attend, Sir.
Leon. But, I beſeech your grace, with ſpeed; the ſooner
We are i'th' field——
Dem. You could not pleaſe me better. [*Exit.*
Leon. You never ſaw the wars yet?
Gent. Not yet, colonel.
Leon. Theſe fooliſh miſtreſſes do ſo hang about ye,
So whimper, and ſo hug, (I know it, gentlemen)
And ſo intice ye, now ye are i'th' bud!

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9 Tim. *And ſome few prayers along.*] We have no doubt that this ſhort ſpeech belongs to the honeſt ſoldier *Leontius*, rather than the pandar *Timon*; which the next ſpeech of Demetrius ſeems to confirm.

10 *I muſt go ſee*, Sir.] What muſt he go ſee? or, to whom is he here addreſſing himſelf? In ſhort, Demetrius is ſpeaking to himſelf, that he muſt go ſee, and take leave of Celia, before he ſets out on his expedition. *Theobald.*

This conjecture of Mr. Theobald is very much corroborated by the ſequel of the play, as well as by what is ſaid by the Lieutenant in the next ſcene: *I think he has ſome wench to lick over, before he go.*

And

And that ſweet tilting war, with eyes and kiſſes,
Th' alarms of ſoft vows, ſighs, and fiddle-faddles,
Spoils all our trade! You muſt forget theſe knick-knacks:
A woman, at ſome time of year, I grant ye,
She is neceſſary; but make no buſineſs of her.
How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. Oh, Sir, as ill as ever.
We ſhall have wars, they ſay; they're muſt'ring yonder:
'Would we were at it once! Fy, how it plagues me!
Leon. Here's one has ſerv'd now under captain Cupid,
And crack'd a pike in's youth: You ſee what's come on't.
Lieut. No, my diſeaſe will never prove ſo honourable.
Leon. Why, ſure, thou haſt the beſt pox.
Lieut. If I have 'em,
I am ſure I got 'em in the beſt company:
They are pox of thirty coats.
Leon. Thou haſt mew'd 'em finely.
Here's a ſtrange fellow now, and a brave fellow,
If we may ſay ſo of a pocky fellow,
Which I believe we may: This poor Lieutenant,
Whether he have the ſcratches, or the ſcabs,
Or what a devil it be, I'll ſay this for him,
There fights no braver ſoldier under ſun, gentlemen.
Shew him an enemy, his pain's forgot ſtraight;
And where other men by beds and baths have eaſe,
And eaſy rules of phyſic; ſet him in a danger,
A danger, that's a fearful one indeed,
Ye rock him, and he will ſo play about ye!
Let it be ten to one he ne'er comes off again,
Ye have his heart; and then he works it bravely,
And throughly bravely. Not a pang remember'd.
I have ſeen him do ſuch things belief would ſhrink at.
Gent. 'Tis ſtrange he ſhould do all this, and diſeas'd ſo.

Leon. I am ſure, 'tis true. Lieutenant, canſt thou drink well?

Lieut. 'Would I were drunk, dog-drunk, I might not feel this.

Gent. I would take phyſic.

Lieut. But I would know my diſeaſe firſt.

Leon. Why, it may be the cholick: Canſt thou blow backward?

Lieut. There's never a bag-pipe in the kingdom better.

Gent. Is't not a pleuriſy?

Lieut. 'Tis any thing,
That has the devil, and death in't. Will ye march, gentlemen?
The prince has taken leave.

Leon. How know you that?

Lieut. I ſaw him leave the court, diſpatch his followers,
And met him after in a by-ſtreet: I think,
He has ſome wench, or ſuch a toy, to lick over
Before he go. 'Would I had ſuch another,
To draw this fooliſh pain down!

Leon. Let's away, gentlemen;
For, ſure, the prince will ſtay on us.

Gent. We'll attend, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Celia. Muſt you needs go?

Dem. Or ſtay with all diſhonour.

Celia. Are there not men enough to fight?

Dem. Fy, Celia!
This ill becomes the noble love you bear me:
Would you have your love a coward?

Celia. No, believe, Sir;
I would have him fight, but not ſo far off from me.

Dem. Wouldſt have it thus, or thus?

Celia. If that be fighting——

Dem.

Dem. You wanton fool! when I come home again,
I'll fight with thee at thine own weapon, Celia,
And conquer thee too.

Celia. That you've done already;
You need no other arms to me, but theſe, Sir.
But will you fight yourſelf, Sir?

Dem. Thus deep in blood, wench;
And thro' the thickeſt ranks of pikes.

Celia. Spur bravely
Your fiery courſer, beat the troops before you,
And cram the mouth of death with executions!

Dem. I would do more than theſe. But, prithee, tell me,
Tell me, my fair, where got'ſt thou this male ſpirit?
I wonder at thy mind.

Celia. Were I a man, then
You would wonder more.

Dem. Sure, thou wouldſt prove a ſoldier,
And ſome great leader.

Celia. Sure, I ſhould do ſomewhat;
And the firſt thing I did, I ſhould grow envious,
Extremely envious, of your youth and honour.

Dem. And fight againſt me?

Celia. Ten to one, I ſhould do it.

Dem. Thou wouldſt not hurt me?

Celia. In this mind I am in,
I think, I ſhould be hardly brought to ſtrike you;
Unleſs 'twere thus: but, in my man's mind——

Dem. What?

Celia. I ſhould be friends with you too, now I think better.

Dem. You're a tall ſoldier [11]. Here, take theſe, and theſe;

[11] *You're a* tall *ſoldier.*] Our anceſtors uſed *tall* in the ſenſe of *ſtout, bold,* or *courageous*; and this, I apprehend, is the meaning we muſt aſſign it here. Thus the lord Bacon tells us, 'That biſhop Fox 'cauſed his caſtle of Norham to be fortified; and mann'd it likewiſe 'with a very great number of *tall* ſoldiers.' Hiſtory of Henry VII. p. 173. And in a Diſcourſe on Uſury, wrote by Dr. Wilſon, we may ſee how it was then uſed: 'Here in England, he that can rob a 'man

This gold to furniſh you; and keep this bracelet.
Why do you weep now? You a maſculine ſpirit!
Celia. No, I confeſs I am a fool, a woman:
And ever when I part with you——
Dem. You ſhall not.
Theſe tears are like prodigious ſigns, my ſweet one!
I ſhall come back, loaden with fame, to honour thee.
Celia. I hope you ſhall. But then, my dear Demetrius,
When you ſtand conqueror, and at your mercy
All people bow, and all things wait your ſentence;
Say then, your eye, ſurveying all your conqueſt,
Finds out a beauty, even in ſorrow excellent,
A conſtant face, that in the midſt of ruin,
With a forc'd ſmile, both ſcorns at fate and fortune:
Say, you find ſuch a one, ſo nobly fortified,
And in her figure all the ſweets of nature——
Dem. Prithee, no more of this; I cannot find her.
Celia. That ſhews as far beyond my wither'd beauty,
And will run mad to love you too——
Dem. Do you fear me?
And do you think, beſides this face, this beauty,
This heart, where all my hopes are lock'd——
Celia. I dare not:
No, ſure, I think you honeſt; wondrous honeſt.
Pray, do not frown; I'll ſwear you are.
Dem. You may chuſe.
Celia. But how long will you be away?
Dem. I know not.
Celia. I know you are angry now: Pray, look upon me:
I'll aſk no more ſuch queſtions.
Dem. The drums beat;
I can no longer ſtay.

'man by the high-way is called a *tall* fellow.' Lond. 1584. The word occurs likewiſe in Shakeſpeare; who ſeems in more places than one to ridicule the frequent uſe of it by bravoes and bullies. Thus he makes Piſtol ſay, 'Thy ſpirits are moſt *tall*.' And Mercutio reckons the phraſe, 'a *tall* man,' amongſt the affected fancies of the time.
Whalley.

Celia. They do but [12] call yet
How fain you would leave my company!
Dem. I would not,
Unleſs a greater pow'r than Love commanded;
Commands my life, mine honour.
Celia. But a little!
Dem. Prithee, farewell, and be not doubtful of me.
Celia. I would not have you hurt: And you are ſo vent'rous——
But, good ſweet prince, preſerve yourſelf; fight nobly,
But do not thruſt this body—('tis not yours now,
'Tis mine, 'tis only mine)—do not ſeek wounds, Sir;
For every drop of blood you bleed——
Dem. I will, Celia,
I will be careful.
Celia. My heart, that loves you dearly——
Dem. Prithee, no more! we muſt part:
Hark, they march now! [*Drums beat a march.*
Celia. Pox on theſe bawling drums! I am ſure, you'll kiſs me;
But one kiſs! What a parting's this?
Dem. Here, take me,
And do what thou wilt with me, ſmother me;
But ſtill remember, if your fooling with me
Make me forget the truſt——
Celia. I have done: Farewell, Sir!
Never look back; you ſhall not ſtay, not a minute.
Dem. I muſt have one farewell more!
Celia. No, the drums beat;
I dare not ſlack your honour; not a hand more!
Only this look—The gods preſerve, and ſave you!
[*Exeunt ſeverally* [13].

[12] *They do* but *call yet.*] We have not diſturbed the text, but ſuſpect that *but* in this hemiſtich ſhould be, according to the true reading, *not*.

——*They do* not *call yet:*
How fain you would leave my company!

[13] We cannot help taking notice of the beauty and elegance of this ſcene; though it is needleſs to point it out to any reader of the leaſt taſte or ſenſibility.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus, Charinthus, and Timon.

Ant. WHAT, have you found her out?
Char. We have hearken'd after her.
Ant. What's that to my deſire?
Char. Your grace muſt give us
Time, and a little means.
Tim. She is, ſure, a ſtranger:
If ſhe were bred or known here——
Ant. Your dull endeavours

Enter Menippus.

Should never be employ'd. Welcome, Menippus!
Men. I have found her, Sir;
I mean, the place ſhe is lodg'd in. Her name is Celia;
And much ado I had to purchaſe that too.
Ant. Doſt think Demetrius loves her?
Men. Much I fear it;
But nothing that way yet can win for certain.
I'll tell your grace within this hour.
Ant. A ſtranger?
Men. Without all doubt.
Ant. But how ſhould he come to her?
Men. There lies the marrow of the matter hid yet.
Ant. Haſt thou been with thy wife?
Men. No, Sir; I'm going to her.
Ant. Go, and diſpatch, and meet me in the garden,
And get all out you can. [*Exit.*
Men. I'll do my beſt, Sir. [*Exit.*
Tim. Bleſt be thy wife; thou wert an arrant aſs elſe!
Char. Ay, ſhe's a ſtirring woman indeed: There's a brain, brother!
Tim. There's not a handſome wench of any mettle
Within

Within a hundred miles, but her intelligence
Reaches her, and out-reaches her, and brings her
As confidently to court, as to a ſanctuary.
What had his mouldy brains ever arriv'd at,
Had not ſhe beaten it out o' th' flint to faſten him?
They ſay ſhe keeps an office of concealments [14]:
There is no young wench, let her be a ſaint,
(Unleſs ſhe live i' th' centre) but ſhe finds her,
And every way prepares addreſſes to her.
If my wife would have followed her courſe, Charinthus,
Her lucky courſe, (I had the day before him)
Oh, what might I have been by this time, brother?
But ſhe, forſooth, when I put theſe things to her,
Theſe things of honeſt thrift, groans, 'Oh, my conſcience!
'The load upon my conſcience!' when, to make us cuckolds,
They have no more burden than a brood-gooſe, brother.
But let's do what we can; tho' this wench fail us,
Another of a new way [15] will be look'd at.
Come, let's abroad, and beat our brains; time may,
For all his wiſdom, yet give us a day. [*Exeunt.*

[14] *An office of* concealments.] Alluding to the practice in Queen Elizabeth's time of begging lands, which had formerly been appropriated to ſuperſtitious uſes. Commiſſions for diſcovery being much abuſed, were called in by proclamation in the year 1572. See Strype's Annals of Queen Elizabeth, vol. ii. p. 209. There was a ſecond proclamation to the ſame purpoſe in the year 1579 (ibid, p. 602.) Freſh commiſſions were granted for the diſcovery of them in the dioceſe of Lincoln, in 1582, with queries from the commiſſioners to the clergy and churchwardens. Annals, vol. iii. p. 112, &c. *Grey.*

This note by Dr. Grey is upon the following paſſage in Ben Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour: 'Come and cheriſh this lame poetical 'fury in your ſervant; you'll be *begged* elſe ſhortly for a *conceal-* 'ment.' And Mr. Whalley adds, 'There is an alluſion to this prac- 'tice in Fletcher's Humorous Lieutenant; where Timon, deſcribing 'the bawd Leucippe, ſays, 'She keeps an office of *concealments*.'' *R.*

[15] *Another of a new* way *will be look'd at.*] We much ſuſpect the poets wrote, of a new *day*. So, immediately after,

——*Time may,*
For all his wiſdom, yet give us a day.

SCENE II.

Drum within, alarm. Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. I will not ſee 'em fall thus! Give me way, Sir!
I ſhall forget you love me elſe,
Leon. Will you loſe all?
For me to be forgotten, to be hated,
Nay, never to have been a man, is nothing;
So you, and thoſe we have preſerv'd from ſlaughter,
Come ſafely off.
Dem. I have loſt myſelf——
Leon. You're cozen'd.
Dem. And am moſt miſerable!
Leon. There's no man ſo,
But he that makes himſelf ſo.
Dem. I'll go on.
Leon. You muſt not! I ſhall tell you, then,
And tell you true, that man's unfit to govern,
That cannot guide himſelf. You lead an army,
That have not ſo much manly ſuff'rance left you,
To bear a loſs?
Dem. Charge but once more, Leontius!
My friends and my companions are engag'd all.
Leon. Nay, give 'em loſt; I ſaw 'em off their horſes,
And the enemy maſter of their arms; nor could then
The policy, nor ſtrength, of man redeem 'em.
Dem. And ſhall I know this and ſtand fooling?
Leon. By my dead father's ſoul, you ſtir not, Sir!
Or, if you do, you make your way thro' me firſt.
Dem. Thou art a coward!
Leon. To prevent a madman?
None but your father's ſon durſt call me ſo!
'Sdeath, if he did——Muſt I be ſcandal'd by you,
That hedg'd in all the helps I had to ſave you?
That where there was a valiant weapon ſtirring,
Both ſearch'd it out, and ſingled it, unedg'd it,
For fear it ſhould bite you? Am I a coward?
Go, get you up, and tell 'em you're

Hang all your lady's favours on your creſt,
And let them fight their ſhares; ſpur to deſtruction;
You cannot miſs the way! Be bravely deſperate!
And your young friends before you, that loſt this battle,
Your honourable friends, that knew no order!
Cry out, Antigonus, the old Antigonus,
The wiſe and fortunate Antigonus,
The great, the valiant, and the fear'd Antigonus,
Has ſent a deſperate ſon, without diſcretion,
To bury in an hour his age of honour!

Dem. I am aſham'd.

Leon. 'Tis ten to one, I die with you;
The coward will not long be after you!
I ſcorn to ſay I ſaw you fall, ſigh for you,
And tell a whining tale, ſome ten years after,
To boys and girls in an old chimney-corner,
Of what a prince we had, how bravely ſpirited,
How young and fair he fell. We'll all go with you;
And you ſhall ſee us all, like ſacrifices,
In our beſt trim, fill up the mouth of ruin!
Will this faith ſatisfy your folly? Can this ſhew you,
'Tis not to die we fear, but to die poorly,
To fall forgotten, in a multitude?
If you will needs tempt fortune, now ſhe has held you,
Held you from ſinking up——

Dem. Pray, do not kill me!
Theſe words pierce deeper than the wounds I ſuffer,
The ſmarting wounds of loſs!

Leon. You are too tender:
Fortune has hours of loſs, and hours of honour,
And the moſt valiant feel them both. Take comfort;
The next is ours; I have a ſoul deſcries it.
The angry bull never goes back for breath,
But when he means to arm his fury double.
Let this day ſet, but not the memory,
And we ſhall find a time! How now, Lieutenant?

Enter Lieutenant.

Lieut. I know not; I am maul'd; we are bravely beaten;

All

All our young gallants loſt.
Leon. Thou'rt hurt.
Lieut. I'm pepper'd;
I was i' th' midſt of all, and bang'd of all hands:
They made an anvil of my head; it rings yet;
Never ſo threſh'd. Do you call this fame? I have fam'd it;
I have got immortal fame, but I'll no more on't;
I'll no ſuch ſcratching ſaint to ſerve hereafter.
O' my conſcience, I was kill'd above twenty times;
And yet, I know not what a devil's in't,
I crawl'd away, and liv'd again ſtill. I am hurt plaguily:
But now I have nothing near ſo much pain, colonel;
They have ſlic'd me for that malady.
Dem. All the young men loſt?
Lieut. I'm glad you're here; but they are all i' th' pound, Sir;
They'll never ride o'er other mens' corn again, I take it.
Such friſking, and ſuch flaunting with their feathers,
And ſuch careering with their miſtreſs' favours!
And here muſt he be pricking [16] out for honour,
And there got he a knock, and down goes Pilgarlick,
Commends his ſoul to his ſhe-ſaint, and *exit.*
Another ſpurs in there, cries, 'Make room, villains!
'I am a lord!' ſcarce ſpoken, but, with reverence,
A raſcal takes him o'er the face, and fells him:
There lies the lord, the Lord be with him!
Leon. Now, Sir,
Do you find this truth?
Dem. I would not.
Lieut. Pox upon it!
They have ſuch tender bodies too, ſuch culliſſes,
That one good handſome blow breaks 'em in pieces.

[16] Pricking *out for honour.*] *Pricking*, in old Engliſh, ſignifies *riding*. Thus, the firſt line of Spenſer,

'A gentle knight was *pricking* on the plain.'

So after, *Another* ſpurs *in there.*

Leon.

Leon. How ſtands the enemy?
Lieut. Ev'n cool enough too:
For, to ſay truth, he has been ſhrewdly heated;
The gentleman, no doubt, will fall to his juleps.
Leon. He marches not i' th' tail on's.
Lieut. No; plague take him!
He'll kiſs our tails as ſoon. He looks upon us,
As if he would ſay, if ye will turn again, friends,
We will belabour you a little better,
And beat a little more care into your coxcombs.
Now ſhall we have damnable ballads out againſt us,
Moſt wicked madrigals: And ten to one, colonel,
Sung to ſuch louſy, lamentable tunes——
Leon. Thou art merry,
Howe'er the game goes. Good Sir, be not troubled;
A better day will draw this back again.
Pray go, and cheer thoſe left, and lead 'em off;
They are hot, and weary.
Dem. I'll do any thing.
Leon. Lieutenant, ſend one preſently away
To th' king, and let him know our ſtate.——And, hark ye!
Be ſure the meſſenger adviſe his majeſty
To comfort up the prince: He's full of ſadneſs.
Lieut. When ſhall I get a ſurgeon? This hot weather,
Unleſs I be well pepper'd, I ſhall ſtink, colonel.
Leon. Go; I'll prepare thee one.
Lieut. If you catch me then,
Fighting again, I'll eat hay with a horſe! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Leucippe, reading; and two maids at a table, writing.

Leu. Have you written to Merione?
1 *Maid.* Yes, madam.
Leu. And let her underſtand the hopes ſhe has,
If ſhe come ſpeedily?
1 *Maid.* All theſe are ſpecified.

Leu.

Leu. And of the chain is ſent her,
And the rich ſtuff, to make her ſhew more handſome here?

1 *Maid.* All this is done, madam.

Leu. What have you diſpatch'd there?

2 *Maid.* A letter to the country-maid, an't pleaſe you.

Leu. A pretty girl, but peeviſh, plaguy peeviſh!
Have you bought th' embroider'd gloves, and that purſe for her,
And the new curl?

2 *Maid.* They are ready pack'd up, madam.

Leu. Her maidenhead will yield me—let me ſee now—
She is not fifteen, they ſay: For her complexion——
Cloe, Cloe, Cloe; here I have her—'Cloe,
'The daughter of a country gentleman;
'Her age upon fifteen'—Now her complexion—
'A lovely brown'—here 'tis—'eyes black and rolling;
'The body neatly built; ſhe ſtrikes a lute well,
'Sings moſt inticingly'—Theſe helps conſider'd,
Her maidenhead will amount to ſome three hundred,
Or three hundred and fifty crowns; 'twill bear it handſomely.
Her father's poor; ſome little ſhare deducted,
To buy him a hunting nag; ay, 'twill be pretty.
Who takes care of the merchant's wife?

1 *Maid.* I have wrought her.

Leu. You know for whom ſhe is?

1 *Maid.* Very well, madam;
Tho' very much ado I had to make her
Apprehend that happineſs.

Leu. Theſe kind are ſubtle.
Did ſhe not cry, and blubber, when you urg'd her?

1 *Maid.* Oh, moſt extremely, and ſwore ſhe would rather periſh.

Leu. Good ſigns, very good ſigns, ſymptoms of eaſy nature!
Had ſhe the plate?

1 *Maid.* She look'd upon't, and left it;

And

And turn'd again, and view'd it.

Leu. Very well ſtill.

1 *Maid.* At length ſhe was content to let it lie there,
'Till I call'd for't, or ſo.

Leu. She'll come?

1 *Maid.* D'ye take me
For ſuch a fool, I would part without that promiſe?

Leu. The chamber's next the park.

2 *Maid.* The widow, madam,
You bad me look upon——

Leu. Hang her, ſhe's muſty:
She's no man's meat; beſides, ſhe's poor and ſluttiſh.
Where lies old Thiſbe now?—You are ſo long now!

2 *Maid.* Thiſbe, Thiſbe, Thiſ—agent Thiſbe!—
Oh, I have her;
She lies now in Nicopolis.

Leu. Diſpatch a packet,
And tell her, her ſuperior here commands her
The next month not to fail, but ſee deliver'd
Here to our uſe, ſome twenty young and handſome,
As alſo able maids, for the court-ſervice,
As ſhe will anſwer it: We are out of beauty,
Utterly out, and rub the time away here
With ſuch blown ſtuff, I am aſham'd to ſend it.
[*Knock within.*
Who's that? look out! to your buſineſs, maid!
There's nothing got by idleneſs.—There is a lady,
Which if I can but buckle with—Altea—
A, A, A, A, 'Altea, young and married,
'And a great lover of her huſband'—well—
'Not to be brought to court. Say ye ſo? I'm ſorry;
The court ſhall be brought to you then.—How now?
who is't?

1 *Maid.* An ancient woman, with a maid attending,
A pretty girl, but out of cloaths; for a little money,
It ſeems, ſhe would put her to your bringing-up, madam.

Enter Woman and Phebe.

Leu. Let her come in. Would you aught with us,
good woman?

I pray

I pray be ſhort; we are full of buſineſs.

Wom. I have a tender girl here, an't pleaſe your honour——

Leu. Very well.

Wom. That hath a great deſire to ſerve your worſhip.

Leu. It may be ſo; I'm full of maids.

Wom. She's young, forſooth;

And, for her truth, and, as they ſay, her bearing——

Leu. You ſay well. Come ye hither, maid; let me feel your pulſe:

'Tis ſomewhat weak; but nature will grow ſtronger.
Let me ſee your leg; ſhe treads but low i'th' paſterns.

Wom. A cork heel, madam——

Leu. We know what will do it,
Without your aim, good woman. What d'ye pitch her at?
She's but a ſlight toy [17]; cannot hold out long.

Wom. Ev'n what you think is meet.

Leu. Give her ten crowns; we are full of buſineſs.
She is a poor woman; let her take a cheeſe home.
Enter the wench i' th' office. [*Exe. Wom. and* 1 *Maid.*

2 *Maid.* What is your name, ſiſter?

Phebe. Phebe, forſooth.

Leu. A pretty name; 'twill do well.
Go in, and let the other maid inſtruct you, Phebe.
[*Exit Phebe.*
Let my old velvet ſkirt be made fit for her.
I'll put her into action for a waſtcoat [18]:

And,

[17] *She's but a ſlight toy, &c.*] 'This examination,' ſays Sir Richard Steele, 'of a young girl for buſineſs, and the crying down her value 'for being a ſlight thing, together with every other circumſtance in 'the ſcene, are inimitably excellent, and have the true ſpirit of 'comedy; though it were to be wiſhed the Author had added a 'circumſtance which ſhould make Leucippe's baſeneſs more odious.' Spectator, vol. iv. No. 266. *R.*

[18] *I'll put her into action for a* waſtcoat.] The term *waſtcoateër* frequently occurs in our Authors' works. It ſeems to imply, a *meaner kind of ſtrumpet:* In Wit without Money, Luce ſays,

——Do you think you're here, Sir,
Amongſt your waſtcoateers, *your baſe wenches*
That ſcratch at ſuch occaſions?

And

And, when I have rigg'd her up once, this ſmall pinnace
[*Knock within.*
Shall ſail for gold, and good ſtore too. Who's there?
Lord, ſhall we ne'er have any eaſe in this world?
Still troubled! ſtill moleſted! What would you have?

Enter Menippus.

I cannot furniſh you faſter than I am able;
An you were my huſband a thouſand times, I cannot do it.
At leaſt a dozen poſts are gone this morning,
For ſeveral parts o'th' kingdom; I can do no more
But pay 'em, and inſtruct 'em.
Men. Prithee, good ſweet-heart,
I come not to diſturb thee, nor diſcourage thee;
I know, thou labour'ſt truly. Hark in thine ear.
Leu. Ha!
What, do you make ſo dainty on't? Look there;
I am an aſs, I can do nothing!
Men. 'Celia?' [*reading.*
Ay, this is ſhe—'a ſtranger born.'
Leu. What would you give for more now?
Men. Prithee, my beſt Leucippe! there's much hangs on't.
'Lodg'd at the end of Mars's Street'—that's true, too—
'At the ſack of ſuch a town, by ſuch a ſoldier,
'Preſerv'd a priſoner; and by prince Demetrius
'Bought from that man again, maintain'd and favour'd.'
How came you by this knowledge?
Leu. Poor, weak man!
I have a thouſand eyes (when thou art ſleeping)
Abroad, and full of buſineſs.
Men. You ne'er try'd her?
Leu. No, ſhe is beyond my level; ſo hedg'd in

And in the beginning of this play, one of the Gentlemen Uſhers calls Celia a *vaſtcoatëer*, when in a diſpoſition to apply to her the ſevereſt term of reproach. It is probable, the epithet was derived from ſome particular *veſt* worn by the courtezans.

By

By the prince's infinite love and favour to her——
Men. She is a handſome wench.
Leu. A delicate, and knows it;
And out of that proof-arms herſelf.
Men. Come in then;
I have a great deſign from the king to you,
And you muſt work like wax now.
Leu. On this lady?
Men. On this, and all your wits call home.
Leu. I have done
Toys in my time of ſome note: Old as I am,
I think my brains will work without barm.
Take up the books!
Men. As we go in, I'll tell you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Timon, Lords, and a Soldier.

Ant. No face of ſorrow for this loſs ('twill choke him)
Nor no man miſs a friend. I know his nature
So deep impreſs'd with grief, for what he has ſuffer'd,
That the leaſt adding to it adds to his ruin.
His loſs is not ſo infinite, I hope, ſoldier?
Sol. Faith, neither great, nor out of indiſcretion.
The young men, out of heat——

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, and Lieutenant.

Ant. I gueſs the manner.
Lord. The prince, an't like your grace.
Ant. You're welcome home, Sir!
Come, no more ſorrow! I have heard your fortune,
And I myſelf have try'd the like. Clear up, man;
I will not have you take it thus. If I doubted,
Your fear had loſt, and that you had turn'd your back to 'em,
Baſely beſought their mercies——
Leon. No, no, by this hand, Sir,
We fought like honeſt and tall men.
Ant. I know't, Leontius. Or if I thought

Neglect

Neglect of rule, having his counſel with you,
Or too vain-glorious appetite of fame,
Your men forgot and ſcatter'd——
Leon. None of theſe, Sir;
He ſhew'd himſelf a noble gentleman,
Every way apt to rule.
Ant. Theſe being granted,
Why ſhould you think you have done an act ſo heinous,
That nought but diſcontent dwells round about you?
I have loſt a battle.
Leon. Ay, and fought it hard too.
Ant. With as much means as man——
Leon. Or devil could urge it.
Ant. Twenty to one on our ſide now.
Leon. Turn tables;
Beaten like dogs again, like owls; you take it
To heart for flying but a mile before 'em;
And, to ſay the truth, 'twas no flight neither, Sir;
'Twas but a walk, a handſome walk. I've tumbled
With this old body, beaten like a ſtock-fiſh,
And ſtuck with arrows like an arming quiver,
Blooded and bang'd, almoſt a day before 'em,
And glad I have got off then. Here's a mad ſhaver;
He fights his ſhare, I'm ſure, whene'er he comes to't;
Yet I have ſeen him trip it tightly too,
And cry, 'The devil take the hindmoſt ever!'
Lieut. I learnt it of my betters.
Leon. Boudge[19] at this?
Ant. Has Fortune but one face?
Lieut. In her beſt vizard,
Methinks, ſhe looks but louſily.
Ant. Chance, tho' ſhe faint now,

[19] *Boudge.*] Perhaps *budge*, from the French *bouger*, to *ſtir*, or *move off the place*. It is now held a low word; though, from the manner in which it is uſed by Shakeſpeare in the Tempeſt, it was not ſo reputed in his time. *Boudge*, however, is not uſed in this place quite in the literal ſenſe of *budge*; but is rather metaphorically applied to the grief of Demetrius; as we ſtill uſe the modern word *moved*, to paint the emotions of the mind.

And ſink below our expectations,
Is there no hope left ſtrong enough to buoy her?
Dem. 'Tis not, this day I fled before the enemy,
And loſt my people, left mine honour murder'd,
My maiden honour, never to be ranſom'd;
Which to a noble ſoul is too, too ſenſible,
Afflicts me with this ſadneſs; moſt of theſe,
Time may turn ſtraight again, experience perfect,
And new ſwords cut new ways to nobler fortunes.
Oh, I have loſt——
Ant. As you are mine, forget it:
I do not think it loſs.
Dem. Oh, Sir, forgive me!
I have loſt my friends, thoſe worthy ſouls bred with me;
I have loſt myſelf, they were the pieces of me;
I have loſt all arts, my ſchools are taken from me,
Honour and arms, no emulation left me!
I liv'd to ſee theſe men loſt, look'd upon it;
Theſe men that twin'd their loves to mine, their virtues!
Oh, ſhame of ſhames! I ſaw, and could not ſave 'em!
This carries ſulphur in't, this burns, and boils me,
And, like a fatal tomb, beſtrides my memory!
Ant. This was hard fortune; but if alive, and taken,
They ſhall be ranſom'd, let it be at millions.
Dem. They are dead, they are dead!
Lieut. When would he weep for me thus?
I may be dead and powder'd.
Leon. Good prince, grieve not:
We are not certain of their deaths: The enemy,
Though he be hot, and keen, yet holds good quarter.
What noiſe is this?

Great ſhout within. Enter Gentlemen.

Lieut. He does not follow us?
Give me a ſteeple-top!
Leon. They live, they live, Sir!
Ant. Hold up your manly face. They live; they're here, ſon.

Dem.

Dem. Theſe are the men!

1 *Gent.* They are; and live to honour you.

Dem. How 'ſcap'd ye, noble friends? methought,
I ſaw ye
Even in the jaws of death.

2 *Gent.* Thanks to our folly,
That ſpurr'd us on. We were indeed hedg'd round in't;
And, ev'n beyond the hand of ſuccour beaten,
Unhors'd, diſarm'd: And what we look'd for then, Sir,
Let ſuch poor weary ſouls that hear the bell knoll,
And ſee the grave a-digging, tell.

Dem. For Heav'ns ſake,
Delude mine eyes no longer! How came ye off?

1 *Gent.* Againſt all expectation; the brave Seleucus,
I think, this day enamour'd on your virtue,
When thro' the troops he ſaw you ſhoot like lightning,
And at your manly courage all took fire;
And after that, the miſery we fell to,
The never-certain fate of war, conſid'ring,
As we ſtood all before him, fortune's ruins,
Nothing but death expecting, a ſhort time
He made a ſtand upon our youths and fortunes.
Then with an eye of mercy inform'd his judgment,
How yet unripe we were, unblown, unharden'd,
Unfitted for ſuch fatal ends; he cry'd out to us,
'Go, gentlemen, commend me to your maſter,
'To the moſt high and hopeful prince Demetrius;
'Tell him, the valour that he ſhew'd againſt me
'This day, the virgin valour, and true fire,
'Deſerves ev'n from an enemy this courteſy,
'Your lives, and arms; freely I'll give 'em: Thank
him.'
And thus we are return'd, Sir.

Leon. Faith, 'twas well done;
'Twas bravely done. Was't not a noble part, Sir?

Lieut. Had I been there, up had I gone, I am
ſure on't.
Theſe noble tricks, I never durſt truſt 'em yet.

Leon. Let me not live, an 'twere not a fam'd honeſty;

It takes me ſuch a tickling way! Now would I wiſh, Heaven,
But ev'n the happineſs, ev'n that poor bleſſing,
For all the ſharp afflictions thou haſt ſent me,
But ev'n i' th' head o' th' field to take Seleucus:
I ſhould do ſomething memorable. Fy! ſad ſtill?

1 *Gent.* Do you grieve we are come off?

Dem. Unranſom'd, was it?

2 *Gent.* It was, Sir.

Dem. And with ſuch a ſame to me?
Said you not ſo?

Leon. You have heard it.

Dem. Oh, Leontius!
Better I had loſt 'em all, myſelf had periſh'd,
And all my father's hopes!

Leon. Mercy upon you!
What ail you, Sir? Death, do not make fools on's!
Neither go to church, nor tarry at home [20]?
That's a fine hornpipe.

Ant. What's now your grief, Demetrius?

Dem. Did he not beat us twice?

Leon. He beat a pudding! beat us but once.

Dem. H' has beat me twice, and beat me to a coward;
Beat me to nothing!

Lieut. Is not the devil in him?

Leon. I pray it be no worſe.

Dem. Twice conquer'd me!

Leon. Bear witneſs, all the world, I am a dunce here.

Dem. With valour firſt he ſtruck me, then with honour.
That ſtroke, Leontius, that ſtroke! doſt thou not feel it?

Leon. Whereabouts was it? for I remember nothing yet.

Dem. All theſe gentlemen that were his priſoners—

[20] *Neither go to church, nor tarry at home.*] We ſuppoſe this to have been a familiar old ſaying, and to be applied by Leontius to Demetrius's being pleaſed neither way; being diſtreſſed at their loſs, and grieved at their recovery.

Leon.

Leon. Yes; he ſet 'em free, Sir, with arms and honour.
Dem. There, there; now thou haſt it!
At mine own weapon, courteſy, h' has beaten me.
At that I was held a maſter in, he has cow'd me;
Hotter than all the dint o' th' fight he has charg'd me!
Am I not now a wretched fellow? Think on't;
And when thou haſt examin'd all ways honourable,
And find'ſt no door left open to requite this,
Conclude I am a wretch, and was twice beaten!
Ant. I have obſerv'd your way, and underſtand it,
And equal love it as Demetrius.
My noble child, thou ſhalt not fall in virtue;
I and my pow'r will ſink firſt! You, Leontius,
Wait for a new commiſſion. You ſhall out again,
And inſtantly; you ſhall not lodge this night here;
Not ſee a friend, nor take a bleſſing with you,
Before you be i' th' field. The enemy is up ſtill,
And ſtill in full deſign: Charge him again, ſon,
And either bring home that again thou haſt loſt there,
Or leave thy body by him.
Dem. You raiſe me!
And now I dare look up again, Leontius.
Leon. Ay, ay, Sir; I am thinking, who we ſhall take of 'em,
To make all ſtraight; and who we ſhall give to the devil.
What ſay'ſt thou now, Lieutenant?
Lieut. I ſay nothing.
Lord, what ail I, that I have no mind to fight now?
I find my conſtitution mightily alter'd,
Since I came home: I hate all noiſes too,
Eſpecially the noiſe of drums. I am now as well
As any living man; why not as valiant?
To fight now, is a kind of vomit to me;
It goes againſt my ſtomach.
Dem. Good Sir, preſently;
You cannot do your ſon ſo fair a favour.
Ant. 'Tis my intent: I'll ſee you march away too.
Come, get your men together preſently, Leontius,

And preſs where pleaſe you, as you march.

Leon. We go, Sir.

Ant. Wait you on me: I'll bring you to your command,

And then to fortune give you up.

Dem. You love me! [*Exeunt Ant. and Dem.*

Leon. Go, get the drums; beat round, Lieutenant!

Lieut. Hark you, Sir;

I have a fooliſh buſineſs, they call marriage——

Leon. After the wars are done.

Lieut. The party ſtays, Sir;

I have giv'n the prieſt his money too; All my friends, Sir,

My father, and my mother——

Leon. Will you go forward?

Lieut. She brings a pretty matter with her.

Leon. Half a dozen baſtards?

Lieut. Some forty, Sir——

Leon. A goodly competency!

Lieut. I mean, Sir, pounds a-year. I'll diſpatch the matter;

'Tis but a night or two; I'll overtake you, Sir.

Leon. The two old legions? yes. Where lies the horſe-quarter?

Lieut. And if it be a boy, I'll ev'n make bold, Sir——

Leon. Away wi' your whore, a plague o' your whore! you damn'd rogue,

Now you are cur'd and well, muſt you be clicketing?

Lieut. I have broke my mind to my ancient; in my abſence—

He's a ſufficient gentleman.

Leon. Get forward!

Lieut. Only receive her portion!

Leon. Get you forward;

Elſe I'll bang you forward.

Lieut. Strange, Sir, a gentleman,

And an officer, cannot have the liberty

To do the office of a man.

Leon.

Leon. Shame light on thee!
How came this whore into thy head?
Lieut. This whore, Sir?
'Tis ſtrange, a poor whore——
Leon. Do not anſwer me!
Troop, troop away! Do not name this whore again,
Or think there is a whore——
Lieut. That's very hard, Sir.
Leon. For, if thou doſt, look to't; I'll have thee gelded!
I'll walk you out before me! Not a word more!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leucippe and Governeſs.

Leu. You are the miſtreſs of the houſe, you ſay,
Where this young lady lies?
Gov. For want of a better.
Leu. You may be good enough for ſuch a purpoſe.
When was the prince with her? Anſwer me directly.
Gov. Not ſince he went a-warring.
Leu. Very well then.
What carnal copulation are you privy to
Between theſe two?—Be not afraid; we are women,
And may talk thus amongſt ourſelves; no harm in't.
Gov. No, ſure, there's no harm in't, I conceive that;
But truly, that I ever knew the gentlewoman
Otherwiſe given, than a hopeful gentlewoman——
Leu. You'll grant me, the prince loves her?
Gov. There I am with you;
And, the gods bleſs her, promiſes her mightily.
Leu. Stay there a while. And gives her gifts?
Gov. Extremely;
And truly makes a very ſaint of her.
Leu. I ſhould think now,
(Good woman, let me have your judgment with me;
I ſee 'tis none o' th' worſt—Come, ſit down by me)
That theſe two cannot love ſo tenderly——
Gov. Being ſo young as they are too——

Leu. You ſay well!
But that, methinks, ſome further promiſes——
Gov. Yes, yes;
I have heard the prince ſwear he would marry her.
Leu. Very well ſtill. They do not uſe to fall out?
Gov. The tendereſt chickens to one another!
They cannot live an hour aſunder.
Leu. I have done then;
And be you gone. You know your charge, and do it.
You know whoſe will it is: If you tranſgreſs it,
That is, if any have acceſs, or ſee her,
Before the king's will be fulfill'd——
Gov. Not the prince, madam?
Leu. You'll be hang'd if you do it, that I'll aſſure you.
Gov. But, ne'ertheleſs, I'll make bold to obey you.
Leu. Away, and to your buſineſs then!
Gov. 'Tis done, madam. [*Exeunt.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus.

Ant. THOU haſt taken wond'rous pains; but yet, Menippus,
You underſtand not of what blood and country?
Men. I labour'd that, but cannot come to know it.
A Greek, I am ſure, ſhe is; ſhe ſpeaks this language.
Ant. Is ſhe ſo excellent handſome?
Men. Moſt enticing.
Ant. Sold for a priſoner?
Men. Yes, Sir; ſome poor creature.
Ant. And he loves tenderly?
Men. They ſay, extremely.
Ant. 'Tis well prevented then. Yes, I perceiv'd it:
When he took leave now, he made a hundred ſtops,
Deſir'd an hour, but half an hour, a minute;
Which

Which I with anger croſs'd. I knew his buſineſs;
I knew 'twas ſhe he hunted on. This journey, man,
I beat out ſuddenly, for her cauſe intended,
And would not give him time to breathe. When comes ſhe?

Men. This morning, Sir.

Ant. Lodge her to all delight then;
For I would have her try'd to th' teſt: I know,
She muſt be ſome crack'd coin, not fit his traffick[21];
Which, when we have found, the ſhame will make him leave her;
Or we ſhall work a nearer way: I'll bury him,
And with him all the hopes I have caſt upon him,
Ere he ſhall dig his own grave in that woman.
You know which way to bring her: I'll ſtand cloſe there,
To view her as ſhe paſſes. And, do you hear, Menippus,
Obſerve her with all ſweetneſs; humour her;
'Twill make her lie more careleſs to our purpoſes.
Away, and take what helps you pleaſe.

Men. I'm gone, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Celia and Governeſs.

Celia. Governeſs, from whom was this gown ſent me?
Prithee, be ſerious, true[22]: I will not wear it elſe.
It is a handſome one.

Gov. As tho' you know not?

Celia. No, faith:

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[21] *Not fit his traffick.*] The ſenſe intended is plain enough; yet there appears to be a ſlight corruption in the paſſage. To reconcile it to the reſt of the context, we might, if the preſent words remain unchanged, inſert *for*, and read, '*not fit* FOR *his traffick*;' or elſe, with no great violence to the text, as it now ſtands, read, '*NOR fit his traffick*:' Both which readings, as well as the preſent, imply that ſhe is too baſe and low to have any commerce with Demetrius.

[22] Celia. *Governeſs, from whom was this gown ſent me, &c.*] The honeſty of Celia's conduct, her inviolable affection to the prince, her jealouſy of being decoy'd by the baſe court-agents, and her abſolute defiance to all addreſſes whatever, are admirably drawn throughout her whole character. *Theobald.*

But

But I believe for certain too—yet I wonder,
Becauſe it was his caution, this poor way,
Still to preſerve me from the curious ſearchings
Of greedy eyes.

Gov. You have it: Does it pleaſe you?

Celia. 'Tis very rich, methinks, too. Prithee, tell me?

Gov. From one that likes you well. Never look coy, lady;
Theſe are no gifts to be put off with poutings.

Celia. Poutings, and gifts? Is it from any ſtranger?

Gov. You are ſo curious, that there is no talk to you.
What if it be, I pray you?

Celia. Unpin, good governeſs;
Quick, quick!

Gov. Why, what's the matter?

Celia. Quick, good governeſs!
Fy on't, how beaſtly it becomes me! poorly!
A trick put in upon me? Well ſaid, governeſs!
I vow, I would not wear it—Out! it ſmells muſty.
Are theſe your tricks? now I begin to ſmell it;
Abominable muſty! Will you help me?
The prince will come again——

Gov. You are not mad, ſure?

Celia. As I live, I'll cut it off! A pox upon it!
For, ſure, it was made for that uſe. Do you bring me liveries?
Stales[23] to catch kites? Doſt thou laugh too, thou baſe woman?

Gov. I cannot chuſe, if I ſhould be hang'd.

Celia. Abuſe me,
And then laugh at me too?

Gov. I do not abuſe you;
Is it abuſe, to give him drink that's thirſty?
You want cloaths; is it ſuch a heinous ſin, I beſeech ye,
To ſee you ſtor'd?

Celia. There is no greater wickedneſs than this way.

Gov. What way?

[23] *Stales.*] Something exhibited or offered as an allurement to draw others to any place or purpoſe. *Johnſon.*

Celia.

Celia. I ſhall curſe thee fearfully,
If thou provok'ſt me further: And take heed, woman;
My curſes never miſs.

Gov. Curſe him that ſent it.

Celia. Tell but his name——

Gov. You dare not curſe him.

Celia. Dare not? By this fair light——

Gov. You are ſo full of paſſion——

Celia. Dare not be good? be honeſt? dare not curſe him?

Gov. I think you dare not; I believe ſo.

Celia. Speak him!

Gov. Up with your valour then, up with it bravely,
And take your full charge.

Celia. If I do not, hang me!
Tell but his name.

Gov. 'Twas prince Demetrius ſent it;
Now, now, give fire, kill him i' th' eye[24] now, lady.

Celia. Is he come home?

Gov. It ſeems ſo. But, your curſe now!

Celia. You do not lie, I hope.

Gov. You dare not curſe him.

Celia. Prithee, do not abuſe me! Is he come home, indeed?
For I would now with all my heart believe thee.

Gov. Nay, you may chuſe. Alas, I deal for ſtrangers,
That ſend you ſcurvy, muſty gowns; ſtale liveries!
I have my tricks!

Celia. 'Tis a good gown; a handſome one;
I did but jeſt. Where is he?

Gov. He that ſent it——

Celia. How? he that ſent it? Is't come to that again?
Thou can'ſt not be ſo fooliſh. Prithee, ſpeak out;
I may miſtake thee.

Gov. I ſaid, he that ſent it——

[24] *Kill him i' th' eye.*] It has been remarked in the notes on Philaſter, that, as all good ſhooters aim at the heart, it is a term of reproach to ſay, *he kills in the eye.* So here, the Governeſs means, 'If you ſhoot at Demetrius, you will take ſo bad aim as to hit him 'in *the eye*, inſtead of the part you ſhould aim at.'

Celia.

Celia. Curſe o' my life! why doſt thou vex me thus?
I know thou mean'ſt Demetrius; doſt thou not?
I charge thee ſpeak truth! If it be any other——
Thou know'ſt the charge he gave thee, and the juſtice
His anger will inflict, if e'er he know this;
As know he ſhall, he ſhall, thou ſpiteful woman,
Thou beaſtly woman! and thou ſhalt know too late too,
And feel too ſenſible, I am no ward,
No ſale-ſtuff for your money-merchants that ſent it!
Who dare ſend me, or how durſt thou, thou——

Gov. What you pleaſe:
For this is ever the reward of ſervice.
The prince ſhall bring the next himſelf.

Celia. 'Tis ſtrange,
That you ſhould deal ſo peeviſhly! Beſhrew you,
You have put me in a heat.

Gov. I am ſure you have kill'd me;
I ne'er receiv'd ſuch language: I can but wait upon you,
And be your drudge; keep a poor life to ſerve you.

Celia. You know my nature is too eaſy, governeſs;
And you know now, I am ſorry too. How does he?

Gov. Oh, God, my head!

Celia. Prithee, be well, and tell me,
Did he ſpeak of me ſince he came? Nay, ſee now!
If thou wilt leave this tyranny—Good, ſweet governeſs,
Did he but name his Celia? Look upon me!
Upon my faith, I meant no harm! Here, take this,
And buy thyſelf ſome trifles. Did he, good wench?

Gov. He loves you but too dearly.

Celia. That's my good governeſs!

Gov. There's more cloaths making for you.

Celia. More cloaths?

Gov. More;
Richer and braver; I can tell you that news;
And twenty glorious things.

Celia. To what uſe, ſirrah?

Gov. You are too good for our houſe now: We, poor wretches,

Shall

Shall loſe the comfort of you.

Celia. No, I hope not.

Gov. For ever loſe you, lady.

Celia. Loſe me? wherefore?
I hear of no ſuch thing.

Gov. 'Tis ſure, it muſt be ſo:
You muſt ſhine now at court! Such preparation,
Such hurry, and ſuch hanging rooms——

Celia. To th' court, wench?
Was it to th' court, thou ſaidſt?

Gov. You'll find it ſo.

Celia. Stay, ſtay; this cannot be.

Gov. I ſay, it muſt be.
I hope to find you ſtill the ſame good lady.

Celia. To th' court? This ſtumbles me. Art ſure,
for me, wench,
This preparation is?

Gov. She is perilous crafty; [*Aſide.*
I fear, too honeſt for us all too.—Am I ſure I live?

Celia. To th' court? this cannot down: What ſhould
I do there?
Why ſhould he on a ſudden change his mind thus,
And not make me acquainted? (Sure, he loves me!)
His vow was made againſt it, and mine with him;
At leaſt, while this king liv'd. He will come hither,
And ſee me, ere I go?

Gov. 'Would ſome wiſe woman [*Aſide.*
Had her in working!—That I think he will not,
Becauſe he means with all joy there to meet you.
You ſhall hear more within this hour.

Celia. A courtier?
What may that meaning be? Sure, he will ſee me
If he be come; he muſt. Hark you, good governeſs;
What age is the king of?

Gov. He's an old man, and full of buſineſs.

Celia. I fear too full, indeed. What ladies are there?
I would be loth to want good company.

Gov. Delicate young ladies, as you would deſire;
And, when you are acquainted, the beſt company!

Celia.

Celia. 'Tis very well. Prithee, go in; let's talk more.
For, tho' I fear a trick, I'll bravely try it.
Gov. I ſee he muſt be cunning, knocks this doe down. [*Aſide.*
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Lieutenant and Leontius. Drums within.

Leon. You ſhall not have your will, ſirrah! Are you running?
Have you gotten a toy in your heels? Is this a ſeaſon,
When honour pricks you on, to prick your ears up
After your whore, your hobby-horſe?
Lieut. Why, look ye now!
What a ſtrange man are you? Would you have a man fight
At all hours all alike[25]?
Leon. Do but fight ſomething,
But half a blow, and put thy ſtomach to't:
Turn but thy face, and do but make mouths at 'em.
Lieut. And have my teeth knock'd out; I thank you heartily!
You are my dear friend!
Leon. What a devil ails thee?

[25] ——— *Would you have a man fight At all hours all alike?*] The character of the *Lieutenant* refuſing to fight after he was cured of his bodily malady, (as Mr. Langbaine tells us in his account of the Engliſh Dramatic Poets) reſembles the ſtory of the ſoldier belonging to Lucullus, deſcribed in the Epiſtles of Horace, lib. 2. ep. 2. But the very ſtory is related in A Theatre of Wits Ancient and Modern, repreſented in a Collection of Apothegmes Pleaſant and Profitable, by Thomas Forde, 8vo. 1660, p. 30, in theſe words: 'Antigonus obſerving a ſickly ſouldier to be very 'valiant, procured his phyſician to heal him; who afterwards began 'to keep himſelf out of danger, not venturing as formerly; which 'Antigonus noting, demanded the reaſon: The ſouldier anſwered, 'O Antigonus, thou art the reaſon; before I ventured nothing but 'a diſeaſed corpſe, and then I choſe rather to die quickly, than to 'live ſickly: I invited Death to do me a courteſie; now it is other-'wiſe with me, for now I have ſomewhat to loſe.' *R.*

Doſt

Doſt long to be hang'd?

Lieut. Faith, Sir, I make no ſuit for't:
But rather than I would live thus out of charity,
Continually in brawling——

Leon. Art thou not he
(I may be cozen'd)——

Lieut. I ſhall be diſcover'd.

Leon. That, in the midſt of thy moſt helliſh pains,
When thou wert crawling-ſick, didſt aim at wonders?
When thou wert mad with pain?

Lieut. You have found the cauſe out;
I had ne'er been mad to fight elſe. I confeſs, Sir,
The daily torture of my ſide, that vex'd me,
Made me as daily careleſs what became of me,
'Till a kind ſword there wounded me, and eas'd me;
'Twas nothing in my valour fought. I am well now,
And take ſome pleaſure in my life: Methinks, now,
It ſhews as mad a thing to me to ſee you ſcuffle,
And kill one another fooliſhly for honour,
As 'twas to you to ſee me play the coxcomb.

Leon. And wilt thou ne'er fight more?

Lieut. I'th' mind I am in.

Leon. Nor ne'er be ſick again?

Lieut. I hope I ſhall not.

Leon. Prithee be ſick again; prithee, I beſeech thee,
Be juſt ſo ſick again.

Lieut. I'll juſt be hang'd firſt.

Leon. If all the arts that are can make a cholick,
(Therefore look to't!) or if impoſthumes (mark me!)
As big as footballs——

Lieut. Deliver me!

Leon. Or ſtones of ten pound weight i' th' kidnies,
Thro' eaſe and ugly diets, may be gather'd,
I'll feed you up myſelf, Sir; I'll prepare you!
You cannot fight, unleſs the devil tear you?
You ſhall not want provocations; I'll ſcratch you;
I'll have thee have the tooth-ach, and the head-ach——

Lieut. Good colonel, I'll do any thing!

Leon. No, no, nothing!

Then

Then will I have thee blown with a pair of ſmiths'
bellows,
(Becauſe you ſhall be ſure to have a round gale with you)
Fill'd full of oil of devil, and aqua-fortis;
And let theſe work; theſe may provoke.

Lieut. Good colonel!

Leon. A coward in full blood? Prithee, be plain
with me;
Will roaſting do thee any good?

Lieut. Nor baſting neither, Sir.

Leon. Marry, that goes hard.

Enter First Gentleman.

1 *Gent.* Where are you, colonel?
The prince expects you, Sir: h' has hedg'd the enemy
Within a ſtraight, where all the hopes and valours
Of all men living cannot force a paſſage:
He has 'em now.

Leon. I knew all this before, Sir;
I chalk'd him out his way. But, do you ſee that
thing there?

Lieut. Nay, good ſweet colonel! I'll fight a little.

Leon. That thing!

1 *Gent.* What thing? I ſee the brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Rogue, what a name haſt thou loſt?

Lieut. You may help it;
Yet you may help't: I'll do you any courteſy!
I know you love a wench well.

Enter Second Gentleman.

Leon. Look upon him.
Do you look too.

2 *Gent.* What ſhould I look on?
I come to tell you, the prince ſtays your direction:
We have 'em now i' th' coop, Sir.

Leon. Let 'em reſt there,
And chew upon their miſeries. But, look firſt——

Lieut. I cannot fight, for all this.

Leon. Look on this fellow!

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* I know him; 'tis the valiant, brave Lieutenant.

Leon. Canſt thou hear this, and play the rogue? Steal off!

Quickly, behind me quickly, neatly do it!
And ruſh into the thickeſt of the enemy,
And if thou kill'ſt but two——

Lieut. You may excuſe me;
'Tis not my fault: I dare not fight.

Leon. Be rul'd yet;
I'll beat thee on; go, wink and fight! A plague upon your ſheep's heart!

2 *Gent.* What's all this matter?

1 *Gent.* Nay, I cannot ſhew you.

Leon. Here's twenty pound, go but ſmell to 'em.

Lieut. Alas, Sir,
I have taken ſuch a cold, I can ſmell nothing.

Leon. I can ſmell a raſcal, a rank raſcal!
Fy, how he ſtinks, ſtinks like a tired jade!

2 *Gent.* What, Sir?

Leon. Why, that Sir; do not you ſmell him?

2 *Gent.* Smell him?

Lieut. I muſt endure.

Leon. Stinks like a dead dog, carrion!
There's no ſuch damnable ſmell under Heav'n,
As the faint ſweat of a coward. Will you fight yet?

Lieut. Nay, now I defy you; you have ſpoke the worſt
You can of me; and if every man ſhould take
What you ſay to the heart, God ha' mercy[26]!

Leon. God ha' mercy, with all my heart! here I forgive thee;
And, fight, or fight not, do but go along with us,
And keep my dog.

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[26] —— *To the heart* ——
Leon. God ha' mercy,
God ha' mercy, &c.] As theſe words are here repeated twice, we have no doubt but they ſhould, the firſt time, be aſſigned to the Lieutenant.

Lieut. I love a good dog naturally.
1 *Gent.* What's all this ſtir, Lieutenant?
Lieut. Nothing, Sir,
But a ſlight matter of argument.
Leon. Pox take thee!
Sure, I ſhall love this rogue, he's ſo pretty a coward.
Come, gentlemen, let's up now, and if Fortune
Dare play the ſlut again, I'll never more ſaint her.
Come, play-fellow, come! prithee, come up! come, chicken!
I have a way ſhall fit yet. A tame knave!
Come, look upon us.
Lieut. I'll tell you who does beſt, boys. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus, above.

Men. I ſaw her coming out.
Ant. Who waits upon her?
Men. Timon, Charinthus, and ſome other gentlemen,
By me appointed [27].
Ant. Where's your wife?
Men. She's ready
To entertain her here, Sir; and ſome ladies
Fit for her lodgings.
Ant. How ſhews ſhe in her trim now?
Men. Oh, moſt divinely ſweet.
Ant. Prithee, ſpeak ſoftly.
How does ſhe take her coming?
Men. She bears it bravely;
But what ſhe thinks—For Heav'n ſake, Sir, preſerve me!
If the prince chance to find this——
Ant. Peace, you old fool;
She thinks to meet him here.

[27] *Timon, Charinthus, and ſome other gentlemen.*] How the characters of courtiers being made male-bawds, (ſo frequently introduced in the plays of our Authors) might go down with the audiences of thoſe times, I cannot anſwer: But, I am ſure, they would be exploded by that nicety of taſte to which we are now arrived. *Theobald.*

Men.

Men. That's all the project.
Ant. Was ſhe hard to bring?
Men. No, ſhe believ'd it quickly,
And quickly made herſelf fit. The gown a little,
And thoſe new things ſhe has not been acquainted with,
At leaſt in this place, where ſhe liv'd a priſoner,
Troubled and ſtirr'd her mind. But, believe me, Sir,
She has worn as good, they ſit ſo apted to her [28];
And ſhe is ſo great a miſtreſs of diſpoſure.
Here they come now: But take a full view of her.

Enter Celia, Timon, Charinthus, and Gentlemen.

Ant. How cheerfully ſhe looks? How ſhe ſalutes all?
And how ſhe views the place? She is very young, ſure.
That was an admirable ſmile, a catching one;
The very twang of Cupid's bow ſung to it [29]!
She has two-edg'd eyes; they kill o' both ſides.
Men. She makes a ſtand, as though ſhe would ſpeak.
Ant. Be ſtill then.
Celia. Good gentlemen, trouble yourſelves no further;
I had thought, ſure, to have met a noble friend here.
Tim. You may meet many, lady.
Celia. Such as you are,
I covet few, or none, Sir.
Char. Will you walk this way,
And take [30] the ſweets o' th' garden? cool and cloſe, lady.
Celia. Methinks, this open air's far better. Tend ye that way?

[28] *They ſit ſo* apted *to her.*] We do not remember to have ever met with this participle, or the VERB *apt*, in any other place. The Authors might perhaps have written *aptly*. The preſent text, however, is not inelegant.

[29] *The very twang of Cupid's bow ſung* to *it.*] There is ſomething ſo uncommon, as well as poetical, in the turn of this line, we could not paſs over the ſpeech without remarking the beauty of it. Some editions (among which number is that of 1750), contrary to the authority of the old folio, read, *ſung* IN *it.*

[30] *And* take *the ſweets o' th' garden.*] We have not diſturbed the text, but ſuſpect the right reading to be, *And* TASTE *the ſweets o' th' garden.*

Pray, where's the woman came along?
Char. What woman?
Celia. The woman of the houſe I lay at.
Tim. Woman?
Here was none came along, ſure.
Celia. Sure, I am catch'd then.
Pray, where's the prince?
Char. He will not be long from you.
We are his humble ſervants.
Celia. I could laugh now,
To ſee how finely I am cozen'd: Yet I fear not;
For, ſure, I know a way to 'ſcape all dangers.
Tim. Madam, your lodgings lie this way.
Celia. My lodgings?
For Heav'n ſake, Sir, what office do I bear here?
Tim. The great commander of all hearts.

Enter Leucippe and Ladies.

Celia. You have hit it:
I thank your ſweet heart for it! Who are theſe now?
Char. Ladies, that come to ſerve you.
Celia. Well conſider'd.
Are you my ſervants?
Lady. Servants to your pleaſures.
Celia. I dare believe ye, but I dare not truſt ye!
Catch'd with a trick? well, I muſt bear it patiently.
Methinks, this court's a neat place; all the people
Of ſo refin'd a ſize——
Tim. This is no poor rogue.
Leu. Were it a paradiſe, to pleaſe your fancy,
And entertain the ſweetneſs you bring with you——
Celia. Take breath; you 're fat, and many words may melt you.
This is three bawds beaten into one. Bleſs me, Heav'n,
What ſhall become of me? I am i' th' pitfall.
On my conſcience, this is the old viper,
And all theſe little ones creep every night
Into her belly. Do you hear, plump ſervant,
And you, my little ſucking ladies? you
Muſt teach me (for I know you're excellent at carriage)

How

How to behave myſelf; for I am rude yet.
But, you ſay, the prince will come?
Lady. Will fly to ſee you.
Celia. For, look you, if a great man, ſay the king now,
Should come and viſit me——
Men. She names you.
Ant. Peace, fool!
Celia. And offer me a kindneſs, ſuch a kindneſs—
Leu. Ay, ſuch a kindneſs!
Celia. True, lady, ſuch a kindneſs:
What ſhall that kindneſs be now?
Leu. A witty lady!
Learn, little ones, learn.
Celia. Say it be all his favour——
Leu. And a ſweet ſaying 'tis.
Celia. And I grow peeviſh?
Leu. You muſt not be neglectful.
Celia. There's the matter,
There's the main doctrine now, and I may miſs it.
Or a kind handſome gentleman?
Leu. You ſay well.
Celia. They'll count us baſely bred.
Leu. Not freely nurtur'd.
Celia. I'll take thy counſel.
Leu. 'Tis an excellent woman!
Celia. I find a notable volume here, a learn'd one.
Which way? For I would fain be in my chamber;
In truth, ſweet ladies, I grow weary. Fy!
How hot the air beats on me?
Lady. This way, madam.
Celia. Now, by mine honour, I grow wondrous faint too.
Leu. Your fans, ſweet gentlewomen, your fans!
Celia. Since I am fool'd,
I'll make myſelf ſome ſport, tho' I pay dear for't. [*Ex.*
Men. You ſee now what a manner of woman ſhe is, Sir.
Ant. Thou art an aſs!
Men. Is this a fit love for the prince?

Ant. A coxcomb!
Now, by my crown[30], a dainty wench, a ſharp wench,
And a matchleſs ſpirit! How ſhe jeer'd 'em?
How careleſly ſhe ſcoff'd 'em? Uſe her nobly.
I would I had not ſeen her! Wait anon,
And then you ſhall have more to trade upon. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Leontius, and the two Gentlemen.

Leon. We muſt keep a round, and a ſtrong watch to-night;
The prince will not charge the enemy 'till the morning:
But for the trick I told you for this raſcal,
This rogue, that health and ſtrong heart makes a coward——

1 *Gent.* Ay, if it take.

Leon. Ne'er fear it; the prince has it,
And if he let it fall, I muſt not know it;
He will ſuſpect me preſently: But you two
May help the plough.

2 *Gent.* That he is ſick again[31]?

Leon.

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[30] *Now, by my crown, a dainty wench.*] The king is deſcribed, in the *dramatis perſonæ*, an old man with young deſires: And ſo, indeed, he appears to be, as our poets have thought fit to repreſent him. But it is greatly derogatory to the gravity, wiſdom, and illuſtrious character of that prince to make him lewdly hunting after a young girl, at a time when he was engaged in war againſt three kings, and his ſon and heir at the head of this dangerous expedition. I would not be thought to make this remark in derogation to our excellent poets; but, barely, to point out a miſconduct, that might very eaſily have been avoided. *Theobald.*

It muſt be remembered, that what is ſaid in the *dramatis perſonæ* was not ſaid by our Authors, but by the editors of the ſecond folio: and the king's firſt deſign was to prevent the ill conſequences of his ſon's dotage on an unworthy object.

[31] *That he is ſick again.*] We do not doubt but this ſhould be printed with an interrogation, as they are informing themſelves of the ſcheme to be practiſed on the Lieutenant. The preceding ſpeech is alſo at firſt ſight a little obſcure:

——*Ne'er fear it, the prince has it,*
And if he let it fall, *I muſt not know it;*

He

Leon. Extremely ſick; his diſeaſe grown incurable;
Never yet found, nor touch'd at.

Enter Lieutenant.

2 *Gent.* Well, we have it;
And here he comes.

Leon. The prince has been upon him:
What a flatten face he has now? It takes, believe it.
How like an aſs he looks?

Lieut. I feel no great pain;
At leaſt, I think I do not; yet I feel ſenſibly,
I grow extremely faint. How cold I ſweat now?

Leon. So, ſo, ſo!

Lieut. And now 'tis ev'n too true; I feel a pricking,
A pricking, a ſtrange pricking. How it tingles?
And as it were a ſtitch too. The prince told me,
And every one cried out, I was a dead man:
I had thought, I had been as well——

Leon. Upon him now, boys;
And do it moſt demurely.

1 *Gent.* How now, Lieutenant?

Lieut. I thank ye, gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* 'Life, how looks this man?
How doſt thou, good Lieutenant?

2 *Gent.* I ever told you
This man was never cur'd; I ſee it too plain now.
How do you feel yourſelf? you look not perfect.
How dull his eye hangs?

1 *Gent.* That may be diſcontent.

2 *Gent.* Believe me, friend, I would not ſuffer now
The tithe of thoſe pains this man feels—Mark his forehead!
What a cloud of cold dew hangs upon't?

Lieut. I have it,

He will ſuſpect me preſently: But you two
May help the plough.

That is, 'the prince has undertaken the buſineſs, and if the Lieutenant 'drops any mention of his imaginary illneſs, I muſt appear to be a 'ſtranger to it, to avoid ſuſpicion: But you may aſſiſt openly in carrying on the plot upon him.'

Again I have it; how it grows upon me?
A miſerable man I am!

Leon. Ha, ha, ha! A miſerable man thou ſhalt be,
This is the tameſt trout I ever tickled. [*Aſide.*

Enter two Phyſicians.

1 *Phy.* This way he went.

2 *Phy.* Pray Heav'n, we find him living!
He's a brave fellow; 'tis pity he ſhould periſh thus.

1 *Phy.* A ſtrong-hearted man, and of a notable ſufferance.

Lieut. Oh, oh!

1 *Gent.* How now? how is it, man?

Lieut. Oh, gentlemen,
Never ſo full of pain——

2 *Gent.* Did I not tell you?

Lieut. Never ſo full of pain, gentlemen.

1 *Phy.* He is here;
How do you, Sir?

2 *Phy.* Be of good comfort, ſoldier;
The prince has ſent us to you.

Lieut. Do you think I may live?

2 *Phy.* He alters hourly, ſtrangely.

1 *Phy.* Yes, you may live: But——

Leon. Finely *butted*, doctor!

1 *Gent.* Do not diſcourage him.

1 *Phy.* He muſt be told truth;
'Tis now too late to trifle.

Enter Demetrius and Gentlemen.

2 *Gent.* Here the prince comes.

Dem. How now, gentlemen?

2 *Gent.* Bewailing, Sir, a ſoldier;
And one, I think, your grace will grieve to part with,
But every living thing——

Dem. 'Tis true, muſt periſh;
Our lives are but our marches to our graves.
How doſt thou now, Lieutenant?

Lieut. Faith, 'tis true, Sir;

We

We are but ſpans, and candles' ends.

Leon. He's finely mortified.

Dem. Thou art heart-whole yet, I ſee. He alters ſtrangely,
And that apace too; I ſaw it this morning in him,
When he, poor man, I dare ſwear——

Lieut. No, believ't, Sir,
I never felt it.

Dem. Here lies the pain now: How he is ſwell'd?

1 *Phy.* The impoſthume,
Fed with a new malignant humour now,
Will grow to ſuch a bigneſs, 'tis incredible;
The compaſs of a buſhel will not hold it.
And with ſuch a hell of torture it will riſe too——

Dem. Can you endure me touch it?

Lieut. Oh, I beſeech you, Sir!
I feel you ſenſibly ere you come near me.

Dem. He's finely wrought.—He muſt be cut, no cure elſe,
And ſuddenly; you ſee how faſt he blows out.

Lieut. Good maſter doctor, let me be beholden to you:
I feel I cannot laſt——

2 *Phy.* For what, Lieutenant?

Lieut. But ev'n for half a dozen cans of good wine,
That I may drink my will out: I faint hideouſly.

Dem. Fetch him ſome wine; and, ſince he muſt go, gentlemen,
Why, let him take his journey merrily.

Enter Servant, with wine.

Lieut. That's ev'n the neareſt way.

Leon. I could laugh dead now!

Dem. Here, off with that.

Lieut. Theſe two I give your grace;
A poor remembrance of a dying man, Sir;
And, I beſeech you, wear 'em out.

Dem. I will, ſoldier.
Theſe are fine legacies.

Lieut.

Lieut. Among the gentlemen,
Ev'n all I have left; I am a poor man, naked,
Yet ſomething for remembrance; four a-piece[32], gentlemen:
And ſo my body where you pleaſe[33].
Leon. It will work.
Lieut. I make your grace my executor, and, I beſeech you,
See my poor will fulfill'd: Sure, I ſhall walk elſe.
Dem. As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, ſoldier.
1 *Gent.* The wine will tickle him.
Lieut. I would hear a drum beat,
But to ſee how I could endure it.
Dem. Beat a drum there! [*Drum within.*
Lieut. Oh, heav'nly muſick! I would hear one ſing to't.
I am very full of pain.
Dem. Sing? 'tis impoſſible.

---

[32] ——*four a piece, gentlemen.*] What it is here, that the Lieutenant gives to theſe gentlemen, is not aſcertained by any marginal direction; and conſequently we are in the dark as to that point. He had little money, to boaſt of, as we find by his own confeſſion: And he makes the Prince his executor; but that he had ever made a will, we have as little notice of. *Theobald.*

What he gives are the empty cans, to be filled by his executor. He calls for HALF A DOZEN, *to* DRINK *his will out.* The two firſt he bequeaths to the prince; but how he can deviſe *four* A-PIECE to the *two* Gentlemen, out of the remainder, we cannot account. The paſſage is perhaps corrupt and imperfect; but that this is the meaning of the legacies is plain:

Lieut. *See my poor will fulfill'd.*
Dem. *As full as they can be fill'd, here's my hand, ſoldier.*

Perhaps the Lieutenant's ſpeech ſhould run thus;

——*Among the gentlemen*
Ev'n all I have left. I am a poor man, naked,
Yet ſomething for remembrance! Four—two *a-piece, gentlemen!*
And ſo, &c.

A blank was probably left in the prompter's book after the word *four*, that the actor might ſuit the legacy to the number of gentlemen that accompanied the Prince.

[33] *And ſo my body where you pleaſe.*] We have not diſturbed the text, but conjecture that our Authors wrote, '*ſtow* my body where 'you pleaſe.'

Lieut.

Lieut. Why, then I would drink a drum-full.
Where lies the enemy?
2 *Gent.* Why, here, close by.
Leon. Now he begins to muster.
Lieut. And dare he fight?
Dare he fight, gentlemen?
1 *Phy.* You must not cut him;
He's gone then in a moment: All the hope left is,
To work his weakness into sudden anger,
And make him raise his passion above his pain,
And so dispose him on the enemy:
His body then, being stirr'd with violence,
Will purge itself, and break the sore.
Dem. 'Tis true, Sir.
1 *Phy.* And then, my life for his——
Lieut. I will not die thus.
Dem. But he is too weak to do——
Lieut. Die like a dog!
2 *Phy.* Ay, he's weak; but yet he's heart-whole.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. An excellent sign.
Lieut. Hem!
Dem. Stronger still, and better.
Lieut. Hem, hem! Ran, tan, tan, tan, tan! [*Exit.*
1 *Phy.* Now he's i' th' way on't.
Dem. Well, go thy ways; thou wilt do something, certain.
Leon. And some brave thing, or let mine ears be cut off.
He's finely wrought. Let's after him[34], I pray, Sir.
But how this rogue, when this cloud's melted in him,
And all discover'd——
Dem. That's for an after-mirth. Away, away, away!
[*Exeunt.*

---

[34] *He's finely wrought.*
Dem. *Let's after him.*
Leon. *I pray, Sir;*
But how this rogue, &c.] This is the lection of all the former editions. That the whole belongs to Leontius, we believe, will not be doubted.

SCENE

SCENE VI.

Enter Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, and Soldiers.

Sel. Let no man fear to die: We love to ſleep all,
And death is but the ſounder ſleep. All ages,
And all hours call us; 'tis ſo common, eaſy,
That little children tread thoſe paths before us.
We are not ſick, nor our ſouls preſs'd with ſorrows,
Nor go we out like tedious tales, forgotten.
High, high we come, and hearty to our funerals,
And, as the ſun that ſets, in blood let's fall.

Lyſim. 'Tis true, they have us faſt, we cannot 'ſcape 'em,
Nor keeps the brow of Fortune one ſmile for us.
Diſhonourable ends we can 'ſcape though [35],
And, worſe than thoſe, captivities: We can die;
And dying nobly, tho' we leave behind us
Theſe clods of fleſh, that are too-maſſy burthens,
Our living ſouls fly crown'd with living conqueſts!

Ptol. They have begun; fight bravely, and fall bravely;
And may that man that ſeeks to ſave his life now,
By price, or promiſe, or by fear falls from us,
Never again be bleſt with name of Soldier!

Enter a Soldier.

Sel. How now? Who charged firſt? I ſeek a brave hand
To ſet me off in death.

Sold. We are not charg'd, Sir;

---

[35] *Diſhonourable ends we can 'ſcape though,*
And, worſe than thoſe captivities, we can die,
And dying nobly, &c.] By an ill regulation of the ſtops, theſe words convey a ſenſe directly oppoſite to that intended by the writer; aſſerting than *death* is worſe than *captivity*: Whereas Lyſimachus is meant to declare, that 'they can eſcape diſhonourable ends, and what 'is ſtill worſe than thoſe diſhonourable ends, the living in captivity. '—We can die; and, by a noble death, though our bodies are left 'behind, our ſouls are crowned with conqueſt.'

The

The prince lies ſtill.

Sel. How comes this larum up then?

Sold. There is one deſperate fellow, with the devil in him,
(He never durſt do this elſe) has broke into us,
And here he bangs ye two or three before him,
There five or ſix; ventures upon whole companies.

Ptol. And is not ſeconded?

Sold. Not a man follows.

Sel. Nor cut i' pieces?

Sold. Their wonder yet has ſtay'd 'em.

Sel. Let's in and ſee this miracle.

Ptol. I admire it! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius and Gentlemen.

Leon. Fetch him off, fetch him off! I am ſure, he's clouted.
Did I not tell you how 'twould take?

1 *Gent.* 'Tis admirable!

Enter Lieutenant, with colours in his hand, purſuing three or four Soldiers.

Lieut. Follow that blow, my friend! there's at your coxcombs!
I fight to ſave me from the ſurgeons' miſeries.

Leon. How the knave curries 'em!

Lieut. You cannot, rogues,
'Till you have my diſeaſes, fly my fury.
Ye bread-and-butter rogues, do ye run from me?
An my ſide would give me leave, I would ſo hunt ye,
Ye porridge-gutted ſlaves, ye veal-broth boobies!

Enter Demetrius, Phyſicians, and Gentlemen.

Leon. Enough, enough, Lieutenant! thou haſt done bravely.

Dem. Mirror of man!

Lieut. There's a flag for you, Sir:
I took it out o' th' ſhop, and never paid for't.
I'll to 'em again; I am not come to th' text yet.

Dem.

Dem. No more, my ſoldier. Beſhrew my heart, he is hurt ſore.

Leon. Hang him, he'll lick all thoſe whole.

1 *Phy.* Now will we take him,
And cure him in a trice.

Dem. Be careful of him.

Lieut. Let me live but two years, and do what you will with me:
I never had but two hours yet of happineſs.
Pray ye, give me nothing to provoke my valour;
For I am ev'n as weary of this fighting——

2 *Phy.* You ſhall have nothing. Come to the prince's tent,
And there the ſurgeons preſently ſhall ſearch you;
Then to your reſt.

Lieut. A little handſome litter
To lay me in, and I ſhall ſleep.

Leon. Look to him.

Dem. I do believe a horſe begot this fellow;
He never knew his ſtrength yet.—They are our own.

Leon. I think ſo; I am cozen'd elſe. I would but ſee now
A way to fetch theſe off, and ſave their honours.

Dem. Only their lives.

Leon. Pray you, take no way of peace now,
Unleſs it be with infinite advantage.

Dem. I ſhall be rul'd. Let the battles now move forward;
Ourſelf will give the ſignal.

Enter Trumpet and Herald.

Now, Herald, what's your meſſage?

Her. From my maſters
This honourable courteſy, a parley
For half an hour; no more, Sir.

Dem. Let 'em come on;
They have my princely word,

Enter

Enter Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, attendants and Soldiers.

Her. They are here to attend you.
Dem. Now, princes, your demands?
Sel. Peace, if it may be
Without the too-much tainture of our honour.
Peace; and we'll buy it too.
Dem. At what price?
Lyſim. Tribute.
Ptol. At all the charge of this war.
Leon. That will not do.
Sel. Leontius, you and I have ſerv'd together,
And run thro' many a fortune with our ſwords,
Brothers in wounds and health; one meat has fed us;
One tent a thouſand times from cold night cover'd us;
Our loves have been but one; and had we died then,
One monument had held our names and actions:
Why do you ſet upon your friends ſuch prices,
And ſacrifice to giddy Chance ſuch trophies?
Have we forgot to die? or are our virtues
Leſs in afflictions conſtant, than our fortunes?
You are deceiv'd, old ſoldier.
Leon. I know your worths,
And thus low bow in reverence to your virtues.
Were theſe my wars, or led my pow'r in chief here,
I knew then how to meet your memories [36]:

They

[36] *I knew then how to meet your* memories.] I have obſerved, that our Poets frequently employ the word *memory* in an uncommon and abſtracted ſenſe. I think, Leontius means here, that then he could meet the *remembrance* of thoſe occurrences which are ſumm'd up by Seleucus in his preceding ſpeech. *Theobald.*

Shakeſpeare often uſes *memory* for *memorial* in the ſame manner; as, in As You Like It, act ii. ſcene iii.

'Oh, my ſweet maſter! oh, you *memory*
'Of old Sir Rowland!'

So, in the Atheiſts Tragedy, by Cyril Tourner, 1611,

'And with his body place that *memory*
'Of noble Charlemont.'

And in Byron's Tragedy, by Chapman,

That

They are my king's employments; this man fights now,
To whom I owe all duty, faith, and ſervice;
This man, that fled before ye. Call back that,
That bloody day again, call that diſgrace home,
And then an eaſy peace may ſheath our ſwords up.
I am not greedy of your lives and fortunes,
Nor do I gape ungratefully to ſwallow you.
Honour, the ſpur of all illuſtrious natures,
That made you famous ſoldiers, and next kings,
And not ambitious envy, ſtrikes me forward.
Will you unarm, and yield yourſelves his priſoners?

Sel. We never knew what that ſound meant: No gyves
Shall ever bind this body, but embraces;
Nor weight of ſorrow here, till earth fall on me.

Leon. Expect our charge then.

Lyſim. 'Tis the nobler courteſy!
And ſo we leave the hand of Heaven to bleſs us!

Dem. Stay! Have you any hope?

Sel. We have none left us,
But that one comfort of our deaths together:
Give us but room to fight.

Leon. Win it, and wear it.

Ptol. Call from the hills thoſe companies hang o'er us
Like burſting clouds; and then break in, and take us.

Dem. Find ſuch a ſoldier will forſake advantage,
And we'll draw off. To ſhew I dare be noble,
And hang a light out to you in this darkneſs,
(The light of peace!) give up thoſe cities, forts,
And all thoſe frontier-countries, to our uſes.

Sel. Is this the peace? traitors to thoſe that feed us,
Our gods and people, give our countries from us?

Lyſim. Begin the knell; it ſounds a great deal ſweeter.

Ptol. Let looſe your ſervant Death!

' That ſtatue will I prize paſt all the jewels
' Within the cabinet of Beatrice,
' The *memory* of my grandame. *Steevens.*

The uſe of the word *memories* in this paſſage is neither ſo clear nor ſo elegant as the application of it by Shakeſpeare.

Sel.

Sel. Fall Fate upon us,
Our memories ſhall never ſtink behind us!
Dem. Seleucus! great Seleucus!
Sold. The prince calls, Sir.
Dem. Thou ſtock of nobleneſs and courteſy,
Thou father of the war!
Leon. What means the prince now?
Dem. Give me my ſtandard here.
Lyſim. His anger's melted.
Dem. You, gentlemen, that were his priſoners,
And felt the bounty of that noble nature,
Lay all your hands, and bear theſe colours to him,
The ſtandard of the kingdom. Take it, Soldier!
Ptol. What will this mean?
Dem. Thou haſt won it; bear it off;
And draw thy men home whilſt we wait upon thee.
Sel. You ſhall have all our countries.
Lyſim. Ptol. All, by Heav'n, Sir.
Dem. I will not have a ſtone, a buſh, a bramble:
No! in the way of courteſy, I'll ſtart you.
Draw off, and make a lane thro' all the army,
That theſe, that have ſubdu'd us, may march thro' us.
Sel. Sir, do not make me ſurfeit with ſuch goodneſs;
I'll bear your ſtandard for you, follow you.
Dem. I ſwear it ſhall be ſo; march thro' me fairly,
And thine be this day's honour, great Seleucus!
Ptol. Mirror of noble minds!
Dem. Nay, then you hate me.
[*Exeunt with drums and ſhouts.*
Leon. I cannot ſpeak now! Well, go thy ways!
At a ſure piece o' bravery thou art the beſt!
Theſe men are won by th' necks now. I'll ſend a poſt away. [*Exit.*

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Antigonus and Menippus.

Ant. NO aptneſs in her?

Men. Not an immodeſt motion;
And yet, when ſhe is courted, makes as wild witty anſwers——

Ant. This more fires me! I muſt not have her thus.

Men. We cannot alter her.

Ant. Have you put the youths upon her?

Men. All that know any thing,
And have been ſtudied how to catch a beauty;
But, like ſo many whelps about an elephant——
The prince is coming home, Sir.

Ant. I hear that too;
But that's no matter. Am I alter'd well?

Men. Not to be known, I think, Sir.

Ant. I muſt ſee her.

Enter two Gentlemen, or Lords.

1 *Gent.* I offer'd all I had, all I could think of,
I try'd her thro' all the points o' th' compaſs, I think.

2 *Gent.* She ſtudies to undo the court, to plant here
The enemy to our age, Chaſtity.
She is the firſt that e'er balk'd a cloſe arbour,
And the ſweet contents within: She hates curl'd heads too;
And ſetting up of beards, ſhe ſwears, is idolatry.

1 *Gent.* I never knew ſo fair a face ſo froze;
Yet ſhe would make one think——

2 *Gent.* True, by her carriage;
For ſhe's as wanton as a kid, to th' outſide,
As full of mocks and taunts. I kiſs'd her hand too,
Walk'd with her half an hour.

1 *Gent.*

1 *Gent.* She heard me ſing,
And ſung herſelf too; ſhe ſings admirably;
But ſtill when any hope was, as 'tis her trick
To miniſter enough of thoſe, then preſently,
With ſome new flam or other, nothing to th' matter,
And ſuch a frown as would ſink all before her,
She takes her chamber. Come, we ſhall not be the laſt fools.

2 *Gent.* Not by a hundred, I hope; 'tis a ſtrange wench.

Ant. This ſcrews me up ſtill higher.

Enter Celia, and Ladies behind her.

Men. Here ſhe comes, Sir.

Ant. Then, be you gone; and take the women with you:
And lay thoſe jewels in her way.

Celia. If I ſtay longer,
I ſhall number as many lovers as Laïs did [37].
How they flock after me! Upon my conſcience,
I have had a dozen horſes given me this morning:
I'll ev'n ſet up a troop, and turn ſhe-ſoldier.
A good diſcrete wench now, that were not hide-bound,
Might raiſe a fine eſtate here, and ſuddenly:
For theſe warm things will give their ſouls——I can go no where,
Without a world of offerings to my excellence:
I am a queen, a goddeſs, I know not what;
And no conſtellation in all Heav'n, but I out-ſhine it.
And they have found out now, I have no eyes
Of mortal lights; but certain influences,
Strange virtuous lightnings, human nature ſtarts at;

37 *I ſhall number as many lovers as* Laïs *did.*] *Laïs* was a moſt exceeding handſome courtezan reſiding at Corinth, in the times of Nicias and Demoſthenes; but ſhe held up her favours at ſo exorbitant a rate, that it became a proverbial ſaying:

Non cuivis hominum contingit adire Corinthum.

i. e. It is not every man, who can afford to go to Corinth; at leaſt, to have an amour there. *Theobald.*

And I can kill my twenty in a morning,
With as much eaſe now——Ha! what are theſe? new projects?
Where are my honourable ladies? Are you out too?
Nay, then I muſt buy the ſtock[38]; ſend me good carding!
I hope the prince's hand be not in this ſport:
I have not ſeen him yet, cannot hear from him,
And that, that troubles me: All theſe were recreations,
Had I but his ſweet company to laugh with me.
What fellow's that? Another apparition?
This is the loving'ſt age! I ſhould know that face;
Sure, I have ſeen't before; not long ſince neither.

Ant. She ſees me now. Oh, Heav'n, a moſt rare creature!

Celia. Yes, 'tis the ſame: I'll take no notice of you;
But, if I do not fit you, let me fry for't.
Is all this cackling for your egg?—They are fair ones,
Excellent rich, no doubt, too; and may ſtumble
A good ſtaid mind; but I can go thus by 'em.
My honeſt friend, do you ſet off theſe jewels?

Ant. Set 'em off, lady?

Celia. I mean, ſell 'em here, Sir.

Ant. She's very quick. [*Aſide.*]—For ſale they are not meant, ſure.

Celia. For ſanctity, I think, much leſs. Good even, Sir.

Ant. Nay, noble lady, ſtay: 'Tis you muſt wear 'em:
Never look ſtrange, they are worthy your beſt beauty.

Celia. Did you ſpeak to me?

Ant. To you, or to none living:
To you they're ſent, to you they're ſacrific'd.

Celia. I'll never look a horſe i'th' mouth that's giv'n:
I thank you, Sir: I'll ſend one to reward you.

Ant. Do you never aſk who ſent 'em?

Celia. Never, I;
Nor never care. If it be an honeſt end,

[38] *Nay, then, I muſt* buy *the* ſtock; *ſend me good* carding.] *i. e.* I muſt play out the *game*; I muſt take in the *cards*: *Buying* the ſtock is a term uſed at an old-faſhioned game called *gleek*. *Theobald*

Th

That end's the full reward, and thanks but ſlubber it:
If it be ill, I will not urge the acquaintance.
Ant. This has a ſoul indeed.—Pray, let me tell you!
Celia. I care not if you do, ſo you do it handſomely,
And not ſtand picking of your words.
Ant. The king ſent 'em.
Celia. Away, away! thou art ſome fooliſh fellow!
And, now I think, thou haſt ſtole 'em too. The king ſent 'em?
Alas, good man! Wouldſt thou make be believe
He has nothing to do with things of theſe worths,
But wantonly to fling 'em? He's an old man,
A good old man, they ſay, too. I dare ſwear,
Full many a year ago he left theſe gambols.
Here, take your trinkets.
Ant. Sure, I do not lie, lady.
Celia. I know thou lieſt extremely, damnably:
Thou haſt a lying face!
Ant. I was never thus rattled. [*Aſide.*
Celia. But, ſay, I ſhould believe: Why are theſe ſent me?
And why art thou the meſſenger? Who art thou?
Ant. Lady, look on 'em wiſely, and then conſider
Who can ſend ſuch as theſe, but a king only?
And, to what beauty can they be oblations,
But only yours? For me, that am the carrier,
'Tis only fit, you know; I am his ſervant,
And have fulfill'd his will.
Celia. You are ſhort and pithy.
What muſt my beauty do for theſe?
Ant. Sweet lady,
You cannot be ſo hard of underſtanding,
When a king's favour ſhines upon you glorioufly,
And ſpeaks his love in theſe——
Celia. Oh, then, love's the matter;
Sir-reverence Love! Now I begin to feel you:
And I ſhould be the king's whore; a brave title!
And go as glorious as the ſun; oh, brave ſtill!
The chief commandreſs of his concubines,

Hurried from place to place to meet his pleaſures!

Ant. A deviliſh ſubtile wench; but a rare ſpirit. [*Aſide.*

Celia. And when the good old ſponge had ſuck'd my youth dry,
And left ſome of his royal aches in my bones;
When time ſhall tell me, I have plough'd my life up,
And caſt long furrows in my face to ſink me——

Ant. You muſt not think ſo, lady.

Celia. Then can theſe, Sir,
Theſe precious things, the price of youth and beauty,
This ſhop here of ſin-offering, ſet me off again?
Can it reſtore me chaſte, young, innocent?
Purge me to what I was? add to my memory
An honeſt and a noble fame? The king's vice[39]!
The ſin's as univerſal as the ſun is,
And lights an univerſal torch to ſhame me.

Ant. Do you hold ſo ſlight account of a great king's favour,
That all knees bow to purchaſe?

Celia. Prithee, peace!
If thou knew'ſt how ill-favour'dly thy tale becomes thee,

---

39 ——— *The king's* device, &c.] Nothing is ſo dangerous to the genuine reading, as when the corrupted one carries ſomething like ſenſe with it. That it was the king's *device* to debauch her, is certain; but this is ſcarcely an aggravation of her guilt. The redundancy of two ſyllables in the verſe made me heſitate upon it; when the following reading immediately occurred, which I doubt not to be the true one, as the expreſſion is extremely poetical; and the ſentiment becomes every way worthy of our Authors.

——— *The king's* vice!

viz. That if ſhe becomes the vice, or the occaſion of it in the king; her example will have a univerſal bad influence, and her memory be branded to all ages. *Seward.*

Vice is certainly moſt agreeable to the context:

——— *The king's* vice!
The ſin's *as univerſal as the ſun is,*
And lights an everlaſting torch to ſhame me.

That is, 'When *vice* reſides in a king, the eminence of his rank 'makes the *ſin*, as well as infamy, as conſpicuous as the ſun.'

And

And what ill root it takes——

Ant. You will be wiſer.

Celia. Could the king find no ſhape to ſhift his pandar into,
But reverend age? and one ſo like himſelf too?

Ant. She has found me out. [*Aſide.*

Celia. Cozen the world with gravity?
Prithee, reſolve me one thing; does the king love thee?

Ant. I think he does.

Celia. It ſeems ſo, by thy office:
He loves thy uſe, and, when that's ended, hates thee.
Thou ſeem'ſt to me a ſoldier.

Ant. Yes, I am one.

Celia. And haſt fought for thy country?

Ant. Many a time.

Celia. May-be, commanded too?

Ant. I have done, lady.

Celia. Oh, wretched man, below the ſtate of pity!
Canſt thou forget, thou wert begot in honour?
A free companion for a king? A ſoldier?
Whoſe nobleneſs dare feel no want, but enemies?
Canſt thou forget this, and decline ſo wretchedly,
To eat the bread of bawdry? of baſe bawdry?
Feed on the ſcum of ſin? Fling thy ſword from thee,
Diſhonour to the noble name that nurs'd thee!
Go, beg diſeaſes! Let them be thy armours;
Thy fights the flames of luſt, and their foul iſſues.

Ant. Why then, I am a king, and mine own ſpeaker.

Celia. And I as free as you, mine own diſpoſer.
There, take your jewels; let 'em give them luſtres
That have dark lives and ſouls: Wear 'em yourſelf, Sir;
You'll ſeem a devil elſe.

Ant. I command you, ſtay.

Celia. Be juſt, I am commanded.

Ant. I will not wrong you.

Celia. Then thus low falls my duty.

Ant. Can you love me?
Say 'ay,' and all I have——

Celia. I cannot love you;

Without the breach of faith, I cannot hear you.
You hang upon my love like froſts on lillies.
I can die, but I cannot love! You're anſwer'd. [*Exit.*
Ant. I muſt find after means; I love her truly. [*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Demetrius, Leontius, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, Soldiers, and Hoſt.

Dem. Hither, do you ſay, ſhe is come?
Hoſt. Yes, Sir, I'm ſure on't:
For, whilſt I waited on you, putting my wife in truſt,
I know not by what means, but the king found her,
And hither ſhe was brought. How, or to what end—
Dem. My father found her?
Hoſt. So my wife informs me.
Dem. Leontius, pray draw off the ſoldiers:
I would a while be private.
Leon. Fall off, gentlemen!
The prince would be alone. [*Exe. Leon. and Sold.*
Dem. Is he ſo cunning?
There is ſome trick in this, and you muſt know it,
And be an agent too; which, if it prove ſo——
Hoſt. Pull me to pieces, Sir.
Dem. My father found her?
My father brought her hither? Went ſhe willingly?
Hoſt. My wife ſays, full of doubts.
Dem. I cannot blame her.
No more. There is no truſt, no faith in mankind!

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, Leontius, and Soldiers.

Ant. Keep her up cloſe; he muſt not come to ſee her.
You are welcome nobly now! welcome home, gentlemen!
You have done a courteous ſervice on the enemy,
Has tied his faith for ever; you ſhall find it.
You are not now in's debt, ſon. Still your ſad looks?
Leontius, what's the matter?
Leon. Truth, Sir, I know not;

We have been merry ſince we went.

Lieut. I feel it.

Ant. Come, what's the matter now? Do you want money?

Sure, he has heard o' th' wench. [*Aſide.*

Dem. Is that a want, Sir?

I would fain ſpeak to your grace.

Ant. You may do freely.

Dem. And not deſerve your anger?

Ant. That you may too.

Dem. There was a gentlewoman, and ſome time my priſoner,

Which I thought well of, Sir. Your grace conceives me?

Ant. I do indeed, and with much grief conceive you;

With full as much grief as your mother bare you.

There was ſuch a woman: 'Would I might as well ſay,

There was no ſuch, Demetrius.

Dem. She was virtuous,

And therefore not unfit my youth to love her.

She was as fair——

Ant. Her beauty I'll proclaim too,

To be as rich as ever reign'd in woman;

But how ſhe made that good, the devil knows.

Dem. She was—Oh, Heav'n!

Ant. The hell to all thy glories,

Swallow'd thy youth, made ſhipwreck of thine honour:

She was a devil!

Dem. You are my father, Sir.

Ant. And ſince you take a pride to ſhew your follies,

I'll muſter 'em, and all the world ſhall view 'em.

Leon. What heat is this? The king's eyes ſpeak his anger.

Ant. Thou haſt abus'd thy youth, drawn to thy fellowſhip,

Inſtead of arts and arms, a woman's kiſſes,

The ſubtilties and ſoft heats of a harlot.

Dem. Good Sir, miſtake her not.

Ant. A witch, a ſorcereſs!

(I tell

(I tell thee but the truth; and hear, Demetrius!)
Which has ſo dealt upon thy blood with charms,
Dev'liſh and dark; ſo lock'd up all thy virtues;
So pluck'd thee back from what thou ſprung'ſt from, glorious——

Dem. Oh, Heav'n, that any tongue but his durſt ſay this!
That any heart durſt harbour it! Dread father,
If for the innocent the gods allow us
To bend our knees——

Ant. Away; thou art bewitch'd ſtill!
Though ſhe be dead, her pow'r ſtill lives upon thee,

Dem. Dead! dead! Oh, ſacred Sir[40]! Dead, did you ſay?

Ant. She is dead, fool.

Dem. It is not poſſible! Be not ſo angry,
Say, ſhe is fall'n under your ſad diſpleaſure,
Or any thing, but dead. Say ſhe is baniſh'd;
Invent a crime, and I'll believe it, Sir.

Ant. Dead by the law: We found her hell, and her;
I mean her charms and ſpells, for which ſhe periſh'd,
And ſhe confeſs'd, ſhe drew thee to thy ruin;
And purpos'd it, purpos'd my empire's overthrow.

Dem. But is ſhe dead? was there no pity, Sir?
If her youth err'd, was there no mercy ſhewn her?
Did you look on her face, when you condemn'd her?

Ant. I look'd into her heart, and there ſhe was hideous.

Dem. Can ſhe be dead? Can virtue fall untimely?

Ant. She's dead; deſervingly ſhe died.

Dem. I've done then.
Oh, matchleſs ſweetneſs, whither art thou vaniſh'd!
Oh, thou fair ſoul of all thy ſex, what paradiſe
Haſt thou enrich'd and bleſs'd?—I am your ſon, Sir,
And t' all you ſhall command ſtand moſt obedient:
Only a little time I muſt entreat you,
To ſtudy to forget her; 'twill not be long, Sir,

[40] *Dead? O ſacred Sir.*] We apprehend the word *dead* was repeated twice here, and had been ſtruck out at preſs.

For

Nor I long after it.—Art thou dead, Celia?
Dead, my poor wench? My joy pluck'd green, with violence?
Oh, fair ſweet flower, farewell! Come, thou deſtroyer,
Sorrow, thou melter of the ſoul, dwell with me!
Dwell with me, ſolitary thoughts, tears, cryings!
Nothing, that loves the day, love me, or ſeek me!
Nothing, that loves his own life, haunt about me!
And, Love, I charge thee, never charm mine eyes more,
Nor e'er betray a beauty to my curſes:
For I ſhall curſe all now, hate all, forſwear all,
And all the brood of fruitful Nature vex at;
For ſhe is gone that was all, and I nothing!
[*Exeunt Dem. and Gent.*

Ant. This opinion muſt be maintain'd.

Men. It ſhall be, Sir.

Ant. Let him go; I can at mine own pleaſure
Draw him to th' right again. Wait you inſtructions;
And ſee the ſoldier paid, Leontius.
Once more, you're welcome home all!

All. Health to your majeſty! [*Exeunt Ant. &c.*

Leon. Thou went'ſt along the journey; how canſt thou tell?

Hoſt. I did; but I am ſure 'tis ſo: Had I ſtay'd behind,
I think, this had not prov'd.

Leon. A wench the reaſon?

Lieut. Who's that talks of a wench there?

Leon. All this diſcontent
About a wench?

Lieut. Where is this wench, good colonel?

Leon. Prithee, hold thy peace! Who calls thee to council?

Lieut. Why, if there be a wench——

Leon. 'Tis fit thou know her,
That I'll ſay for thee; and as fit thou'rt for her,
Let her be mew'd or ſtopt. How is it, gentlemen?

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* He's wondrous diſcontent; he'll ſpeak to no man.

2 *Gent.*

2 *Gent.* H'has taken his chamber cloſe, admits no entrance;
Tears in his eyes, and cryings-out.
Hoſt. 'Tis ſo, Sir;
And now I wiſh myſelf half-hang'd ere I went this journey.
Leon. What is this woman?
Lieut. Ay!
Hoſt. I cannot tell you,
But handſome as Heav'n.
Lieut. She's not ſo high, I hope, Sir.
Leon. Where is ſhe?
Lieut. Ay, that would be known.
Leon. Why, ſirrah——
Hoſt. I cannot ſhew ye neither;
The king has now diſpos'd of her.
Leon. There lies the matter.
Will he admit none to come to comfort him?
1 *Gent.* Not any near, nor, let 'em knock their hearts out,
Will never ſpeak.
Lieut. 'Tis the beſt way, if he have her;
For, look you, a man would be loth to be diſturb'd in's paſtime;
'Tis every good man's caſe.
Leon. 'Tis all thy living.
We muſt not ſuffer this, we dare not ſuffer it:
For, when theſe tender ſouls meet deep afflictions,
They are not ſtrong enough to ſtruggle with 'em,
But drop away as ſnow does from a mountain,
And, in the torrent of their own ſighs, ſink themſelves.
I will and muſt ſpeak to him.
Lieut. So muſt I too:
He promis'd me a charge.
Leon. Of what? of children?
Upon my conſcience, th' haſt a double company,
And all of thine own begetting, already.
Lieut. That's all one;
I'll raiſe 'em to a [illegible]nt, and [illegible]ommand 'em:
When they turn [illegible]eget 'em,

Knock

Knock 'em o'th' head, and put in new.

Leon. A rare way!
But, for all this, thou art not valiant enough
To dare to ſee the prince now?

Lieut. Do you think he's angry?

1 *Gent.* Extremely vex'd.

2 *Gent.* To the endang'ring of any man comes near him.

1 *Gent.* Yet, if thou couldſt but win him out, whate'er thy ſuit were,
Believe it granted preſently.

Leon. Yet thou muſt think, tho',
That in the doing he may break upon you;
And——

Lieut. If he do not kill me——

Leon. There's the queſtion.

Lieut. For half a dozen hurts——

Leon. Art thou ſo valiant?

Lieut. Not abſolutely ſo, neither:—No, it cannot be;
I want my impoſthumes, and my things [41] about me;
Yet, I'll make danger, colonel.

Leon. 'Twill be rare ſport,
Howe'er it take. Give me thy hand! If thou doſt this,
I'll raiſe thee up a horſe-troop, take my word for't.

Lieut. What may be done by human man——

Leon. Let's go then.

1 *Gent.* Away, before he cool; he will relapſe elſe.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Leucippe.

Ant. Will ſhe not yield?

Leu. For all we can urge to her.

[41] *And my* things *about me.*] By *things* I underſtand plaiſters, bandages, &c. but Mr. Sympſon thinks the word corrupt, and would read *ſtings*, which expreſſes, he ſays, the helliſh pains before ſpoke of. I will not deprive the reader of the conjecture, though I do not myſelf admit it. *Theobald.*

By *things*, we conceive, he means his *diſorders*; which were the cauſe of his valour, not the plaiſters, &c.

I ſwore

I ſwore you'd marry her; ſhe laugh'd extremely;
And then ſhe rail'd like thunder.
Ant. Call in the Magician!
I muſt and will obtain her; I am aſhes elſe.

Enter Magician, with a bowl.

Are all the philters in? charms, powder, roots?
Mag. They are all in; and now I only ſtay
The invocation of ſome helping ſpirits.
Ant. To your work then, and diſpatch.
Mag. Sit ſtill, and fear not.
Leu. I ſhall ne'er endure theſe ſights.
Ant. Away with the woman!
Go, wait without.
Leu. When the devil's gone, pray call me. [*Exit.*
Ant. Be ſure you make it powerful enough.
Mag. Pray doubt not. [*He conjures.*

A SONG.

Riſe from the ſhades below,
All you that prove
The helps of looſe love!
Riſe, and beſtow
Upon this cup, whatever may compel,
By powerful charm, and unreſiſted ſpell,
A heart unwarm'd to melt in love's deſires!
Diſtil into this liquor all your fires,
Heats, longings, tears;
But keep back frozen fears;
That ſhe may know, that has all pow'r defied,
Art is a pow'r that will not be denied.

THE ANSWER.

I obey, I obey;
And am come to view ere day;
Brought along all may compel,
All the earth has, and our hell.
Here's a little, little flow'r;
This will make her ſweat an hour,
Then unto ſuch flames ariſe,
A thouſand joys will [illegible]

Here's

Here's the powder of the Moon,
With which ſhe caught Endymion:
The pow'rful tears that Venus cry'd,
When the boy Adonis dy'd:
Here's Medea's charm, with which
Jaſon's heart ſhe did bewitch:
Omphale this ſpell put in,
When ſhe made the [42] Libyan ſpin:
This dull root, pluck'd from Lethe flood,
Purges all pure thoughts, and good.
Theſe I ſtir thus, round, round, round,
Whilſt our light feet beat the ground.

Mag. Now, Sir, 'tis full; and whoſoever drinks this
Shall violently dote upon your perſon,
And never ſleep nor eat unſatisfied.
So many hours 'twill work, and work with violence;
And, thoſe expir'd, 'tis done. You have my art, Sir.
Ant. See him rewarded liberally.——Leucippe!

Enter Leucippe.

Here, take this bowl, and when ſhe calls for wine next,
Be ſure you give her this, and ſee her drink it.
Delay no time when ſhe calls next!
Leu. I ſhall, Sir.
Ant. Let none elſe touch it, on your life.
Leu. I'm charg'd, Sir.
Ant. Now, if ſhe have an antidote art, let her 'ſcape me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leontius, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* There is the door, Lieutenant, if you dare do any thing.
Leon. Here's no man waits.
1 *Gent.* H' has giv'n a charge that none ſhall,

[42] Libyan *ſpin.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *Theban*, the ſtory of Omphale being, as he thinks, only applicable to him: But as there were many Hercules's, and among the reſt a *Libyan*, the ſon of Jupiter Ammon, if it is inaccurate, it ſeems the inaccuracy of a ſcholar, and not an error of the preſs. *Seward.*

Nor

Nor none ſhall come within the hearing of him.
Dare you go forward?

Lieut. Let me put on my ſkull firſt:
My head's almoſt beaten into the pap of an apple.
Are there no guns i' th' door?

Leon. The rogue will do it:
And yet I know he has no ſtomach to't.

Lieut. What loop-holes are there, when I knock, for ſtones?
For thoſe may pepper me:—I can perceive none.

Leon. How he views the fortification.

Lieut. Farewell, gentlemen!
If I be kill'd——

Leon. We'll ſee thee buried bravely.

Lieut. Away! how ſhould I know that then?—I'll knock ſoftly.
Pray Heav'n he ſpeak in a low voice now, to comfort me:
I feel I have no heart to't.—Is't well, gentlemen?
Colonel, my troop!

Leon. A little louder.

Lieut. Stay, ſtay:
Here is a window; I will ſee; ſtand wide.
By Heav'n, he's charging of a gun [43]!

Leon. There's no ſuch matter:
There's nobody in this room.

Lieut. Oh, 'twas a fire-ſhovel.
Now I'll knock louder. If he ſay, 'who's there?'
As ſure he has ſo much manners, then will I anſwer him
So finely and demurely. My troop, colonel!
[*Knocks louder.*

1 *Gent.* Knock louder, fool! he hears not.

Lieut. You fool, do you;
Do, an you dare now.

1 *Gent.* I do not undertake it.

Lieut. Then hold your peace, and meddle with your own matters.

Leon. Now he will knock. [*Knocks louder.*

Lieut. Sir, Sir! will't pleaſe you hear, Sir?

43 *By —— he's charging of a gun.* Former editions.

Your

Your grace!—I'll look again. What's that?
Leon. He's there now.
Lord! how he ſtares! I ne'er yet ſaw him thus alter'd.
Stand now, and take the troop.
Lieut. 'Would I were in't,
And a good horſe under me!—I muſt knock again;
The devil's at my finger's ends. He comes now.
Now, colonel, if I live——
Leon. The troop's thine own, boy.

Enter Demetrius, with a piſtol[44].

Dem. What deſperate fool, ambitious of his ruin—
Lieut. Your father would deſire you, Sir, to come to dinner.
Dem. Thou art no more.
Lieut. Now, now, now, now!
Dem. Poor coxcomb!
Why do I aim at thee? [*Exit.*
Leon. His fear has kill'd him.

Enter Leucippe, with a bowl.

2 *Gent.* I proteſt he's almoſt ſtiff: Bend him, and rub him!
Hold his noſe cloſe!—You, if you be a woman,
Help us a little! Here's a man near periſh'd.

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44. *Demetrius with a* piſtol.] One cannot ſuppoſe our Authors ignorant of the anachroniſm in this place; but they deſigned it, like the Dutch painter, who made Abraham going to ſhoot his ſon with a *piſtol*. The odd abſurdity makes it more droll and laughable. *Seward.*

In repreſentation, we cannot imagine this *anachroniſm* would promote *laughter*, or *drollery*; and we dare aſſert, Mr. Seward could not believe, that, out of an audience of two thouſand perſons, twenty would remark it, or five be diverted by it. The merriment depends on the ſituation itſelf; and the humour is, in this inſtance, rather weakened than increaſed by the *anachroniſm*.

A *piſtol* is mentioned by Prince Henry, in the Firſt Part of Henry IV. upon which Dr. Johnſon obſerves, 'Shakeſpeare never has any 'care to preſerve the manners of the time.' *R.*

Leu. Alas, alas, I have nothing here about me.
Look to my bowl! I'll run in preſently,
And fetch ſome water. Bend him, and ſet him upwards.
A goodly man[45]! [*Exit.*

Leon. Here's a brave heart! He's warm again. You ſhall not
Leave us i'th' lurch ſo, ſirrah!

2 *Gent.* Now he breathes too.

Leon. If we'd but any drink to raiſe his ſpirits—
What's that i'th' bowl? Upon my life, good liquor;
She would not own it elſe.

1 *Gent.* He ſees.

Leon. Look up, boy;
And take this cup, and drink it off; I'll pledge thee.
Guide it to his mouth. He ſwallows heartily.

2 *Gent.* Oh, fear and ſorrow's dry: 'Tis off.

Leon. Stand up, man.

Lieut. Am I not ſhot?

Leon. Away with him, and cheer him.
Thou'ſt won thy troop.

Lieut. I think I won it bravely.

Leon. Go; I muſt ſee the prince; he muſt not live thus;
And let me hear an hour hence from ye.
Well, Sir—— [*Exeunt Gent. and Lieut.*

Enter Leucippe, with water.

Leu. Here, here! Where's the ſick gentleman?

Leon. He's up, and gone, lady.

Leu. Alas, that I came ſo late.

Leon. He muſt ſtill thank you;
You left that in a cup here did him comfort.

Leu. That in the bowl?

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45 Leon. *A goodly man*——] The printers have given the old general a part of the bawd's ſpeech here. It is very natural to make her aſſiduity for him ariſe from her thinking him a good handſome fellow. This ſeem'd evident at firſt ſight; and upon turning to the old folio I found a proof of it, where it was wrote: Leon. A goodly man——*Exit.* But the late edition remov'd the *Exit* inſtead of the ſpeaker.

Leon. Yes, truly, very much comfort;
He drank it off, and after it ſpoke luſtily.
Leu. Did he drink it all?
Leon. All off.
Leu. The devil choke him!
I am undone! H' has twenty devils in him.
Undone for ever!—Left he none?
Leon. I think not.
Leu. No, not a drop. What ſhall become of me now?
Had he no where elſe to ſwoon?—A vengeance ſwoon him!
Undone, undone, undone!—Stay, I can lie yet,
And ſwear too, at a pinch; that's all my comfort.
Look to him; I ſay look to him, and but mark what follows. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius.

Leon. What a devil ails the woman? Here comes the prince again,
With ſuch a ſadneſs on his face, as Sorrow,
Sorrow herſelf, but poorly imitates:
Sorrow of ſorrows on that heart that caus'd it!
Dem. Why might ſhe not be falſe and treacherous to me,
And found ſo by my father? She was a woman;
And many a one of that ſex, young and fair,
As full of faith as ſhe, have fall'n, and foully.
Leon. It is a wench. Oh, that I knew the circumſtance!
Dem. Why might not, to preſerve me from this ruin,
She having loſt her honour, and abus'd me,
My father change the forms o'th' crimes[46], and execute
His anger on a fault ſhe ne'er committed,
Only to keep me ſafe? Why ſhould I think ſo?

[46] *Change the forms o'th'* coins.] I can affix no meaning to this, unleſs coins by metaphor is put for laws. As it is not a natural one, I ſhould think it a miſtake, and that the true word was *canons*, did it not give a redundant ſyllable to the verſe. As I was writing this, an ingenious young gentleman came in, and taking up the book ſuggeſted another reading, which makes equally good ſenſe, and does not hurt the meaſure; I therefore believe it the true word. *Seward.*

She never was to me, but all obedience,
Sweetneſs and love.

Leon. How heartily he weeps now!
I have not wept theſe thirty years, and upward;
But now, if I ſhould be hang'd, I can't hold from't:
It grieves me to the heart.

Dem. Who's that that mocks me?

Leon. A plague of him that mocks you! I grieve truly,
Truly and heartily, to ſee you thus, Sir:
And, if it lay in my pow'r, gods are my witneſs,
Whoe'er he be that took your ſweet peace from you,
I am not ſo old yet, nor want I ſpirit——

Dem. No more of that; no more, Leontius:
Revenges are the gods'[47]; our part is ſuff'rance!
Farewell! I ſhall not ſee thee long.

Leon. Good Sir,
Tell me the cauſe: I know there is a woman in't.
D'you hold me faithful? Dare you truſt your Soldier?
Sweet prince, the cauſe?

Dem. I muſt not, dare not tell it;
And, as thou art an honeſt man, enquire not.

Leon. Will you be merry then?

Dem. I'm wondrous merry.

Leon. 'Tis wondrous well. You think now this becomes you.
Shame on't! it does not, Sir; it ſhews not handſomely.
If I were thus, you'd ſwear I were an aſs ſtraight,
A wooden aſs! Whine for a wench!

Dem. Prithee leave me.

Leon. I will not leave you for a tit——

Dem. Leontius!

Leon. For that you may have any where for ſix-pence;
And a dear pennyworth too.

Dem. Nay, then you're troubleſome.

Leon. Not half ſo troubleſome as you are to yourſelf, Sir.

[47] *Revenges are the gods, but is ſuff'rance.*] Here, as well as in the Maid's Tragedy, is inculcated the doctrine of paſſive obedience.

Was

Was that brave heart made to pant for a placket,
And now i' th' Dog-days too, when nothing dare love?
That noble mind, to melt away and moulder
For a hey nonny, nonny [48]? 'Would I had a glaſs here,
To ſhew you what a pretty toy you're turn'd to.

Dem. My wretched fortune!

Leon. Will you but let me know her?
I'll once turn bawd: Go to, they're good mens' offices,
And not ſo contemptible as we take 'em for:
And if ſhe be above ground, and a woman,
I aſk no more! I'll bring her o' my back, Sir;
By this hand I will—and I had as lief bring the devil—
I care not who ſhe be, nor where I have her—
And in your arms, or the next bed, deliver her,
Which you think fitteſt: And, when you have danc'd
your galliard——

Dem. Away, and fool to them are ſo affected!—
Oh, thou art gone, and all my comfort with thee!
Wilt thou do one thing for me?

Leon. All things i' th' world, Sir,
Of all dangers.

Dem. Swear!

Leon. I will.

Dem. Come near me no more, then.

Leon. How?

Dem. Come no more near me:
Thou art a plague-ſore to me. *Exit.*

Leon. Give you good even, Sir!
If you be ſuffer'd thus, we ſhall have fine ſport.
I will be ſorry yet [49].

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[48] *Hey nonny, nonny.*] In an old black-letter ballad, intitled, The Politick Maid (preſerved in the collection of a gentleman whoſe name we are not at liberty to mention) every ſtanza concludes with the following lines:

'Sing loud, whiſtle in the winde,
'Blow merry, merry,
'Up and downe in yonder dale,
'With *hey* ho *nonny nonny*. *R.*

In As You Like It, Shakeſpeare introduces a burden ſomething ſimilar: 'With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino.'

[49] *I will* be ſorry *yet.*] I ſhould be ſo too, if our Poets ever

Enter two Gentlemen.

1 *Gent.* How now? how does he?

Leon. Nay, if I tell you, hang me, or any man elſe
That hath his nineteen wits. He has the bots[50], I think;
He groans, and roars, and kicks.

2 *Gent.* Will he ſpeak yet?

Leon. Not willingly:
Shortly, he will not ſee a man. If ever
I look'd upon a prince ſo metamorphos'd,
So juggled into I know not what, ſhame take me!
This 'tis to be in love.

1 *Gent.* Is that the cauſe on't?

Leon. What is it not the cauſe of, but bear-baitings?
And yet it ſtinks much like it. Out upon't!
What giants and what dwarfs, what owls and apes,
What dogs and cats, it makes us? Men that are poſſeſs'd with it,
Live as if they had a legion of devils in 'em,
And every devil of a ſeveral nature;
Nothing but hey-paſs, re-paſs. Where's the Lieutenant?
Has he gather'd up the end on's wits again?

1 *Gent.* He is alive: But, you that talk of wonders,
Shew me but ſuch a wonder as he is now.

Leon. Why, he was ever at the worſt a wonder.

2 *Gent.* He's now moſt wonderful: a blazer now, Sir.

---

wrote thus. Surely, at firſt ſight, one would ſay they wrote, *I will* beſtir me *yet*. *Sympſon.*

As the conjecture ſeems ingenious, I inſert it, but ſee no reaſon to contemn the former reading. I underſtand it thus. 'Notwithſtanding 'his ill uſage of me, I will yet pity him.' *Seward.*

I will be ſorry *yet*, is certainly a flat and aukward reading. The Prince's laſt words to Leontius were, *Thou art a* plague-ſore *to me*. Perhaps, therefore, Leontius muſt ſay, *I will be* a ſore to you *yet*; but we ſhall not diſturb the text.

[illegible] among horſes, to which *he groans, and roars, and kicks* [illegible] allude. In Shakeſpeare's Firſt Part of Henry IV. one of [illegible] plains, that the beans and peaſe are ſo dank, they [illegible] the *bots*.' Upon which paſſage Dr. Johnſon ſays, 'The bots are worms in the ſtomach 'of a horſe;' and Mr. Steeve[illegible] *a light upon you* is 'an imprecation frequently [illegible] Henry V.'

Tol.

Leon. What ails the fool? And what ſtar reigns now, gentlemen,
We have ſuch prodigies?
2 *Gent.* 'Twill poſe your Heav'n-hunters.
He talks now of the king, no other language,
And with the king, as he imagines, hourly.
Courts the king, drinks to the king, dies for the king,
Buys all the pictures of the king, wears the king's colours.
Leon. Does he not lie i' th' King-ſtreet too?
1 *Gent.* He's going thither.
Makes prayers for the king, in ſundry languages,
Turns all his proclamations into metre;
Is really in love with the king, moſt dotingly,
And ſwears Adonis was a devil to him.
A ſweet king, a moſt comely king, and ſuch a king—
2 *Gent.* Then down on's marrow-bones; oh, excellent king——
Thus he begins, thou light and life of creatures,
Angel-ey'd king, vouchſafe at length thy favour;
And ſo proceeds to inciſion[51]. What think you of this ſorrow?
1 *Gent.* Will as familiarly kiſs the king's horſes
As they paſs by him—Ready to raviſh his footmen.
Leon. Why, this is above *ela*[52]!
But how comes this?
1 *Gent.* Nay, that's to underſtand yet;
But thus it is, and this part but the pooreſt.
'Twould make a man leap o'er the moon to ſee him
Act theſe.
2 *Gent.* With ſighs as tho' his heart would break;
Cry like an unbreech'd boy[53]; not eat a bit.

[51] *And ſo proceeds to inciſion.*] Mr. Sympſon and I have endeavour'd in vain to diſcover the meaning here: The word *inciſion* occurs in another play, but is full as dark there as here. *Seward.*

[52] Ela.] A note in muſick. *R.*

[53] ——*a breech'd boy.*] The ſenſe requires that it ſhould be either *new-breech'd* or *un-breech'd*; and the want of a ſyllable to the verſe is another reaſon for the change. *Seward.*

Leon. I muſt go ſee him preſently;
For this is ſuch a gig—For certain, gentlemen,
The fiend rides on a fiddle-ſtick.

2 *Gent.* I think ſo.

Leon. Can you guide me to him? For half an hour I'm his,
To ſee the miracle.

1 *Gent.* We ſure ſhall ſtart him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Antigonus and Leucippe.

Ant. Are you ſure ſhe drank it?

Leu. Now muſt I lie moſt confidently. [*Aſide.*
Yes, Sir, ſhe has drank it off.

Ant. How works it with her?

Leu. I ſee no alteration yet.

Ant. There will be;
For he's the greateſt artiſt living made it.
Where is ſhe now?

Leu. She is ready to walk out, Sir.

Ant. Stark mad, I know, ſhe will be.

Leu. So I hope, Sir.

Ant. She knows not of the prince?

Leu. Of no man living.

Ant. How do I look? how do my cloaths become me?
I am not very grey.

Leu. A very youth, Sir:
Upon my maidenhead, as ſmug as April.
Heav'n bleſs that ſweet face! 'twill undo a thouſand;
Many a ſoft heart muſt ſob yet, ere that wither.
Your grace can give content enough.

Ant. I think ſo.

Enter Celia, with a book.

Leu. Here ſhe comes, Sir.

Ant. How ſhall I keep her off me?
Go, and perfume the room; make all things ready.
[*Exit Leu.*
Celia.

Celia. No hope yet of the prince! no comfort of him!
They keep me mew'd up here, as they mew mad folks,
No company but my afflictions.
This royal devil again! Strange how he haunts me!
How like a poiſon'd potion his eyes fright me!
H' has made himſelf handſome too.

Ant. Do you look now, lady?
You'll leap anon.

Celia. Curl'd and perfum'd? I ſmell him.
He looks on's legs too? ſure he'll cut a caper.
God-a-mercy, dear December!

Ant. Oh, do you ſmile now?
I knew it would work with you. Come hither, pretty one.

Celia. Sir!

Ant. I like thoſe court'ſies well. Come hither, and kiſs me.

Celia. I'm reading, Sir, of a ſhort treatiſe here,
That's call'd the Vanity of Luſt: Has your grace ſeen it?
He ſays here, that an old man's looſe deſire
Is like the glow-worm's light, the apes ſo wonder'd at;
Which, when they gather'd ſticks, and laid upon't,
And blew, and blew, turn'd tail, and went out preſently.
And in another place, he calls their loves
Faint ſmells of dying flow'rs, carry no comforts;
They're doting, ſtinking fogs; ſo thick and muddy,
Reaſon, with all his beams, cannot beat thro' 'em.

Ant. How's this? Is this the potion? You but fool ſtill!
I know you love me.

Celia. As you're juſt and honeſt,
I know, I love and honour you; admire you.

Ant. This makes againſt me, fearfully againſt me.

Celia. But, as you bring your pow'r to perſecute me,
Your traps to catch mine innocence, to rob me,
As you lay out your luſts to overwhelm me,
Hell never hated good as I hate you, Sir:
And I dare tell it to your face. What glory,
Now, after all your conqueſts got, your titles,

The

The ever-living memories [54] rais'd to you,
Can my defeat be? my poor wreck, what triumph?
And when you crown your ſwelling cups to fortune,
What honourable tongue can ſing my ſtory?
Be as your emblem is, a glorious lamp,
Set on the top of all, to light all perfectly:
Be as your office is, a god-like juſtice,
Into all ſhedding equally your virtues!
Ant. Sh' has drench'd me now; now I admire her goodneſs!
So young, ſo nobly ſtrong, I never taſted.
Can nothing in the pow'r of kings perſuade you?
Celia. No, nor that pow'r command me.
Ant. Say I ſhould force you?
I have it in my will.
Celia. Your will's a poor one;
And, tho' it be a king's will, a deſpis'd one:
Weaker than infant's legs, your will's in ſwaddling clouts.
A thouſand ways my will has found to check you;
A thouſand doors to 'ſcape you. I dare die, Sir;
As ſuddenly I dare die, as you can offer.
Nay, ſay you had your will, ſay you had raviſh'd me,
Perform'd your luſt, what had you purchas'd by it?
What honour won? D'you know who dwells above, Sir,
And what they have prepar'd for men turn'd devils?
Did you ne'er hear their thunder? Start and tremble,
Death ſitting on your blood; when their fires viſit us,
Will nothing wring you then, do you think? Sit hard here?
And like a ſnake [55] curl round about your conſcience,
Biting and ſtinging? Will you not roar too late then?
Then, when you ſhake in horror of this villainy,
Then will I riſe a ſtar in Heav'n, and ſcorn you!

[54] *The ever-living* memories *rais'd to you.*] Here *memories*, as in Shakeſpeare, is plainly uſed for *memorials*.

[55] *Like a* ſnail.] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Simpſon concurred in this juſt emendation. *Seward.*

Ant.

Ant. Luſt, how I hate thee now, and love this ſweetneſs!
Will you be my queen? can that price purchaſe you?
Celia. Not all the world. I am a queen already,
Crown'd by his love I muſt not loſe for fortune:
I can give none away, ſell none away, Sir,
Can lend no love, am not mine own exchequer;
For in another's heart my hope and peace lie.
Ant. Your fair hands, lady! For yet I am not pure enough
To touch theſe lips. In that ſweet peace you ſpoke of,
Live now for ever, and I to ſerve your virtues!
Celia. Why, now you ſhew a god! now I kneel to you!
This ſacrifice of virgin's joy ſend to you!
Thus I hold up my hands to Heav'n that touch'd you,
And pray eternal bleſſings dwell about you!
Ant. Virtue commands the ſtars.—Riſe, more than virtue!
Your preſent comfort ſhall be now my buſineſs.
Celia. All my obedient ſervice wait upon you.

[*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Leontius, Gentlemen, and Lieutenant.

Leon. Haſt thou clean forgot the wars?
Lieut. Prithee, hold thy peace.
1 *Gent.* His mind's much elevated now.
Leon. It ſeems ſo.
Sirrah!
Lieut. I am ſo troubled with this fellow!
Leon. He'll call me rogue anon.
1 *Gent.* 'Tis ten to one elſe.
Lieut. Oh, king, that thou knew'ſt I lov'd thee, how I lov'd thee!
And where, oh, king, I barrel up thy beauty!
Leon. He cannot leave his ſutler's trade; he wooes in't.
Lieut. Oh, never, king——

Leon.

Leon. By this hand, when I conſider——
Lieut. My honeſt friend, you are a little ſaucy.
1 *Gent.* I told you, you would have it.
Lieut. When mine own worth——
Leon. Is flung into the balance, and found nothing.
Lieut. And yet a ſoldier——
Leon. And yet a ſaucy one.
Lieut. One that has follow'd thee——
Leon. Fair and far off.
Lieut. Fought for thy grace——
Leon. 'Twas for ſome grief: You lie, Sir!
Lieut. He's the ſon of a whore denies this! Will that ſatisfy you?
Leon. Yes, very well.
Lieut. Shall then that thing that honours thee——
How miſerable a thing ſoever, yet a thing ſtill;
And, tho' a thing of nothing, thy thing ever——
Leon. Here's a new thing.
2 *Gent.* He's in a deep dump now.
Leon. I'll fetch him out on't. When's the king's birth-day?
Lieut. Whene'er it be, that day I'll die with ringing:
And there's the reſolution of a lover! [*Exit.*
Leon. A goodly reſolution! Sure, I take it,
He is bewitch'd, or mop'd, or his brains melted.
Could he find nobody to fall in love with, but the king,
The good old king? to dote upon him too?
Stay! now I remember what the fat woman warn'd me;
Bad me remember, and look to him too.
I'll hang if ſhe have not a hand in this: He's conjur'd,
Go after him; I pity the poor raſcal:
In the mean time, I'll wait occaſion
To work upon the prince.
2 *Gent.* Pray do that ſeriouſly. [*Exeunt ſeverally.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, and Lords.

Lord. He's very ill.
Ant. I'm very ſorry for't;

And much aſham'd I've wrong'd his innocence.
Menippus, guide her to the prince's lodgings;
There leave her to his love again.
Men. I'm glad, Sir.
Lord. He'll ſpeak to none.
Ant. Oh, I ſhall break that ſilence.
Be quick! take fair attendance.
Men. Yes, Sir, preſently. [*Exit.*
Ant. He'll find his tongue, I warrant you; his health too:
I ſend a phyſic will not fail.
Lord. Fair work it!
Ant. We hear the princes mean to viſit us,
In way of truce.
Lord. 'Tis thought ſo.
Ant. Come; let's in then,
And think upon the nobleſt ways to meet 'em. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE VIII.

Enter Leontius.

Leon. There's no way now to get in; all the light ſtopt too;
Nor can I hear a ſound of him. Pray Heav'n,
He uſe no violence! I think he has more ſoul,
Stronger, and I hope nobler. 'Would I could but ſee once
This beauty he groans under, or come to know
But any circumſtance. What noiſe is that there?
I think I heard him groan. Here are ſome coming;
A woman too; I'll ſtand aloof, and view 'em.

Enter Menippus, Celia, and Lords.

Celia. Well, ſome of ye have been to blame in this point;
But I forgive ye. The king might have pick'd out too,
Some fitter woman to have tried his valour.
Men. 'Twas all to the beſt meant, lady.
Celia. I muſt think ſo;

For

For how to mend it now—He's here, you tell me?

Men. He is, madam; and the joy to ſee you only
Will draw him out.

Leon. I know that woman's tongue;
I think I've ſeen her face too: I'll go nearer.
If this be ſhe, he has ſome cauſe of ſorrow.
'Tis the ſame face; the ſame moſt excellent woman!

Celia. This ſhould be lord Leontius: I remember him.

Leon. Lady, I think you know me.

Celia. Speak ſoft, good ſoldier!
I do, and know you worthy, know you noble;
Know not me yet openly, as you love me;
But let me ſee you again; I'll ſatisfy you.
I'm wondrous glad to ſee thoſe eyes.

Leon. You've charg'd me.

Celia. You ſhall know where I am.

Leon. I will not off yet:
She goes to knock at's door. This muſt be ſhe
The fellow told me of; right glad I'm on't.
He will bolt now for certain.

Celia. Are you within, Sir?
I'll trouble you no more: I thank your courteſy.
Pray, leave me now.

All. We reſt your humble ſervants! [*Ex. Men. &c.*

Celia. So, now my gyves are off. Pray Heav'n he be here!
Maſter! my royal Sir! do you hear who calls you?
Love, my Demetrius!

Leon. Theſe are pretty quail-pipes;
The cock will crow anon.

Celia. Can you be drowſy,
When I call at your window?

Leon. I hear him ſtirring;
Now he comes wond'ring out.

Enter Demetrius.

Dem. 'Tis Celia's ſound ſure!
The ſweetneſs of that tongue draws all hearts to it,
There ſtands the ſhape too!

Leon.

Leon. How he ſtares upon her?
Dem. Ha! do mine eyes abuſe me?
'Tis ſhe, the living Celia! Your hand, lady!
Celia. What ſhould this mean?
Dem. The very ſelf-ſame Celia——
Celia. How do you, Sir?
Dem. Only turn'd brave[56].
I heard you were dead, my dear one. Complete!
She is wondrous brave; a wondrous gallant courtier!
Celia. How he ſurveys me round? Here has been foul play.
Dem. How came ſhe thus?
Celia. It was a kind of death, Sir,
I ſuffer'd in your abſence, mew'd up here,
And kept conceal'd I know not how.
Dem. 'Tis likely.
How came you hither, Celia? Wondrous gallant!
Did my father ſend for you?
Celia. So they told me, Sir,
And on command too.
Dem. I hope you were obedient?
Celia. I was ſo ever.
Dem. And you were bravely us'd?
Celia. I wanted nothing.——
My maidenhead to a mote i' th' ſun, he's jealous:
I muſt now play the knave with him, tho' I die for't;
'Tis my nature. [*Aſide.*
Dem. Her very eyes are alter'd!
Jewels, and rich ones too, I never ſaw yet——
And what were thoſe came for you?
Celia. Monſtrous jealous: [*Aſide.*
Have I liv'd at the rate of theſe ſcorn'd queſtions?—
They ſeem'd of good ſort; gentlemen.
Dem. Kind men?
Celia. They were wondrous kind; I was much beholden to 'em.
There was one Menippus, Sir.
Dem. Ha?

[56] *Only turn'd brave.*] *i. e.* Finely dreſt. So in Philaſter, and various other places. Milton alſo uſes *bravery* in the ſenſe of *finery*.

Celia.

Celia. One Menippus;
A notable merry lord, and a good companion.
Dem. And one Charinthus too?
Celia. Yes, there was ſuch a one.
Dem. And Timon?
Celia. 'Tis moſt true.
Dem. And thou moſt treacherous!
My father's bawds, by Heav'n! they never miſs courſe.
And were theſe daily with you?
Celia. Ev'ry hour, Sir.
Dem. And was there not a lady, a fat lady?
Celia. Oh, yes; a notable good wench.
Dem. The devil fetch her!
Celia. 'Tis ev'n the merrieſt wench——
Dem. Did ſhe keep with you too?
Celia. She was all in all; my bed-fellow, eat with me,
Brought me acquainted.
Dem. You are well known here then?
Celia. There is no living here a ſtranger, I think.
Dem. How came you by this brave gown?
Celia. This is a poor one:
Alas, I've twenty richer. Do you ſee theſe jewels?
Why, they're the pooreſt things, to thoſe are ſent me,
And ſent me hourly too!
Dem. Is there no modeſty, no faith, in this fair ſex?
Leon. What will this prove to?
For yet, with all my wits, I underſtand not.
Dem. Come hither! Thou art dead indeed, loſt, tainted!
All that I left thee, fair, and innocent,
Sweet as thy youth, and carrying comfort in't;
All that I hop'd for virtuous, is fled from thee,
Turn'd black [56] and bankrupt!——

[56] ——— *is fled from thee,*
Turn'd back *and bankrupt.*] I believe this reading corrupt, becauſe it has an anticlimax in it. *To turn back and fly* is ſenſe, but *to fly and turn back* is ὕστερον πρότερον. I hope that I've retriev'd the true word, for it ſtands in proper [illegible] the epithet *fair*, in the former part of the ſentence, and [illegible] afterwards to retort the very word,
Then let a thouſand black [illegible]
In which line the old folio, (the [illegible]) reads *back*
as

Leon. By'r lady, this cuts ſhrewdly.
Dem. Thou'rt dead, for ever dead! Sin's ſurfeit ſlew thee;
Th' ambition of thoſe wanton eyes betray'd thee.
Go from me, grave of honour! go, thou foul one,
Thou glory of thy ſin! go, thou deſpis'd one!
And where there is no virtue, nor no virgin;
Where Chaſtity was never known, nor heard of;
Where nothing reigns but impious luſt and looſeneſs[57];
Go thither, child of blood, and ſing my doting!
Celia. You do not ſpeak this ſeriouſly, I hope, Sir:
I did but jeſt with you.
Dem. Look not upon me!
There is more hell in thoſe eyes, than hell harbours;
And, when they flame, more torments!
Celia. Dare you truſt me?
You durſt once, ev'n with all you had, your love, Sir.
By this fair light, I'm honeſt.
Dem. Thou ſubtle Circe,
Caſt not upon the maiden light eclipſes;
Curſe not the day!
Celia. Come, come, you ſhall not do this.
How fain you would ſeem angry now, to fright me:
You are not in the field among your enemies.
Come, I muſt cool this courage.
Dem. Out, thou impudence,
Thou ulcer of thy ſex! When I firſt ſaw thee,
I drew into mine eyes mine own deſtruction,
I pull'd into my heart that ſudden poiſon,
That now conſumes my dear content to cinders.
I am not now Demetrius; thou haſt chang'd me:
Thou, woman, with thy thouſand wiles, haſt chang'd me;

---

1 as well as in the former: which is a further proof of both being corrupt; for in the latter it's ſelf-evident. *Seward.*

57 *But impious luſt, and* looſer faces.] The old folio reads, *loſer's faces*, which is ſcarce ſenſe; and the change in the ſecond folio and octavo is not much for the better. I hope I've retriev'd the original, *looſeneſs* will ſignify all diſſolute manners, and ſo is more comprehenſive than luſt; the metre too is reſtor'd by it. *Seward.*

The word *looſeneſs* is uſed in this very ſenſe in the Faithful Shepherdeſs.

The firſt folio reads, IMPERIOUS *luſt*; the ſecond, IMPIOUS.

Thou, ſerpent, with thy angel-eyes, haſt ſlain me!
And where, before I touch'd on this fair ruin,
I was a man, and reaſon ſtaid [58] and mov'd me,
Now one great lump of grief, I grow and wander.
Celia. And, as you're noble, do you think I did this?
Dem. Put all thy devil's wings on, and fly from me!
Celia. I will go from you, never more to ſee you;
I will fly from you, as a plague hangs o'er me;
And, thro' the progreſs of my life hereafter,
Where-ever I ſhall find a fool, a falſe man,
One that ne'er knew the worth of poliſh'd virtue,
A baſe ſuſpector of a virgin's honour,
A child that flings away the wealth he cry'd for,
Him will I call Demetrius; that fool, Demetrius;
That madman, a Demetrius; and that falſe man,
The prince of broken faiths, even prince Demetrius!
You think now, I ſhould cry, and kneel down to you,
Petition for my peace! Let thoſe that feel here
The weight of evil, wait for ſuch a favour:
I am above your hate, as far above it,
In all the actions of an innocent life,
As the pure ſtars are from the muddy meteors.
Cry, when you know your folly; howl and curſe then,
Beat that unmanly breaſt, that holds a falſe heart,
When you ſhall come to know whom you've flung from you.
Dem. Pray you ſtay a little.
Celia. Not your hopes can alter me!
Then, let a thouſand black thoughts muſter in you,
And with thoſe enter in a thouſand dotings;
Thoſe eyes be never ſhut, but drop to nothing;
My innocence for ever haunt and fright you;

[58] *Reaſon* made, *and mov'd me.*] I can ſcarce affix any idea to this reading, and as the word I have ſubſtituted is near the trace of the letters, and the direct contraſt of the ſecond verb, I hope it will be thought the true one. I have Mr. Sympſon's approbation, but he thinks that the expreſſion, *I grow and wander*, in the next line, wants either correction or explanation. The ſenſe I affix to it will be a confirmation of the truth of my conjecture. Whereas before reaſon guided me, whether I ſtood or moved: Now when I ſtand ſtill, I do but *grow* like a vegetable; when I move, I wander like a ſenſeleſs brute. *Seward.*

Thoſe

Thoſe arms together grow in folds; that tongue,
That bold tongue, that barks out theſe diſgraces,
When you ſhall come to know how nobly virtuous
I have preſerv'd my life, rot, rot within you!

Dem. What ſhall I do?

Celia. Live a loſt man for ever!
Go, aſk your father's conſcience what I ſuffer'd,
And thro' what ſeas of hazards I ſail'd too[59];
Mine honour ſtill advanc'd in ſpite of tempeſts:
Then, take your leave of love; and confeſs freely,
You were ne'er worthy of this heart, that ſerv'd you:
And ſo farewell, ungrateful! [*Exit.*

Dem. Is ſhe gone?

Leon. I'll follow her, and will find out this matter.
[*Exit.*

Enter Antigonus and Lords.

Ant. Are you pleas'd now? Ha' you got your heart again?
Have I reſtor'd you that?

Dem. Sir, ev'n for Heav'n ſake,
And ſacred Truth ſake, tell me how you found her?

Ant. I will, and in few words. Before I tried her,
'Tis true, I thought her moſt unfit your fellowſhip,
And fear'd her too; which fear begot that ſtory
I told you firſt: But ſince, like gold I touch'd her.

Dem. And how, dear Sir——

Ant. Heav'n's holy light's not purer.
The conſtancy and goodneſs of all women,
That ever liv'd to win the names of worthy,
This noble maid has doubled in her honour.
All promiſes of wealth, all art to win her,
And by all tongues employ'd, wrought as much on her
As one may do upon the ſun at noon-day
By lighting candles up. Her ſhape is heav'nly,
And to that heav'nly ſhape her thoughts are angels.

Dem. Why did you tell me, Sir——

59 *And through what ſeas of hazards I ſail'd through.*] As this diſagreeable tautology is very eaſily avoided, and more likely to have occurred at the preſs, than have eſcaped the Author, we hope to ſtand excuſed for the ſmall variation we have made.

Ant. 'Tis true I err'd in't:
But, ſince I made a full proof of her virtue,
I find a king too poor a ſervant for her.
Love her, and honour her; in all obſerve her.
She muſt be ſomething more than time yet tells her;
And certain I believe him bleſs'd enjoys her.
I would not loſe the hope of ſuch a daughter,
To add another empire to my honour. [*Exit.*

Dem. Oh, wretched ſtate! to what end ſhall I turn me?
And where begins my penance? Now, what ſervice
Will win her love again? My death muſt do it:
And if that ſacrifice can purge my follies,
Be pleas'd, oh, mighty Love, I die thy ſervant! [*Exit.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. I KNOW he does not deſerve you; h' has us'd you poorly:
And, to redeem himſelf——
Celia. Redeem?
Leon. I know it——
There's no way left.
Celia. For Heav'n's ſake, do not name him,
Do not think on him, Sir; he's ſo far from me
In all my thoughts now, methinks I never knew him.
Leon. But yet I would ſee him again.
Celia. No, never, never!
Leon. I do not mean to lend him any comfort,
But to afflict him; ſo to torture him,
That ev'n his very ſoul may ſhake within him;
To make him know, tho' he be great and powerful,
'Tis not within his aim to deal diſhonourably,
And carry it off, and with a maid of your ſort.
Celia. I muſt confeſs, I could moſt ſpitefully afflict him;

Now

Now, now, I could whet my anger at him;
Now, arm'd with bitterneſs, I could ſhoot thro' him:
I long to vex him!

Leon. And do it home, and bravely.

Celia. Were I a man——

Leon. I'll help [60] that weakneſs in you:
I honour you, and ſerve you.

Celia. Not only to diſclaim me,
When he had ſeal'd his vows in Heav'n, ſworn to me,
And poor believing I became his ſervant;
But, moſt maliciouſly, to brand my credit,
Stain my pure name!

Leon. I would not ſuffer it.
See him I would again; and, to his teeth too,
(Od's precious!) I would ring him ſuch a leſſon—

Celia. I have done that already.

Leon. Nothing, nothing;
It was too poor a purge. Beſides, by this time
He has found his fault, and feels the hells that follow it.
That, and your urg'd-on anger to the higheſt—
Why, 'twill be ſuch a ſtroke——

Celia. Say, he repent then,
And ſeek with tears to ſoften? I'm a woman,
A woman that have lov'd him, Sir, have honour'd him;
I am no more.

Leon. Why, you may deal thereafter.

Celia. If I forgive him, I am loſt.

Leon. Hold there then;
The ſport will be, to what a poor ſubmiſſion——
But keep you ſtrong.

Celia. I would not ſee him.

Leon. Yes; you ſhall ring his knell.

Celia. How if I kill him?

Leon. Kill him? why, let him die.

Celia. I know 'tis fit ſo:
But why ſhould I, that lov'd him once, deſtroy him?
Oh, had he 'ſcap'd this ſin, what a brave gentleman—

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[60] *I'll* help *that weakneſs in you.*] That is, I will *remedy* it, I will *aſſiſt* it.

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Leon. I muſt confeſs, had this not fall'n, a nobler,
A handſomer, the whole world had not ſhew'd you:
And, to his making, ſuch a mind——
Celia. 'Tis certain:
But all this I muſt now forget,
Leon. You ſhall not,
If I have any art. [*Aſide.*]—Go up, ſweet lady,
And truſt my truth.
Celia. But, good Sir, bring him not.
Leon. I would not for the honour you are born to;
But you ſhall ſee him, and neglect him too, and ſcorn him.
Celia. You will be near me then?
Leon. I will be with you.—
Yet there's ſome hope to ſtop this gap; I'll work hard. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Antigonus, Menippus, two Gentlemen, Lieutenant, and Lords.

Ant. But is it poſſible this fellow took it?
2 *Gent.* It ſeems ſo, by the violence it wrought with;
Yet now the fit's ev'n off.
Men. I beſeech your grace——
Ant. Nay, I forgive thy wife with all my heart,
And am right glad ſhe drank it not herſelf,
And more glad that the virtuous maid eſcap'd it;
I would not for the world 't had hit: But that this ſoldier,
(Lord, how he looks!) that he ſhould take this vomit!
Can he make rhimes too?
2 *Gent.* H' has made a thouſand, Sir,
And plays the burden to 'em on a Jew's-trump.
Ant. He looks as tho' he were bepiſt. Do you love me, Sir?
Lieut. Yes, ſurely; ev'n with all my heart.
Ant. I thank you;
I am glad I have ſo good a ſubject.
But, pray you tell me, how much did you love me,

Before

Before you drank this matter?
Lieut. Ev'n as much
As a ſober man might; and a ſoldier
That your grace owes juſt half-a-year's pay to.
Ant. Well remember'd.
And did I ſeem ſo young and amiable to you?
Lieut. Methought, you were the ſweeteſt youth—
Ant. That's excellent!
Lieut. Ay truly, Sir; and ever as I thought on you,
I wiſh'd, and wiſh'd——
Ant. What didſt thou wiſh, prithee?
Lieut. Ev'n that I had been a wench of fifteen for you;
A handſome wench, Sir.
Ant. Why, God-a-mercy, ſoldier!
I ſeem not ſo now to thee.
Lieut. Not all out;
And yet I have a grudging to your grace ſtill.
Ant. Thou waſt ne'er in love before?
Lieut. Not with a king,
And hope I ſhall ne'er be again. Truly, Sir,
I have had ſuch plunges, and ſuch bick'rings,
And, as it were, ſuch runnings a-tilt within me!
For, whatſoever it was provok'd me tow'rd you—
Ant. God-a-mercy, ſtill!
Lieut. I had it with a vengeance;
It play'd his prize.
Ant. I would not have been a wench then,
Tho' of this age.
Lieut. No, ſure, I ſhould have ſpoil'd you.
Ant. Well, go thy ways. Of all the luſty lovers
That e'er I ſaw—Wilt have another potion?
Lieut. If you will be another thing, have at you.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha!
Give me thy hand; from henceforth thou'rt my ſoldier.
Do bravely; I'll love thee as much.
Lieut. I thank you;
But, if you were mine enemy, I would not wiſh it you.
I beſeech your Grace, pay me my charge.
2 *Gent.* That's certain, Sir;

H' has bought up all that e'er he found was like you,
Or any thing you've lov'd, that he could purchaſe;
Old horſes that your grace had ridden blind, and foun-
der'd;
Dogs, rotten hawks, and, which is more than all this,
Has worn your grace's gauntlet in his bonnet.
Ant. Bring in your bills: Mine own love ſhall be
ſatisfy'd;
And, ſirrah, for this potion you have taken,
I'll point you out a portion you ſhall live on.
Men. 'Twas the beſt draught that e'er you drank.
Lieut. I hope ſo.
Ant. Are the princes come to'th' court?
Men. They are all, and lodg'd, Sir.
Ant. Come then, make ready for their entertainment;
Which preſently we'll give. Wait you on me, Sir.
Lieut. I ſhall love drink the better whilſt I live, boys!
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

Dem. Let me but ſee her, dear Leontius;
Let me but die before her!
Leon. 'Would that would do it.
If I knew where ſhe lay now, with what honeſty
(You having flung ſo main a miſchief on her,
And on ſo innocent and ſweet a beauty)
Dare I preſent your viſit?
Dem. I'll repent all,
And with the greateſt ſacrifice of ſorrow,
That ever lover made.
Leon. 'Twill be too late, Sir:
I know not what will become of you.
Dem. You can help me.
Leon. It may be, to her ſight: What are you nearer?
Sh' has ſworn ſhe will not ſpeak to you, look upon you;
And, to love you again, oh, ſhe cries out, and thunder,
She had rather love——There is no hope.
Dem. Yes, Leontius,

There

There is a hope; which, tho' it draw no love to it,
At leaſt will draw her to lament my fortune;
And that hope ſhall relieve me.

Leon. Hark you, Sir, hark you!
Say I ſhould bring you——

Dem. Do not trifle with me!

Leon. I will not trifle—both together bring you—
You know the wrongs you've done?

Dem. I do confeſs 'em.

Leon. And if you ſhould then jump into your fury,
And have another quirk in your head——

Dem. I'll die firſt!

Leon. You muſt ſay nothing to her; for 'tis certain,
The nature of your crime will admit no excuſe.

Dem. I will not ſpeak; mine eyes ſhall tell my penance.

Leon. You muſt look wondrous ſad too.

Dem. I need not look ſo;
I'm truly Sadneſs' ſelf.

Leon. That look will do it,
Stay here; I'll bring her to you inſtantly:
But take heed how you bear yourſelf. Sit down there;
The more humble you are, the more ſhe'll take compaſſion.
Women are per'lous things to deal upon! [*Exit.*

Dem. What ſhall become of me? to curſe my fortune,
Were but to curſe my father; that's too impious:
But, under whatſoever fate I ſuffer,
Bleſs, I beſeech thee, Heav'n, her harmleſs goodneſs!

Enter Leontius and Celia.

Leon. Now arm yourſelf.

Celia. You have not brought him?

Leon. Yes, faith;
And there he is: You ſee in what poor plight too,
Now you may do your will, kill him, or ſave him.

Celia. I will go back.

Leon. I will be hang'd then, lady!
Are you a coward now?

Celia. I cannot ſpeak to him.

Dem. Oh me!

Leon.

Leon. There was a ſigh to blow a church down.
So, now their eyes are fix'd; the ſmall ſhot plays;
They will come to th' battery anon.
Celia. He weeps extremely.
Leon. Rail at him now.
Celia. I dare not.
Leon. I am glad on't.
Celia. Nor dare believe his tears.
Dem. You may, bleſt beauty;
For thoſe thick ſtreams that troubled my repentance,
Are wept[61] out long ago.
Leon. You ſee how he looks.
Celia. What have I to do how he looks? how look'd he then,
When with a poiſon'd tooth he bit mine honour?
It was your counſel too, to ſcorn and ſlight him.
Leon. Ay, if you ſaw fit cauſe: and you confeſs'd too,
Except this ſin, he was the braveſt gentleman,
The ſweeteſt, nobleſt—I take nothing from you,
Nor from your anger; uſe him as you pleaſe;
For, to ſay truth, he has deſerv'd your juſtice.
But ſtill conſider what he has been to you.
Celia. Pray do not blind me thus.
Dem. Oh, gentle miſtreſs,
If there were any way to expiate
A ſin ſo great as mine, by interceſſion,
By prayers, by daily tears, by dying for you,
Oh, what a joy would cloſe theſe eyes that love you!
Leon. They ſay, women have tender hearts; I know not;
I'm ſure mine melts.
Celia. Sir, I forgive you heartily,
And all your wrong to me I caſt behind me,
And wiſh you a fit beauty to your virtues:
Mine is too poor. In peace I part thus from you!

[61] *Are* crept *out long ago.*] As this reading appears to us very poor, we have, on the recommendation of Mr. Sympſon, altered *crept* to *wept*; which we believe to have been the original word. This variation Mr. Seward rejected.

I muſt

I muſt look back. Gods keep your Grace! He's here ſtill. [*Exit.*

Dem. She has forgiven me.

Leon. She has directed you:
Up, up, and follow like a man; away, Sir!
She look'd behind her twice. Her heart dwells here, Sir;
You drew tears from her too; ſhe cannot freeze thus.
The door's ſet open too: Are you a man?
Are you alive? do you underſtand her meaning?
Have you blood and ſpirit in you?

Dem. I dare not trouble her.

Leon. Nay, an you will be nipt i'th'head with nothing,
Walk whining up and down—'I dare not, cannot'—
Strike now or never! Faint heart—you know what, Sir.
Be govern'd by your fear, and quench your fire out!
A devil on't! ſtands this door ope for nothing?
So, get ye together, and be naught. Now, to ſecure all,
Will I go fetch out a more ſovereign plaiſter. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, Lieutenant, Gentlemen, and Lords.

Ant. This peace is fairly made.

Sel. Would your grace wiſh us
To put in more? Take what you pleaſe; we yield it:
The honour done us by your ſon conſtrains it,
Your noble ſon.

Ant. It is ſufficient, Princes.
And, now we're one again, one mind, one body,
And one ſword ſhall ſtrike for us.

Lyſ. Let prince Demetrius
But lead us on (for we are his vow'd ſervants)
Againſt the ſtrength of all the world we'll buckle.

Ptol. And ev'n from all that ſtrength we'll catch at victory.

Sel. Oh, had I now recover'd but the fortune
I loſt in Antioch, when mine uncle periſh'd!

But

But that were but to ſurfeit me with bleſſings.

Lyſ. You loſt a ſweet child there.

Sel. Name it no more, Sir;
This is no time to entertain ſuch ſorrows.
Will your majeſty do us the honour we may ſee the prince,
And wait upon him?

Enter Leontius.

Ant. I wonder he ſtays from us.
How now, Leontius? Where's my ſon?

Sel. Brave captain!

Lyſ. Old valiant Sir!

Leon. Your Graces are welcome!
Your ſon, an't pleaſe you, Sir, is new caſhier'd yonder,
Caſt from his miſtreſs' favour; and ſuch a coil there is,
Such ſending, and ſuch proving! She ſtands off,
And will by no means yield to compoſition:
He offers any price; his body to her.

Sel. She is a hard lady denies that caution.

Leon. And now they whine, and now they rave;
Faith, princes,
'Twere a good point of charity to piece 'em[62];
For leſs than ſuch a power will do juſt nothing:
And if you mean to ſee him, there it muſt be,
For there will he grow, 'till he be tranſplanted.

Sel. Beſeech your grace, let's wait upon you thither,
That I may ſee that beauty dares deny him,
That ſcornful beauty.

Ptol. I ſhould think it worſe now;
Ill brought-up beauty.

Ant. She has too much reaſon for't;

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[62] *'Twere a good point of charity to* piece *'em.*] This reading is ſenſe, and we would not diſturb the text; yet we will hazard our conjecture of the Author's having written,

'Twere a good point of charity to peace *them*;

i. e. to make peace between them. Thus, Antigonus ſays almoſt immediately, *Here's a new* peace! And, ſoon after, Demetrius,

——*We may kiſs:*
Put not thoſe out o' th' peace *too.*

And, finally, Seleucus, *This is a* peace *indeed!*

Which,

Which, with too great a grief, I ſhame to think of.
But we'll go ſee this game.

Lyſ. Rather this wonder.

Ant. Be you our guide, Leontius. Here's a new peace.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Demetrius and Celia.

Celia. Thus far you ſhall perſuade me; ſtill to honour you,
Still to live with you, Sir, or near about you;
For, not to lie, you have my firſt and laſt love:
But ſince you have conceiv'd an evil againſt me,
An evil that ſo much concerns your honour,
That honour aim'd by all at for a pattern;
And tho' there be a falſe thought, and confeſs'd too,
And much repentance fall'n in ſhow'rs to purge it;
Yet, while that great reſpect I ever bore you,
Dwells in my blood, and in my heart that duty;
Had it but been a dream, I muſt not touch you.

Dem. Oh, you will make ſome other happy!

Celia. Never;
Upon this hand, I'll ſeal that faith.

Dem. We may kiſs:
Put not thoſe out o' th' peace too.

Celia. Thoſe I'll give you,
So there you will be pleas'd to pitch your *ne ultra*;
I will be merry with you, ſing, diſcourſe with you,
Be your poor miſtreſs ſtill: In truth, I love you!

Enter Leontius, Antigonus, Seleucus, Lyſimachus, Ptolomey, Lieutenant, and Gentlemen.

Dem. Stay! who are theſe?

Lyſ. A very handſome lady.

Leon. As e'er you ſaw.

Sel. Pity her heart's ſo cruel.

Lyſ. How does your Grace?—He ſtands ſtill; will not hear us.

Ptol.

Ptol. We come to ſerve you, Sir, in all our fortunes.
Lyſ. He bows a little now; he's ſtrangely alter'd.
Sel. Ha! pray you a word, Leontius! pray you a word with you,
Lyſimachus! You both knew mine Enanthe [61],
I loſt in Antioch, when the town was taken,
Mine uncle ſlain; Antigonus had the ſack on't.
Lyſ. Yes, I remember well the girl.
Sel. Methinks now,
That face is wondrous like her. I have her picture:
The ſame, but more years on her; the very ſame.
Lyſ. A cherry to a cherry is not liker.
Sel. Look on her eyes.
Leon. Moſt certain ſhe is like her:
Many a time have I dandled her in theſe arms, Sir;
And I hope who will more.
Ant. What's that ye look at, Princes?
Sel. This picture, and that lady, Sir.
Ant. Ha! they are near;
They only err in time.
Lyſ. Did you mark that bluſh there?
That came the neareſt.
Sel. I muſt ſpeak to her.
Leon. You'll quickly be reſolv'd.
Sel. Your name, ſweet lady?
Celia. Enanthe, Sir: And this to beg your bleſſing.
Sel. Do you know me?
Celia. If you be the king Seleucus,
I know you are my father.
Sel. Peace a little!
Where did I loſe you?
Celia. At the ſack of Antioch,
Where my good uncle died, and I was taken,
By a mean ſoldier taken: By this prince,

[61] *Enanthe.*] The Editors of the ſecond folio, tho' they copy thoſe of the firſt in calling this character *Enanthe* thro' this ſcene, yet, in their *dramatis perſonæ*, ſtile her *Evanthe*; in which particulars they have been followed by all the ſucceeding Editors. It is immaterial which name is adopted, but the play and the liſt of the characters ought to agree.

This

This noble prince, redeem'd from him again,
Where ever ſince I have remain'd his ſervant.
Sel. My joys are now too full! Welcome, Enanthe!
Mine own, my deareſt, and my beſt Enanthe!
Dem. And mine too deſperate!
Sel. You ſhall not think ſo;
This is a peace indeed.
Ant. I hope it ſhall be,
And aſk it firſt.
Sel. Moſt royal Sir, you have it.
Dem. I once more beg it thus.
Sel. You muſt not be denied, Sir.
Celia. By me, I am ſure he muſt not, ſure he ſhall not:
Kneeling I give it too; kneeling I take it;
And, from this hour, no envious ſpite e'er part us!
All. The gods give happy joys! all comforts to you!
Dem. My new Enanthe!
Ant. Come, beat all the drums up,
And all the noble inſtruments of war!
Let 'em fill all the kingdom with their ſounds;
And thoſe the brazen arch of Heav'n break thro',
While to the temple we conduct theſe two.
Leon. May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of thoſe lines[64] they ſprung,
May their fair iſſues walk with time along!
Lieut. And hang a coward now! and there's my ſong.
[*Exeunt omnes.*

[64] *May they be ever loving, ever young,*
And ever worthy of thoſe lines *they ſprung;*
May their fair iſſues walk with time along.] We apprehend both the text and punctuation to be corrupted here, and would read thus:

May they be ever loving, ever young,
And, ever worthy of thoſe loins *they ſprung,*
May their fair iſſues walk with time along!

This remedies the vicious conſtruction, and gives a fuller ſenſe. Shakeſpeare uſes the very expreſſion in Richard III. and very nearly the ſame in King Lear.

EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY THE LIEUTENANT.

I AM not cur'd yet throughly; for, believe,
I feel another paſſion that may grieve;
All over me I feel it too. And now
It takes me cold, cold, cold; I know not how.
As you are good men, help me; a carouſe
May make me love you all, all here i' th' houſe,
And all that come to ſee me, dotingly.
Now lend your hands; and for your courteſy,
The next employment I am ſent upon,
I'll ſwear you are phyſicians; the war's none.

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.
Some uncleanness nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my medicines work.
Act V.
M. A. Rooker del.
G. Grignion sculp.

THE

FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS.

This Paſtoral is indubitably the ſole production of Fletcher. It was condemned by the audience on the firſt night of performance, and laid aſide till Charles I. had it acted before his Court; on which occaſion Sir William Davenant wrote a Dialogue-Prologue. The title of the third edition runs, 'The Faithfvll Shepherdeſſe. Acted at Somerſet 'Houſe before the King and Qveene on Twelfe night laſt, 1633. 'And divers times ſince with great applauſe at the Private Houſe 'in Blacke-Friers, by his Majeſties Servants.' This is the laſt account we have of its performance; and indeed, though the Faithful Shepherdeſs is excelled by very few pieces, in the cloſet, we cannot think it well calculated for the theatre. The firſt edition bears date the ſame year in which it was firſt acted.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Perigot, *a ſhepherd in love with Amoret.*
Thenot, *a ſhepherd in love with Clorin.*
Daphnis, *a modeſt ſhepherd.*
Alexis, *a wanton ſhepherd.*
God of a River.
Satyr.
Prieſt.
Old Shepherd.
A Sullen diſcontented Shepherd.

WOMEN.

Amoret, *the Faithful Shepherdeſs, in love with Perigot.*
Clorin, *a holy ſhepherdeſs.*
Amarillis, *a ſhepherdeſs in love with Perigot.*
Cloe, *a wanton ſhepherdeſs.*

SCENE, THESSALY.

THE

THE FAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS[1].

ACT I.

Enter Clorin, having buried her love in an arbour.

Clorin. HAIL, holy earth, whoſe cold arms do embrace
The trueſt man that ever fed his flocks
By the fat plains of fruitful Theſſaly!
Thus I ſalute thy grave; thus do I pay
My early vows and tribute of mine eyes
To thy ſtill-loved aſhes; thus I free
Myſelf from all enſuing heats and fires
Of love; all ſports, delights and jolly games
That ſhepherds hold full dear, thus put I off.
Now

[1] The Faithful Shepherdeſs is, of all the poems in our language, one of the greateſt *honours* and the greateſt *ſcandals* of our nation. It ſhews to what a height in every ſpecies of poetry the Britiſh genius has ſoar'd; it proves how dull the vulgar eye is to purſue its flight. How muſt each Briton of taſte rejoice to find all the paſtoral beauties of Italy and Arcadia tranſplanted by Fletcher, and flouriſhing in our own climate! How muſt he grieve to think that they were at firſt blaſted, and ſince ſuffer'd to wither in oblivion by his Gothic countrymen! The Faithful Shepherdeſs was damned at its firſt appearance, and not ev'n a potent monarch's patronage in the next age, nor a much greater monarch's in poetry than king Charles the Firſt in power, Milton's great admiration and cloſe imitation of it in Comus,

Now no more ſhall theſe ſmooth brows be girt
With youthful coronals[2], and lead the dance;
No more the company of freſh fair maids
And wanton ſhepherds be to me delightful,
Nor the ſhrill pleaſing ſound of merry pipes
Under ſome ſhady dell[3], when the cool wind
Plays on the leaves: All be far away,
Since thou art far away, by whoſe dear ſide
How often have I ſat crown'd with freſh flow'rs
For ſummer's queen, whilſt ev'ry ſhepherd's boy
Puts on his luſty green, with gaudy hook,
And hanging ſcrip of fineſt cordevan[4].
But thou art gone, and theſe are gone with thee,
And all are dead, but thy dear memory;
That ſhall out-live thee, and ſhall ever ſpring
While there are pipes, or jolly ſhepherds ſing.

---

could recommend it to the publick. The noble copy, 'till within theſe few years, was as little known as its original; but ſince it is now become the faſhion to admire the former, ſome deference will ſurely be paid to Milton's judgment. I ſhall therefore, in my notes on this play, not confine myſelf to mere verbal emendations, but endeavour to demonſtrate Fletcher's beauties from parallel paſſages out of Milton and other authentick poets. By which, I believe, it will appear, that Milton borrowed more from Fletcher, than Fletcher from all the ancient claſſicks. *Seward.*

[2] *Coronals.*] *i. e.* Garlands. The word frequently occurs in Spenſer, in the ſame ſenſe. *R.*

[3] *Dell.*] Is uſed by Spenſer in his Shepherd's Calender. March, ſpeaking of a ſheep,

'Fell headlong into a *dell*.'

It plainly ſignifies a *ſteep place*, or *valley*, and is much the ſame as *dale*. See Biſhop Newton's notes on Comus. *R.*

[4] *Cordevan.*] *Cordwain* (from *cordovan*, leather) Spaniſh leather. *Johnſon.*

We find *cordevan*, or *cordiwin*, mentioned in the following ſtanza of Drayton's Fourth Eclogue:

'The ſhepherd wore a ſheep-gray cloak,
'Which was of the fineſt lock
'That could be cut with ſheer.
'His mittons were of bauzons ſkin,
'His cockers were of *cordiwin*,
'His hood of miniveer.'
Drayton's Works, vol. iv. p. 1403. *R.*

And

And here will I, in honour of thy love,
Dwell by thy grave, forgetting all thoſe joys
That former times made precious to mine eyes;
Only remembring what my youth did gain
In the dark, hidden virtuous uſe of herbs:
That will I practiſe, and as freely give
All my endeavours, as I gain'd them free.
Of all green wounds I know the remedies
In men or cattle, be they ſtung with ſnakes,
Or charm'd with pow'rful words of wicked art,
Or be they love-ſick, or thro' too much heat
Grown wild or lunatick, their eyes or ears
Thicken'd with miſty film of dulling rheum;
Theſe I can cure, ſuch ſecret virtue lies
In herbs, applied by a virgin's hand.
My meat ſhall be what theſe wild woods afford,
Berries, and cheſnuts, plantanes, on whoſe cheeks
The ſun ſits ſmiling, and the lofty fruit
Pull'd from the fair head of the ſtraight-grown pine;
On theſe I'll feed with free content and reſt,
When night ſhall blind the world, by thy ſide bleſt.

Enter a Satyr.

Sat. Thro'[5] yon ſame bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,

[5] Through *yon ſame bending plain.*] That Fletcher had frequently in his eye Shakeſpeare's Midſummer Night's Dream, is certain. The beginning and ending of this ſpeech are an imitation of the Fairy's ſpeech, act ii. ſcene i.

'Over hill, over dale,
'Thro' buſh, thro' briar,
'Over park, over pale,
'Thro' flood, thro' fire;
'I do wander every where,
'Swifter than the Moon's ſphere.'

Both Fletcher and Milton follow Shakeſpeare in his liberties of frequently varying the Anacreontick meaſures; yet each ſtanza, and each couplet, ſhould obſerve a juſt meaſure, and would, I believe, have done ſo, had the Authors themſelves overlooked the preſs. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward changes *through* into *thorough*; but there is, we think, as little neceſſity, as authority, for the alteration.

And thro' theſe thick woods, have I run,
Whoſe bottom never kiſs'd the ſun
Since the luſty ſpring began,
All to pleaſe my maſter Pan,
Have I trotted without reſt
To get him fruit; for at a feaſt
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour, the Syrinx bright.
But, behold a fairer ſight!
He ſtands amaz'd.
By that heav'nly form of thine,
Brighteſt fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods; for in thy face
Shines more awful majeſty,
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with miſty eyes behold,
And live! Therefore on this mould,
Lowly do I bend my knee,
In worſhip of thy deity.
Deign it, goddeſs, from my hand,
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth ſend
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells:
Fairer by the famous wells,
To this preſent day ne'er grew,
Never better nor more true.
Here be grapes, whoſe luſty blood
Is the learned poets' good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the ſquirrel whoſe teeth crack 'em[6];
Deign, oh, faireſt fair, to take 'em.

[6] ——— *Nuts more brown*
Than the ſquirrels teeth that crack 'em.] But the teeth of the ſquirrel is the only viſible part that is not brown. I hope I have reſtor'd the original. In theſe preſents, which are perfectly paſtoral, the Poet had, undoubtedly, both Virgil and Theocritus in his eye. *Seward.*

We have admitted Mr. Seward's emendation; though the old reading

For theſe black-ey'd Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my claſped knee to climb:
See how well the luſty time
Hath deck'd their riſing cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is ſpread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, ſome be green;
Theſe are of that luſcious meat,
The great god Pan himſelf doth eat:
All theſe, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain, or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more ſweet and ſtrong;
Till when humbly leave I take,
Leſt the great Pan do awake [7],

reading was probably genuine, and proceeded from the inadvertence of the Author.

7 *Leſt the great Pan do awake.*] Thus Theocritus, Εἰδ. ἀ.

Οὐ θέμις ὦ ποιμὰν, τὸ μεσαμβρινὸν, ὐ θέμις ἄμμιν
Συρίσδεν· τὸν Πᾶνα δεδοίκαμες. ἢ γὰρ ἀπ' ἄγρας
Ταγίκα κεκμακὼς ἀμπαύεται· ἐντί γε πικρὸς,
Καί οἱ ἀεί δριμεῖα χολὰ ποτὶ ῥινὶ κάθηται.

'Shepherd, forbear; no ſong at noon's dread hour;
'Tir'd with the chace, Pan ſleeps in yonder bow'r;
'Churliſh he is, and, ſtirr'd in his repoſe,
'The ſnappiſh choler quivers on his noſe.'

That Fletcher had this in his eye is evident, but he has varied from Theocritus's theology. As he intended to make his ſhepherds chaſte and virtuous, he knew that virtue would ill conſiſt with the adoration of ſuch a choleric and luſtful God as the Arcadian Pan. But does he not in this tranſgreſs the rules of propriety, giving his Arcadians rather Chriſtian than Pagan ſentiments? I think not. The Arcadians firſt worſhipp'd the Creator of all things under the name of Pan, which ſignifies the Univerſe, and the image they formed of him emblematically repreſented Univerſal Nature, as Macrobius informs us. But the vulgar ſoon loſt the *archetype*, and imagined his *ſharp noſe*, *long beard*, and *goatiſh legs*, to be the ſymptoms of *anger*, *ruſticity*, and *luſt*. Fletcher has with great judgment placed his ſcene among the primitive Arcadians, who had not ſuch groſs ideas. In this he deviates from the Italian dramatic paſtorals, but is followed by Milton, who introduces Pagan deities in Comus, but makes the ſuperior gods favour and protect chaſtity and virtue. *Seward.*

That ſleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's ſhade:
I muſt go, I muſt run
Swifter than the fiery ſun. [*Exit.*

Clo. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatneſs or what private hidden pow'r
Is there in me, to draw ſubmiſſion
From this rude man and beaſt? Sure I am mortal:
The daughter of a ſhepherd; he was mortal,
And ſhe that bore me mortal: Prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever ſhakes me, and
The ſelf-ſame wind that makes the young lambs ſhrink,
Makes me a-cold: My fear ſays, I am mortal.
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me,
And now I do believe it) if I keep
My virgin flow'r uncropt, pure, chaſte, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend[8],
Satyr, or other pow'r that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illuſion

---

[8] *No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elfe, or fiend,*
Satyre, or other pow'r, &c.] Milton was ſo charm'd with the noble enthuſiaſm of this paſſage, that he has no leſs than three imitations of it. Twice in Comus.

'Some ſay, no evil thing that walks by night,
'In fog, or fire, by lake, or mooriſh fen,
'Blue meager hag, or ſtubborn unlaid ghoſt
'That breaks his magick chains at curfeu time;
'No goblin, or ſwart fairy of the mine,
'Hath hurtful pow'r o'er true *virginity*.'

See the whole paſſage in the firſt ſcene of the two Brothers. So again, the young Lady in the wood.

'————a thouſand fantaſies
'Begin to throng into my memory,
'Of calling ſhapes, and beck'ning ſhadows dire,
'And airy tongues that ſyllable mens' names
'On ſands, and ſhoars, and deſart wilderneſſes.'

And again, Paradiſe Loſt, book ix. line 639. in his noble deſcription of the *ignis fatuus*.

'Hov'ring and dancing with deluſive light,
'Miſleads th' amaz'd night-wanderer from his way,
'Thro' bogs and mires, and oft thro' pond or pool,
'There ſwallow'd up and loſt, from ſuccour far.'

Seward.

Draw

Draw me to wander after idle fires;
Or voices calling me in dead of night[9],
To make me follow, and ſo tole me on
Thro' mire and ſtanding pools, to find my ruin:
Elſe, why ſhould this rough thing, who never knew
Manners, nor ſmooth humanity, whoſe heats
Are rougher than himſelf, and more miſhapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure's there's a pow'r
In that great name of Virgin, that binds faſt
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines: Then, ſtrong Chaſtity,
Be thou my ſtrongeſt guard, for here I'll dwell
In oppoſition againſt fate and hell!

Enter an Old Shepherd, with four couple of Shepherds and Shepherdeſſes.

Old Shep. Now we have done this holy feſtival
In honour of our great god, and his rites
Perform'd, prepare yourſelves for chaſte
And uncorrupted fires; that as the prieſt,
With pow'rful hand, ſhall ſprinkle on your brows
His pure and holy water, ye may be
From all hot flames of luſt and looſe thoughts free.
Kneel, ſhepherds, kneel; here comes the prieſt of Pan.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Shepherds, thus I purge away
Whatſoever this great day,
Or the paſt hours, gave not good,
To corrupt your maiden blood.
From the high rebellious heat
Of the grapes, and ſtrength of meat,
From the wanton quick deſires,
They do kindle by their fires,

[9] *Or voices calling me,* &c.] This is perfectly agreeable to the ſuperſtitious notions of the times in which our Author wrote, and much in the manner of Shakeſpeare. It has been obſerved, that in writing this part of the ſpeech he had Virgil in view:

Hinc exaudiri voces et verba vocantis
Viſa viri, nox cum terras obſcura teneret. Æn. iv. 460.

R. I do

I do waſh you with this water;
Be you pure and fair herea'ter!
From your livers and your veins,
Thus I take away the ſtains.
All your thoughts be ſmooth and fair;
Be ye freſh and free as air.
Never more let luſtful heat
Thro' your purged conduits beat,
Or a plighted troth be broken,
Or a wanton verſe be ſpoken
In a ſhepherdeſs's ear!
Go your ways, ye all are clear.

[*They riſe, and ſing in praiſe of Pan.*

THE SONG.

Sing his praiſes that doth keep
Our flocks from harm,
Pan, the father of our ſheep;
And arm and arm
Tread we ſoftly in a round,
While the hollow neighb'ring ground
Fills the muſick with her ſound.

Pan, oh, great god Pan, to thee
Thus do we ſing:
Thou that keep'ſt us chaſte and free,
As the young ſpring,
Ever be thy honour ſpoke,
From that place the morn is broke,
To that place day doth unyoke!

[*Exeunt.*

Manent Perigot and Amoret.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy ſhepherd prays thee ſtay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his ſoul's good.

Amo. Speak; I give
Thee freedom, ſhepherd, and thy tongue be ſtill
The ſame it ever was; as free from ill
As he whoſe converſation never knew
The court or city: Be thou ever true.

Peri. When I fall off from my affection,

Or

Or mingle my clean thoughts with foul deſires,
Firſt, let our great god ceaſe to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, ſummer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall ſpeedily,
And in their general ruin let me go!

Amo. I pray thee, gentle ſhepherd, wiſh not ſo;
I do believe thee: 'Tis as hard for me
To think thee falſe, and harder, than for thee
To hold me foul.

Peri. Oh, you are fairer far
Than the chaſte bluſhing morn, or that fair ſtar
That guides the wandring ſeaman thro' the deep;
Straighter than ſtraighteſt pine upon the ſteep
Head of an aged mountain; and more white
Than the new milk we ſtrip before day-light
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks;
Your hair more beauteous than thoſe hanging locks
Of young Apollo.

Amo. Shepherd, be not loſt;
You're fail'd too far already from the coaſt
Of our diſcourſe.

Peri. Did you not tell me once
I ſhould not love alone, I ſhould not loſe
Thoſe many paſſions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've ſent to Heav'n? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hoſtage? Do not then
Give back again thoſe ſweets to other men;
You yourſelf vow'd were mine.

Amo. Shepherd, ſo far as maiden's modeſty
May give aſſurance, I am once more thine,
Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealouſy!

Peri. I take it as my beſt good, and deſire,
For ſtronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true ſhepherds have rewarded been
For their long ſervice: Say, ſweet, ſhall it hold?

Amo. Dear friend, you muſt not blame me, if I make
A doubt

A doubt of what the ſilent night may do,
Coupled with this day's heat, to move your blood:
Maids muſt be fearful. Sure you have not been
Waſh'd white enough; for yet I ſee a ſtain
Stick in your liver: Go and purge again.

Peri. Oh, do not wrong my honeſt ſimple truth!
Myſelf and my affections are as pure
As thoſe chaſte flames that burn before the ſhrine
Of the great Dian: Only my intent
To draw you thither, was to plight our troths,
With interchange of mutual chaſte embraces,
And ceremonious tying of our ſouls:
For to that holy wood is conſecrate
A virtuous well, about whoſe flow'ry banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds,
By the pale moon-ſhine, dipping oftentimes
Their ſtolen children, ſo to make them free
From dying fleſh, and dull mortality:
By this fair fount hath many a ſhepherd ſworn,
And giv'n away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy, nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaſte kiſs giv'n,
In hope of coming happineſs. By this
Freſh fountain, many a bluſhing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long-loved ſhepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilſt he happy ſung
Lays of his love, and dear captivity;
There grow all herbs fit to cool looſer flames
Our ſenſual parts provoke, chiding our bloods,
And quenching by their pow'r thoſe hidden ſparks
That elſe would break out, and provoke our ſenſe
To open fires; ſo virtuous is that place.
Then, gentle ſhepherdeſs, believe, and grant!
In troth, it fits not with that face to ſcant
Your faithful ſhepherd of thoſe chaſte deſires
He ever aim'd at, and——

Amo. Thou haſt prevail'd: Farewell! This coming night
Shall crown thy chaſte hopes with long-wiſh'd delight.

[*Exit.*

Peri.

Peri. Our great god Pan reward thee for that good
Thou'ſt given thy poor ſhepherd! Faireſt bud
Of maiden virtues, when I leave to be
The true admirer of thy chaſtity,
Let me deſerve the hot polluted name
Of the wild woodman, or affect ſome dame
Whoſe often proſtitution hath begot
More foul diſeaſes than e'er yet the hot
Sun bred thro' his burnings, while the Dog
Purſues the raging Lion [10], throwing fog
And deadly vapour from his angry breath,
Filling the lower world with plague and death!

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[10] ——————*while the Dog*
Purſues the raging Lion, &c.] The malignant effects of the Dog-ſtar is an imitation of a like deſcription of it in Spenſer. Shepherd's Calendar ſpeaking of the ſun's progreſs in July,

'The rampant Lion hunts he faſt
'With *Dogs* of noiſom breath,
'Whoſe baleful barking brings in haſte,
'Pine, plagues, and drery death.'

The lines are extremely poetical in Spenſer, but are improved by Fletcher to ſuch a dignity, that they even emulate as well as imitate one of nobleſt paſſages in all Virgil.

——————*aut ſirius ardor,*
Ille ſitim morboſque ferens mortalibus ægris
Naſcitur, & lævo contriſtat lumine Cœlum.

I ſhall not here quote the deſcription of the Dog-ſtar in the beginning of the fifth book of the Iliad, becauſe tho' Virgil is ſaid to have taken the hint of his ſimile from that paſſage, yet Homer there dwells only upon its *brightneſs*, and not its malevolent influence upon mankind: The addition of which by Virgil has been greatly admired by all criticks, particularly Mr. Pope, as anſwering to Æneas's ſhield not only in its *brightneſs* but in its menaces of ruin and death to the enemy. But I am ſurprized that Mr. Pope, and ſeveral other of the beſt critics, ſhould ſo totally have miſtaken the ſimile of Homer which Virgil imitates; it is the deſcription of the Dog-ſtar in the beginning of the twenty-ſecond book of the Iliad, compared to the appearance of Achilles's armour to Priam, which Virgil imitates and almoſt literally tranſlates,

Λαμπρότατος μὲν ὅγ' ἐστὶ, κακὸν δέ τε σῆμα τέτυκται,
Καί τε φέρει πολλὸν πυρετὸν δειλοῖσι βροτοῖσιν.

Which is thus finely tranſlated by Mr. Pope,

'Terrific glory! for his burning breath
'Taints the red air with fevers, plagues and death.'

Seward.

Enter

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Shepherd, may I desire to be believ'd,
What I shall blushing tell?

Peri. Fair maid, you may.

Amar. Then softly thus: I love thee, Perigot;
And would be gladder to be lov'd again,
Than the cold earth is in his frozen arms
To clip the wanton spring. Nay, do not start,
Nor wonder that I wooe thee! thou that art
The prime of our young grooms, even the top
Of all our lusty shepherds! What dull eye,
That never was acquainted with desire,
Hath seen thee wrestle, run, or cast the stone,
With nimble strength and fair delivery,
And hath not sparkled fire, and speedily
Sent secret heat to all the neighb'ring veins?
Who ever heard thee sing, that brought again
That freedom back was lent unto thy voice?
Then do not blame me, shepherd, if I be
One to be number'd in this company,
Since none that ever saw thee yet were free.

Peri. Fair shepherdess, much pity I can lend
To your complaints; but sure I shall not love.
All that is mine, myself and my best hopes,
Are giv'n already: Do not love him then
That cannot love again; on other men
Bestow those heats more free, that may return
You fire for fire, and in one flame equal burn[11].

Amar. Shall I rewarded be so slenderly
For my affection, most unkind of men?

[11] *And in one flame* equal *burn.*] I have ventured to strike out the word *equal*, as weakning the sense, and extending the verse into an Alexandrine without the least reason. I therefore believe it spurious. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's lection seems to us a very extraordinary mode of assisting harmony, since we must read,

You fire for fi-er, *and in one flame burn.*

We have adhered to the old authority; if we had departed from it, we should have omitted the conjunction *and*; thus,

You fire for fire; in one flame equal burn.

If

If I were old, or had agreed with art
To give another nature to my cheeks,
Or were I common miſtreſs to the love
Of ev'ry ſwain, or could I with ſuch eaſe
Call back my love as many a wanton doth,
Thou might'ſt refuſe me, ſhepherd; but to thee
I'm only fix'd and ſet; let it not be
A ſport, thou gentle ſhepherd, to abuſe
The love of ſilly maid!

Peri. Fair ſoul, you uſe
Theſe words to little end: For, know, I may
Better call back that time was yeſterday,
Or ſtay the coming night, than bring my love
Home to myſelf again, or recreant prove,
I will no longer hold you with delays;
This preſent night I have appointed been
To meet that chaſte fair that enjoys my ſoul,
In yonder grove, there to make up our loves.
Be not deceiv'd no longer, chuſe again;
Theſe neighb'ring plains have many a comely ſwain,
Freſher and freer far than I e'er was:
Beſtow that love on them, and let me paſs.
Farewell; be happy in a better choice! [*Exit.*

Amar. Cruel, thou'ſt ſtruck me deader with thy voice,
Than if the angry Heav'ns with their quick flames
Had ſhot me through! I muſt not leave to love,
I cannot; no! I muſt enjoy thee, boy,
Tho' the great dangers 'twixt my hopes and that
Be infinite. There is a ſhepherd dwells
Down by the moor, whoſe life hath ever ſhewn
More ſullen diſcontent than Saturn's brow,
When he ſits frowning on the births of men;
One that doth wear himſelf away in loneneſs,
And never joys, unleſs it be in breaking
The holy plighted troths of mutual ſouls;
One that luſts after ev'ry ſev'ral beauty,
But never yet was known to love or like,
Were the face fairer or more full of truth
Than Phœbe in her fullneſs, or the youth

Of

Of ſmooth Lyæus; whoſe nigh-ſtarved flocks
Are always ſcabby, and infect all ſheep
They feed withal; whoſe lambs are ever laſt,
And die before their weaning; and whoſe dog
Looks like his maſter, lean, and full of ſcurf,
Not caring for the pipe or whiſtle. This man may,
If he be well wrought, do a deed of wonder,
Forcing me paſſage to my long deſires:
And here he comes, as fitly to my purpoſe
As my quick thoughts could wiſh for.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Freſh beauty, let me not be thought uncivil,
Thus to be partner of your loneneſs: 'Twas
My love (that ever-working paſſion!) drew
Me to this place, to ſeek ſome remedy
For my ſick ſoul. Be not unkind, and fair;
For ſuch the mighty Cupid in his doom
Hath ſworn to be aveng'd on; then give room
To my conſuming fires, that ſo I may
Enjoy my long deſires, and ſo allay
Thoſe flames, that elſe would burn my life away.

Amar. Shepherd, were I but ſure thy heart were ſound
As thy words ſeem to be, means might be found
To cure thee of thy long pains; for to me
That heavy youth-conſuming miſery
The love-ſick ſoul endures, never was pleaſing.
I could be well content with the quick eaſing
Of thee and thy hot fires, might it procure
Thy faith and further ſervice to be ſure.

Sull. Shep. Name but that great work, danger, or what can
Be compaſs'd by the wit or art of man,
And, if I fail in my performance, may
I never more kneel to the riſing day!

Amar. Then thus I try thee, ſhepherd: This ſame night
That now comes ſtealing on, a gentle pair
Have promis'd equal love, and do appoint

To

To make yon wood the place where hands and hearts
Are to be tied for ever: Break their meeting,
And their ſtrong faith, and I am ever thine.

Sull. Shep. Tell me their names, and if I do not move,
By my great pow'r, the centre of their love
From his fix'd being, let me never more
Warm me by thoſe fair eyes I thus adore!

Amar. Come; as we go, I'll tell thee what they are,
And give thee fit directions for thy work. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How have I wrong'd the times, or men, that thus,
After this holy feaſt, I paſs unknown
And unſaluted? 'Twas not wont to be
Thus frozen, with the younger company
Of jolly ſhepherds; 'twas not then held good
For luſty grooms to mix their quicker blood
With that dull humour, moſt unfit to be
The friend of man, cold and dull Chaſtity.
Sure I am held not fair, or am too old,
Or elſe not free enough, or from my fold
Drive not a flock ſufficient great to gain
The greedy eyes of wealth-alluring ſwain:
Yet, if I may believe what others ſay,
My face has foil [12] enough; nor can they lay Juſtly

[12] *My face has* foil *enough.*] Thus all the late editions; the expreſſion can, I believe, convey no other ſenſe, but that ſhe had *fleſh* enough on her face, and even this by a very coarſe metaphor. The firſt old quarto read *foile*, which had occurred both to Mr. Sympſon and myſelf before we ſaw it there, but we ſtill totally differ in explaining it; he would have *foile* to ſignify *beauty*, and gave me ſome quotations to prove it, as in Thierry and Theodoret, act ii.

Load him with piles of honours, ſet him off
With all the cunning foils *that may deceive us.*

But I believe, the reader will agree with me, that the common acceptation of the word *foile*, as ſomething ugly to *ſet off* beauty, and not *beauty* itſelf, will perfectly agree with the intention of this laſt paſſage. I think therefore we ought not to give arbitrary and new meanings to any word merely to ſerve a preſent turn. The ſenſe I affix is, I confeſs, not very clearly expreſs'd, but it is all, I believe,

Juſtly too ſtrict a coyneſs to my charge;
My flocks are many, and the downs as large
They feed upon; then let it ever be
Their coldneſs, not my virgin modeſty,
Makes me complain.

Enter Thenot.

The. Was ever man but I
Thus truly taken with uncertainty?
Where ſhall that man be found that loves a mind
Made up in conſtancy, and dares not find
His love rewarded? Here, let all men know,
A wretch that lives to love his miſtreſs ſo.

Cloe. Shepherd, I pray thee ſtay! Where haſt thou been?
Or whither go'ſt thou? Here be woods as green
As any [13], air likewiſe as freſh and ſweet
As where ſmooth Zephyrus plays on the fleet
Face of the curled ſtreams, with flow'rs as many
As the young ſpring gives, and as choice as any;
Here

---

that the words can bear, *viz.* That the faces of other women are but *foiles* to the beauty of mine. Perhaps *foiles enow* would give this ſenſe more fully. In this ſoliloquy, relating to her wealth and beauty, our Poet imitates both Theocritus and Virgil; but I cannot ſay, that he does it with his uſual ſpirit. Tho' there are ſome additional beauties, yet more are omitted than added.

Καὶ γάρ θην ὐδ' εἰδὼ ἔχω κακὸν, ὥς με λέγοντι.
Η γαρ πρὰν ἐς ποντον ἐσέβλεπον (ἦν δὲ γαλανα)
Καὶ καλὰ μὲν τὰ γένεια. καλὰ δ' ἐμὶν ἁ μία κώρα,
(Ως πὰρ ἐμὶν κέκριται) κατεφαινετο. τῶν δὲ τ' ὀδόντων
Λευκοτέραν ἀυγὰν Παρίας ὑπέφαινε λίθοιο.

Θεοκ. Ειδ. ϛ. 34.

——— *nec qui ſim quæris, Alexi:*
Quam dives pecoris, nivei quam lactis abundans;
Mille meæ Siculis errant in montibus agnæ.
Nec ſum adeo informis; nuper me in litore vidi,
Cum placidum ventis ſtaret Mare. ———

Virg. Ecl. ii. 19.

See alſo a like paſſage in the 19th Idyllium of Theocritus.

Seward.

[13] ——— *Here be woods as green*
As any, &c.] This whole ſpeech breathes the true ſpirit of Theocritus and Virgil. In the latter part he has greatly improv'd a hint taken

Here be all new delights, cool ſtreams and wells,
Arbours o'ergrown with woodbines; caves, and dells;
Chuſe where thou wilt, whilſt I ſit by and ſing,
Or gather ruſhes, to make many a ring
For thy long fingers; tell thee tales of love,
How the pale Phœbe, hunting in a grove,
Firſt ſaw the boy Endymion, from whoſe eyes
She took eternal fire that never dies;
How ſhe convey'd him ſoftly in a ſleep,
His temples bound with poppy, to the ſteep
Head of old Latmus, where ſhe ſtoops each night,
Gilding the mountain with her brother's light,
To kiſs her ſweeteſt.

The. Far from me are theſe
Hot flaſhes, bred from wanton heat and eaſe!
I have forgot what love and loving meant.
Rhimes, ſongs, and merry rounds [14], that oft are ſent
To the ſoft ear of maid, are ſtrange to me:
Only I live t' admire a chaſtity,
That neither pleaſing age [15], ſmooth tongue, or gold,

---

taken from the third Idyllium of the former, relating to Endimion; and the beginning is a direct imitation of the two following paſſages.

——————τοῦτω δρύες, ὧδε κύπειρος,
Ὧδε καλὸν βομβεῦντι ποτὶ σμάνεσσι μέλισσαι.
Ενθ' ὕδατος ψυχρῶ κρᾶναι δύο. τὰι δ' ἐπὶ δένδρω
Ορνιχες λαλαγεῦντι. και ἁ σκιὰ ὐδὲν ὁμοία
Τᾶ παρὰ τίν· βάλλει δὲ καὶ ἁ πίτυς ὑψόθε κώνους.

Θεοκ. Ειδ. έ. 45.

Fletcher has not here equall'd the variety and beauty of theſe images, the *humming* of the *bees*, the *chirping* of the *birds*, and the *apples* dropping from the *pine*, (whoſe ſeed in the hot countries far excels our fineſt nuts) are all omitted by Fletcher, but he has fully made amends in his beautiful deſcription of a bank by Perigot about the middle of the third act, and even here he has at leaſt equall'd Virgil, whom he has more exactly copied.

Hic ver purpureum: varios hic flumina circum
Fundit humus flores: hic candida populus antro
Imminet, et lentæ texunt umbracula vites. Eclog. ix. 40.

Seward.

14 *Rounds.*] This word is here uſed in an uncommon ſenſe, and ſignifies *roundelays*.

15 *Pleaſing age.*] i. e. *Youth*; the word *age* being uſed to expreſs one of the ſeaſons, or *ages*, of life.

Could ever break upon [16], ſo ſure the mould
Is that her mind was caſt in; 'tis to her
I only am reſerv'd; ſhe is my form I ſtir
By, breathe and move, 'tis ſhe and only ſhe
Can make me happy, or give miſery.

Cloe. Good ſhepherd, may a ſtranger crave to know
To whom this dear obſervance you do owe?

The. You may, and by her virtue learn to ſquare
And level out your life; for to be fair,
And nothing virtuous, only fits the eye
Of gaudy youth, and ſwelling vanity.
Then know, ſhe's call'd the Virgin of the Grove,
She that hath long ſince buried her chaſte love,
And now lives by his grave, for whoſe dear ſoul
Sh' hath vow'd herſelf into the holy roll
Of ſtrict virginity: 'Tis her I ſo admire;
Not any looſer blood, or new deſire. [*Exit.*

Cloe. Farewell, poor ſwain! thou art not for my bend;
I muſt have quicker ſouls, whoſe words may tend
To ſome free action: Give me him dare love
At firſt encounter, and as ſoon dare prove!

THE SONG.

Come, ſhepherds, come!
Come away
Without delay,
Whilſt the gentle time doth ſtay.
Green woods are dumb,
And will never tell to any,
Thoſe dear kiſſes, and thoſe many
Sweet embraces that are giv'n;
Dainty pleaſures, that would ev'n

[16] *Cou'd ever* break upon.] Mr. Sympſon not thinking this ſenſe, has two conjectures, *work upon* and *break open*; the firſt is too low an expreſſion, and the ſecond, as he allows, quite ſpoils the meaſure. I believe the text is right, and explain it the ſame with *break in upon*, thus, act ii. ſcene i.

Or the crafty thieviſh fox
Break upon *your ſimple flocks.*

i. e. break into the fold upon your ſheep. *Seward.*

Raiſe

Raiſe in coldeſt age a fire,
And give virgin blood deſire.
Then, if ever,
Now or never,
Come and have it:
Think not I
Dare deny
If you crave it.

Enter Daphnis.

Here comes another: Better be my ſpeed,
Thou god of blood! But, certain, if I read
Not falſe, this is that modeſt ſhepherd, he
That only dare ſalute, but ne'er could be
Brought to kiſs any, hold diſcourſe, or ſing,
Whiſper, or boldly aſk that wiſhed thing
We all are born for; one that makes loving faces,
And could be well content to covet graces,
Were they not got by boldneſs. In this thing
My hopes are frozen; and, but Fate doth bring
Him hither, I would ſooner chuſe
A man made out of ſnow, and freer uſe
An eunuch to my ends; but ſince he's here,
Thus I attempt him.—Thou of men moſt dear,
Welcome to her, that only for thy ſake
Hath been content to live! Here, boldly take
My hand in pledge, this hand, that never yet
Was giv'n away to any; and but ſit
Down on this ruſhy bank, whilſt I go pull
Freſh bloſſoms from the boughs, or quickly cull
The choiceſt delicates from yonder mead,
To make thee chains or chaplets, or to ſpread
Under our fainting bodies, when delight
Shall lock up all our ſenſes. How the ſight
Of thoſe ſmooth riſing cheeks renew the ſtory
Of young Adonis [17], when in pride and glory

[17] *Of young Adonis.*] In this ſpeech, which is ſimilar to that made before to Thenot, the Poet continues his imitation of the third Idyllium of Theocritus. *Seward.*

He lay infolded 'twixt the beating arms
Of willing Venus! Methinks ſtronger charms
Dwell in thoſe ſpeaking eyes, and on that brow
More ſweetneſs than the painters can allow
To their beſt pieces! Not Narciſſus, he
That wept himſelf away, in memory
Of his own beauty, nor Silvanus' boy,
Nor the twice-raviſh'd maid, for whom old Troy
Fell by the hand of Pyrrhus, may to thee
Be otherwiſe compar'd, than ſome dead tree
To a young fruitful olive.

Daph. I can love,
But I am loth to ſay ſo, leſt I prove
Too ſoon unhappy.

Cloe. Happy, thou wouldſt ſay,
My deareſt Daphnis, bluſh not; if the day
To thee and thy ſoft heats be enemy,
Then take the coming night; fair youth, 'tis free
To all the world. Shepherd, I'll meet thee then
When darkneſs hath ſhut up the eyes of men,
In yonder grove: Speak, ſhall our meeting hold?
Indeed you are too baſhful; be more bold,
And tell me *ay*.

Daph. I am content to ſay ſo,
And would be glad to meet, might I but pray ſo
Much from your fairneſs, that you would be true.

Cloe. Shepherd, thou haſt thy wiſh.

Daph. Freſh maid, adieu!
Yet, one word more; ſince you have drawn me on
To come this night, fear not to meet alone
That man that will not offer to be ill,
Tho' your bright ſelf would aſk it, for his fill
Of this world's goodneſs: Do not fear him then,
But keep your pointed time. Let other men
Set up their bloods to ſale, mine ſhall be ever
Fair as the ſoul it carries, and unchaſte never.

[*Exit.*

Cloe. Yet am I poorer than I was before.
Is it not ſtrange, among ſo many a ſcore

Of

Of luſty bloods, I ſhould pick out theſe things,
Whoſe veins, like a dull river far from ſprings,
Is ſtill the ſame, ſlow, heavy, and unfit
For ſtream or motion, tho' the ſtrong winds hit
With their continual pow'r upon his ſides?
Oh, happy be your names that have been brides,
And taſted thoſe rare ſweets for which I pine!
And far more heavy be thy grief and tine,
Thou lazy ſwain, that may'ſt relieve my needs,
Than his, upon whoſe liver always feeds
A hungry vulture!

Enter Alexis.

Alexis. Can ſuch beauty be
Safe in his own guard, and not draw the eye
Of him that paſſeth on, to greedy gaze,
Or covetous deſire, whilſt in a maze
The better part contemplates, giving rein
And wiſhed freedom to the lab'ring vein?
Faireſt and whiteſt, may I crave to know
The cauſe of your retirement, why you go
Thus all alone? Methinks the downs are ſweeter,
And the young company of ſwains far meeter,
Than theſe forſaken and untrodden places.
Give not yourſelf to loneneſs, and thoſe graces
Hide from the eyes of men, that were intended
To live amongſt us ſwains.

Cloe. Thou art befriended,
Shepherd: In all my life I have not ſeen
A man, in whom greater contents have been,
Than thou thyſelf art: I could tell thee more,
Were there but any hope left to reſtore
My freedom loſt. Oh, lend me all thy red,
Thou ſhamefac'd morning, when from Tithon's bed
Thou riſeſt ever maiden!

Alexis. If for me,
Thou ſweeteſt of all ſweets, theſe flaſhes be,
Speak and be ſatisfied. Oh, guide her tongue,
My better angel; force my name among

Her modeſt thoughts, that the firſt word may be——

Cloe. Alexis, when the ſun ſhall kiſs the ſea,
Taking his reſt by the white Thetis' ſide,
Meet in the holy wood, where I'll abide
Thy coming, ſhepherd.

Alexis. If I ſtay behind,
An everlaſting dullneſs, and the wind,
That as he paſſeth by ſhuts up the ſtream
Of Rhine or Volga, while the ſun's hot beam
Beats back again, ſeize me, and let me turn
To coldneſs more than ice! Oh, how I burn
And riſe in youth and fire! I dare not ſtay.

Cloe. My name ſhall be your word.

Alexis. Fly, fly, thou day! [*Exit.*

Cloe. My grief is great if both theſe boys ſhould fail:
He that will uſe all winds muſt ſhift his ſail. [*Exit.*

ACT II.

Enter an old Shepherd, with a bell ringing; and the Prieſt of Pan following.

Prieſt. SHEPHERDS all, and maidens fair,
Fold your flocks up, for the air
'Gins to thicken, and the ſun
Already his great courſe hath run.
See the dew-drops how they kiſs
Ev'ry little flower that is;
Hanging on their velvet heads,
Like a rope of chriſtal beads.
See the heavy clouds low falling,
And bright Heſperus down[18] calling

The

[18] *And bright Heſperus down calling*
The dead Night from under ground] Mr. Sympſon objects to both theſe lines: How, ſays he, could Heſperus call Night down *from* under ground? And if ſhe was *dead*, how could ſhe hear him? He would therefore ſtrike off the *d* in *down*, and the remaining letters tranſpoſed will make *now*. And for *dead* he would read *dread*, which, he

The dead Night from under ground;
At whoſe riſing miſts unſound,
Damps and vapours fly apace,
Hov'ring o'er the wanton face
Of theſe paſtures, where they come,
Striking dead both bud and bloom:
Therefore, from ſuch danger, lock
Ev'ry one his loved flock;
And let your dogs lie looſe without,
Leſt the wolf come as a ſcout
From the mountain, and, ere day,
Bear a lamb or kid away;
Or the crafty thieviſh fox
Break upon your ſimple flocks.
To ſecure yourſelves from theſe,
Be not too ſecure in eaſe;
Let one eye his watches keep,
While the other eye doth ſleep;
So you ſhall good ſhepherds prove,
And for ever hold the love
Of our great god. Sweeteſt ſlumbers [19],
And ſoft ſilence, fall in numbers
On your eye-lids! So, farewell!
Thus I end my ev'ning's knell. [*Exeunt.*

---

he ſays, is the common epithet to Night in Spenſer. But I cannot admit either of the changes; for *down-calling* will, I think, ſignify *calling down to Night to ariſe from under ground*; and in this ſenſe it is more picturesque and a much nobler idea than the expletive *now* can give. In the ſecond line no one need be told in how many things *Night* reſembles *Death*, and ſurely *Night*, tho' partaking many properties of *Death*, may be allowed in poetry both to *hear* and *ſpeak*. When Spenſer, Milton, and other Poets have perſonated and animated even *Death* itſelf. Nor can Fletcher be denied any poetic licence in a paſſage of ſuch exquiſite poetic beauty. *Seward.*

[19] ——— *Sweeteſt ſlumbers,*
And *ſoft ſilence fall* in *numbers.*] Silence falling in numbers is very dark, as Mr. Sympſon obſerved to me; I therefore ſuſpect the particles *in* and *and* to have changed places, and have replaced them. *Seward.*

The expreſſion is dark, but the tranſpoſition does not remove the obſcurity. We have endeavoured to help the ſenſe by the punctuation, not thinking ourſelves warranted to apply any more violent remedy. The conſtruction of our Author is often hard, and his ſyntax licentious.

Enter

Enter Clorin, ſorting of herbs.

Clo. Now let me know what my beſt art hath done,
Help'd by the great pow'r of the virtuous moon,
In her full light. Oh, you ſons of earth,
You only brood, unto whoſe happy birth
Virtue was given; holding more of nature
Than man, her firſt-born and moſt perfect creature,
Let me adore you! you, that only can
Help or kill nature, drawing out that ſpan
Of life and breath ev'n to the end of time;
You, that theſe hands did crop long before prime[20]
Of day, give me your names, and, next, your hidden pow'r.
This is the clote, bearing a yellow flow'r;
And this, black horehound; both are very good
For ſheep or ſhepherd, bitten by a wood
Dog's venom'd tooth[21]: Theſe ramſon's branches[22] are,
Which, ſtuck in entries, or about the bar
That holds the door faſt, kill all enchantments[23], charms,
(Were they Medea's verſes) that do harms
To men or cattle: Theſe for frenzy be
A ſpeedy and a ſov'reign remedy,

The

[20] *You that theſe hands did crop, long before prime*
Of day; *give me your names, and next your hidden pow'r.*] Mr. Theobald has ſcratch'd out two monoſyllables as hurtful to the meaſure and unneceſſary to the ſenſe, and he imagines it to have been a marginal comment to explain what *prime* ſignified. *Seward.*

Mr. Theobald had no right to expunge the words, which we have reſtored. Editors are bound to give the genuine text.

[21] ——— *bitten by a* wood
Dog's venom'd tooth.] *Wood* ſignifies *mad.*

[22] Ramun's *branches.*] *Ramſon*, the *allium ſilveſtre*, or *wild garlick*, which is helpful, ſays the London Diſpenſatory, in the jaundice and palſies. But our Author choſe its ſuperſtitious virtues, as more proper for poetry. *Seward.*

[23] *Kill all inchantments.*] The medicinal as well as ſuperſtitious virtues aſcribed by Clorin to her various herbs are imitated by Milton in his deſcription of the Hæmony in the firſt ſcene of the two Brothers, and the Attendant Spirit in Comus. The whole is too long to tranſcribe,

The bitter wormwood, ſage, and marigold;
Such ſympathy with man's good [24] they do hold:
This tormentil, whoſe virtue is to part
All deadly killing poiſon from the heart:
And, here, Narciſſus' root, for ſwellings beſt:
Yellow Lyſimacha, to give ſweet reſt
To the faint ſhepherd, killing, where it comes,
All buſy gnats, and every fly that hums:
For leproſy, darnell and celandine,
With calamint, whoſe virtues do refine
The blood of man, making it free and fair
As the firſt hour it breath'd, or the beſt air.
Here, other two; but your rebellious uſe
Is not for me, whoſe goodneſs is abuſe;
Therefore, foul ſtandergraſs, from me and mine
I baniſh thee, with luſtful turpentine;
You that entice the veins and ſtir the heat
To civil mutiny, ſcaling the ſeat

---

tranſcribe, I ſhall therefore only quote a part, which has, I think, two very groſs miſtakes in the only edition I have by me, viz. that publiſhed under the inſpection of the ingenious Mr. Fenton.

'The leaf was darkiſh and had prickles on it,
'But in another country, as he ſaid,
'Bore a bright golden flower, but *not* in this ſoil;
'Unknown and *like* eſteem'd.'

I have often obſerved that where the ſenſe is injured, the metre frequently ſhares its fate, as it has done in the third of theſe lines. I read the whole thus,

'The leaf was darkiſh, and had prickles on it,
'But in another country, as he ſaid,
'Bore a bright golden flower, *but* in this ſoil
'Unknown and *light* eſteem'd.'

To avoid the repetition of the particle *but*, *tho'* might perhaps have ſtood in the original; but I make no doubt of the *not* and *like* being corruptions. *Seward.*

[24] *With man's good.*] Mr. Sympſon would chuſe to read *man's blood.* Thus in Hamlet, the Ghoſt ſpeaking of the juice of Hebenon,

'——— whoſe effect
'Holds ſuch an enmity with *blood* of man.

I allow therefore the propriety of Mr. Sympſon's reading, but as the old one is good ſenſe, I don't ſee ſufficient reaſon for a change. *Seward.*

Our

Our reaſon moves in, and deluding it
With dreams and wanton fancies, till the fit
Of burning luſt be quench'd; by appetite,
Robbing the ſoul of bleſſedneſs and light.
And thou, light vervain too, thou moſt go after,
Provoking eaſy ſouls to mirth and laughter:
No more ſhall I dip thee in water now,
And ſprinkle every poſt, and every bough,
With thy well-pleaſing juice, to make the grooms
Swell with high mirth, as with joy all the rooms.

Enter Thenot.

The. This is the cabin where the beſt of all
Her ſex that ever breath'd, or ever ſhall
Give heat or happineſs to th' ſhepherd's ſide,
Doth only to her worthy ſelf abide.
Thou bleſſed ſtar, I thank thee for thy light,
Thou by whoſe pow'r the darkneſs of ſad night
Is baniſh'd from the earth, in whoſe dull place
Thy chaſter beams play on the heavy face
Of all the world, making the blue ſea ſmile,
To ſee how cunningly thou doſt beguile
Thy brother of his brightneſs, giving day
Again from Chaos; whiter than that way
That leads to Jove's high court, and chaſter far
Than chaſtity itſelf! Thou bleſſed ſtar
That nightly ſhin'ſt[26]! Thou, all the conſtancy
That in all women was, or e'er ſhall be,
From whoſe fair eye-balls flies that holy fire
That poets ſtile the mother of deſire,

Infuſing

[26] *Than chaſtity itſelf,* yon *bleſſed ſtar*
That nightly ſhines.] The polar ſtar, from its permanency and coldneſs, may be called the emblem of Chaſtity, but not Chaſtity itſelf, as this reading implies. It might perhaps have been, *or yon bleſs'd ſtar*; but it is a ſort of anticlimax, to mention the emblem of Chaſtity after Chaſtity itſelf. I have therefore inſerted my firſt conjecture in the text, making him repeat the name he had before called her by, with the addition only of her ſhining every night, the property of the polar ſtar. This I am confirm'd in by the two oldeſt quartos;

Infuſing into ev'ry gentle breaſt
A ſoul of greater price, and far more bleſs'd,
Than that quick pow'r which gives a difference
'Twixt man and creatures of a lower ſenſe.

Clo. Shepherd, how cam'ſt thou hither to this place?
No way is trodden; all the verdant graſs
The ſpring ſhot up, ſtands yet unbruiſed here
Of any foot; only the dappled deer,
Far from the feared ſound of crooked horn,
Dwells in this faſtneſs.

The. Chaſter than the morn,
I have not wander'd, or by ſtrong illuſion
Into this virtuous place have made intruſion:
But hither am I come (believe me, fair)
To ſeek you out, of whoſe great good the air
Is full, and ſtrongly labours, while the ſound
Breaks againſt Heav'n, and drives into a ſtound
Th' amazed ſhepherd, that ſuch virtue can
Be reſident in leſſer than a man.

Clo. If any art I have, or hidden ſkill
May cure thee of diſeaſe or feſter'd ill,
Whoſe grief or greenneſs to another's eye
May ſeem unpoſſible of remedy,
I dare yet undertake it.

The. 'Tis no pain
I ſuffer thro' diſeaſe, no beating vein
Conveys infection dang'rous to the heart,
No part impoſthum'd, to be cur'd by art,
This body holds; and yet a feller grief
Than ever ſkilful hand did give relief,

---

quartos; the firſt of which ſtops as I do, and the ſecond has a ſemicolon after *itſelf*, and reads *you* for *yon*; though it makes a falſe concord by reading *ſhines*, inſtead of *ſhine* or *ſhin'ſt*. *Seward.*

In this place, notwithſtanding the uſe of the word *ſtar*, *the moon* is, we think, the object of Thenot's invocation. How elſe muſt we explain,

——— *Thou doſt beguile*
Thy brother *of his brightneſs*,

or, indeed, the whole tenor of the ſpeech?

Dwells

Dwells on my ſoul, and may be heal'd by you,
Fair beauteous virgin!
Clo. Then, ſhepherd, let me ſue
To know thy grief: That man yet never knew
The way to health, that durſt not ſhew his ſore.
The. Then, faireſt, know, I love you.
Clo. Swain, no more!
Thou haſt abus'd the ſtrictneſs of this place,
And offer'd ſacrilegious foul diſgrace
To the ſweet reſt of theſe interred bones;
For fear of whoſe aſcending, fly at once,
Thou and thy idle paſſions, that the ſight
Of death and ſpeedy vengeance may not fright
Thy very ſoul with horror.
The. Let me not
(Thou all perfection) merit ſuch a blot
For my true zealous faith.
Clo. Dar'ſt thou abide
To ſee this holy earth at once divide
And give her body up? for ſure it will,
If thou purſu'ſt with wanton flames to fill
This hallow'd place; therefore repent and go,
Whilſt I with pray'rs [27] appeaſe his ghoſt below,
That elſe would tell thee what it were to be
A rival in that virtuous love that he
Embraces yet.
The. 'Tis not the white or red
Inhabits in your cheek that thus can wed
My mind to adoration; nor your eye,
Tho' it be full and fair, your forehead high,
And ſmooth as Pelops' ſhoulder; not the ſmile
Lies watching in thoſe dimples to beguile
The eaſy ſoul; your hands and fingers long,
With veins enamell'd richly; nor your tongue,

[27] *Whilſt I with* praiſe, &c.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon make a query whether the true word be not *pray'rs*. It appeared to me a better word, but as the other is ſenſe, I did not think to have changed it, till I conſulted the firſt old quarto, which reads *praies*, and in all other places *praiers*, and not *prayers*; from whence I doubt not but their conjecture is true. *Seward.*

Tho'

Tho' it ſpoke ſweeter than Arion's harp;
Your hair woven into many a curious warp,
Able in endleſs error to enfold
The wandring ſoul; not the true perfect mould
Of all your body, which as pure doth ſhew
In maiden whiteneſs as the Alpſien[28] ſnow:
All theſe, were but your conſtancy away,
Would pleaſe me leſs than a black ſtormy day
The wretched ſeaman toiling thro' the deep.
But, while this honour'd ſtrictneſs you dare keep,
Tho' all the plagues that e'er begotten were
In the great womb of air, were ſettled here,
In oppoſition, I would, like the tree,
Shake off thoſe drops of weakneſs, and be free
Ev'n in the arm of danger.

Clo. Wouldſt thou have
Me raiſe again, fond man, from ſilent grave,
Thoſe ſparks that long ago were buried here,
With my dead friend's cold aſhes?

The. Deareſt dear,
I dare not aſk it, nor you muſt not grant:
Stand ſtrongly to your vow, and be not faint.
Remember how he lov'd you, and be ſtill
The ſame, opinion ſpeaks you: Let not will,
And that great god of women, appetite,
Set up your blood again; do not invite
Deſire and fancy from their long exile,
To ſeat them once more in a pleaſing ſmile:
Be like a rock made firmly up 'gainſt all
The pow'r of angry Heav'n, or the ſtrong fall
Of Neptune's battery; if you yield, I die
To all affection; 'tis that loyalty
You tie unto this grave I ſo admire:
And yet, there's ſomething elſe I would deſire,
If you would hear me, but withal deny.
Oh, Pan, what an uncertain deſtiny
Hangs over all my hopes! I will retire;
For if I longer ſtay, this double fire

[28] *Alpſien.*] The ſame we now call *Alpine.* *Seward.*

Will

Will lick my life up.

Clo. Do, and let time wear out
What art and nature cannot bring about.

The. Farewell, thou ſoul of virtue, and be bleſs'd
For ever, whilſt here I wretched reſt
Thus to myſelf! Yet grant me leave to dwell
In kenning of this arbour; yon ſame dell,
O'ertop'd with mourning cypreſs and ſad yew,
Shall be my cabin, where I'll early rue,
Before the ſun hath kiſs'd this dew away,
The hard uncertain chance which Fate doth lay
Upon this head.

Clo. The gods give quick releaſe
And happy cure unto thy hard diſeaſe! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. I do not love this wench that I ſhould meet;
For ne'er did my unconſtant eye yet greet
That beauty, were it ſweeter or more fair
Than the new bloſſoms, when the morning air
Blows gently on them, or the breaking light,
When many maiden bluſhes to our ſight
Shoot from its early face: Were all theſe ſet
In ſome neat form before me, 'twould not get
The leaſt love from me; ſome deſire it might,
Or preſent burning. All to me in ſight
Are equal; be they fair, or black, or brown,
Virgin, or careleſs wanton, I can crown
My appetite with any; ſwear as oft,
And weep, as any; melt my words as ſoft
Into a maiden's ears, and tell how long
My heart has been her ſervant, and how ſtrong
My paſſions are; call her unkind and cruel;
Offer her all I have to gain the jewel
Maidens ſo highly prize; then loath, and fly:
This do I hold a bleſſed deſtiny!

Enter

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. Hail, Shepherd! Pan bleſs both thy flock and thee,
For being mindful of thy word to me.

Sull. Shep. Welcome, fair ſhepherdeſs! Thy loving ſwain
Gives thee the ſelf-ſame wiſhes back again;
Who till this preſent hour ne'er knew that eye
Could make me croſs mine arms, or daily die
With freſh conſumings: Boldly tell me then,
How ſhall we part their faithful loves, and when?
Shall I belie him to her? ſhall I ſwear
His faith is falſe, and he loves ev'ry where?
I'll ſay he mock'd her th' other day to you,
Which will by your confirming ſhew as true;
For ſhe is of ſo pure an honeſty [29],
To think, becauſe ſhe will not, none will lie.
Or elſe to him I'll ſlander Amoret,
And ſay, ſhe but ſeems chaſte: I'll ſwear ſhe met
Me 'mongſt the ſhady ſycamores laſt night,
And looſely offer'd up her flame and ſprite
Into my boſom; made a wanton bed
Of leaves and many flowers, where ſhe ſpread
Her willing body to be preſs'd by me;
There have I carv'd her name on many a tree,
Together with mine own. To make this ſhew
More full of ſeeming, Hobinal you know,
Son to the aged ſhepherd of the glen,
Him I have ſorted out of many men,
To ſay he found us at our private ſport,
And rous'd us 'fore our time by his reſort:

[29] *For he is off.*] That Amoret's and not Perigot's purity of intention and ſimplicity of heart is here ſpoke of, is clear as the light; and yet this groſs miſtake, in this and the following line, has run through all the editions, not excepting the quartos publiſh'd in our Author's life-time. *Off*, for *of*, is only an error of the preſs in the very late editions. *Seward.*

There was but one quarto publiſhed in Fletcher's life-time; the ſecond is dated 1629, four years after his deceaſe.

This to confirm, I've promis'd to the boy
Many a pretty knack, and many a toy;
As gins to catch him birds, with bow and bolt[30],
To ſhoot at nimble ſquirrels in the holt[31];
A pair of painted buſkins, and a lamb,
Soft as his own locks, or the down of ſwan.
This I have done to win you, which doth give
Me double pleaſure: Diſcord makes me live.

Amar. Lov'd ſwain, I thank you! Theſe tricks might prevail
With other ruſtic ſhepherds, but will fail
Ev'n once to ſtir, much more to overthrow,
His fixed love from judgment, who doth know
Your nature, my end, and his choſen's merit;
Therefore ſome ſtronger way muſt force his ſpirit,
Which I have found: Give ſecond, and my love
Is everlaſting thine.

Sull. Shep. Try me, and prove.

Amar. Theſe happy pair of lovers meet ſtraightway,
Soon as they fold their flocks up with the day,
In the thick grove bord'ring upon yon hill,
In whoſe hard ſide Nature hath carv'd a well,
And, but that matchleſs ſpring which poets know,
Was ne'er the like to this: By it doth grow,
About the ſides, all herbs which witches uſe,
All ſimples good for med'cines or abuſe,
All ſweets that crown the happy nuptial day,
With all their colours; there the month of May
Is ever dwelling, all is young and green;
There's not a graſs on which was ever ſeen
The falling autumn, or cold winter's hand;
So full of heat and virtue is the land

[30] *Bolt.*] *i. e.* An arrow. *R.*

[31] *Holt*] Is a wood or grove:

'Eke whanne Zephyrus, with his ſote breth,
'Enſpirede hath, in every *holt* and heth.'

Prologue to Chaucer's Canterbury Tales, Dr. Morell's edit. 1737, p. 2.

R.

About

About this fountain, which doth ſlowly break,
Below yon mountain's foot, into a creek
That waters all the valley, giving fiſh
Of many ſorts, to fill the ſhepherd's diſh.
This holy well (my grandame that is dead,
Right wiſe in charms, hath often to me ſaid)
Hath pow'r to change the form of any creature,
Being thrice dipp'd o'er the head, into what feature
Or ſhape 'twould pleaſe the letter-down to crave,
Who muſt pronounce this charm too, which ſhe gave
Me on her death-bed; told me what, and how,
I ſhould apply unto the patient's brow,
That would be chang'd, caſting them thrice aſleep,
Before I truſted them into this deep:
All this ſhe ſhew'd me, and did charge me prove
This ſecret of her art, if croſt in love.
I'll this attempt! Now, ſhepherd, I have here
All her preſcriptions, and I will not fear
To be myſelf dipp'd: Come, my temples bind
With theſe ſad herbs, and when I ſleep, you find,
As you do ſpeak your charm, thrice down me let,
And bid the water raiſe me Amoret;
Which being done, leave me to my affair,
And ere the day ſhall quite itſelf outwear,
I will return unto my ſhepherd's arm;
Dip me again, and then repeat this charm,
And pluck me up myſelf, whom freely take,
And the hot'ſt fire of thine affection ſlake.

Sull. Shep. And if I fit thee not, then fit not me.
I long the truth of this well's pow'r to ſee! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Daphnis.

Daph. Here will I ſtay, for this the covert is
Where I appointed Cloe. Do not miſs,
Thou bright-ey'd virgin! Come, oh, come, my fair!
Be not abus'd with fear, nor let cold care
Of honour ſtay thee from thy ſhepherd's arm,
Who would as hard be won to offer harm
To thy chaſte thoughts, as whiteneſs from the day,
Or yon great round to move another way.

My language ſhall be honeſt, full of truth,
My flames as ſmooth and ſpotleſs as my youth;
I will not entertain that wandring thought,
Whoſe eaſy current may at length be brought
To a looſe vaſtneſs.

Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!

Daph. 'Tis her voice,
And I muſt anſwer.—Cloe!—Oh, the choice
Of dear embraces, chaſte and holy ſtrains
Our hands ſhall give!—I charge you, all my veins
Thro' which the blood and ſpirit take their way,
Lock up your diſobedient heats, and ſtay
Thoſe mutinous deſires that elſe would grow
To ſtrong rebellion! Do not wilder ſhew
Than bluſhing modeſty may entertain.

Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!

Daph. There ſounds that bleſſed name again,
And I will meet it. Let me not miſtake;

Enter Alexis.

This is ſome ſhepherd! Sure I am awake!
What may this riddle mean? I will retire,
To give myſelf more knowledge.

Alexis. Oh, my fire,
How thou conſum'ſt me? Cloe, anſwer me!
Alexis, ſtrong Alexis, high and free,
Calls upon Cloe. See, mine arms are full
Of entertainment, ready for to pull
That golden fruit which too, too long hath hung,
Tempting the greedy eye. Thou ſtay'ſt too long;
I am impatient of theſe mad delays;
I muſt not leave unſought thoſe many ways
That lead into this centre, till I find
Quench for my burning luſt. I come, unkind! [*Exit.*

Daph. Can my imagination work me ſo much ill,
That I may credit this for truth, and ſtill
Believe mine eyes? or ſhall I firmly hold
Her yet untainted, and theſe ſights but bold
Illuſion? Sure, ſuch fancies oft have been
Sent to abuſe true love, and yet are ſeen,

Daring

Daring to blind the virtuous thought with error:
But be they far from me, with their fond terror!
I am reſolv'd my Cloe yet is true.

Cloe [*within*]. Cloe!

Daph. Hark! Cloe! Sure this voice is new,
Whoſe ſhrillneſs, like the ſounding of a bell,
Tells me it is a woman. Cloe! tell
Thy bleſſed name again.

Cloe [*within*]. Cloe! Here!

Daph. Oh, what a grief is this to be ſo near,
And not encounter!

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. Shepherd, we are met.
Draw cloſe into the covert, leſt the wet,
Which falls like lazy miſts upon the ground,
Soke thro' your ſtartups[32].

Daph. Faireſt, are you found?
How have we wander'd, that the better part
Of this good night is periſh'd? Oh, my heart!
How have I long'd to meet you, how to kiſs
Thoſe lilly hands, how to receive the bliſs
That charming tongue gives to the happy ear
Of him that drinks your language! But I fear
I am too much unmanner'd, far too rude,
And almoſt grown laſcivious, to intrude
Theſe hot behaviours; where regard of fame,
Honour and modeſty, a virtuous name,
And ſuch diſcourſe as one fair ſiſter may
Without offence unto the brother ſay,
Should rather have been tender'd. But, believe,
Here dwells a better temper; do not grieve

[32] *Startups.*] The word *ſtartups*, or, as it is there ſpelt, *ſtartopes*, occurs in the following lines of Warner's Albion's England; and Dr. Percy explains it to ſignify, 'buſkins worn by ruſtics, laced down 'before:'

'He borrowed on the working daies
'His holy ruſſets oft,
'And of the bacon fat to make,
'His *ſtartopes* black and ſoft.' *R.*

Then, ever kindeſt, that my firſt ſalute
Seaſons ſo much of fancy; I am mute
Henceforth to all diſcourſes, but ſhall be
Suiting to your ſweet thoughts and modeſty,
Indeed, I will not aſk a kiſs of you,
No, not to wring your fingers, nor to ſue
To thoſe bleſs'd pair of fixed ſtars for ſmiles;
All a young lover's cunning, all his wiles,
And pretty wanton dyings, ſhall to me
Be ſtrangers; only to your chaſtity
I am devoted ever.

Cloe. Honeſt ſwain,
Firſt let me thank you, then return again
As much of my love.——[*Aſide.*] No, thou art too cold,
Unhappy boy; not temper'd to my mould;
Thy blood falls heavy downward; 'tis not fear
T' offend in boldneſs, wins; they never wear
Deſerved favours, that deny to take
When they are offer'd freely. Do I wake,
To ſee a man of his youth, years and feature,
And ſuch a one as we call goodly creature,
Thus backward? What a world of precious art
Were merely loſt, to make him do his part?
But I will ſhake him off, that dares not hold:
Let men that hope to be belov'd be bold!——
Daphnis, I do deſire, ſince we are met
So happily, our lives and fortunes ſet
Upon one ſtake, to give aſſurance now,
By interchange of hands and holy vow,
Never to break again. Walk you that way,
Whilſt I in zealous meditation ſtray
A little this way: When we both have ended
Theſe rites and duties, by the woods befriended,
And ſecrecy of night, retire and find
An aged oak, whoſe hollowneſs may bind
Us both within his body; thither go;
It ſtands within yon bottom.

Daph. Be it ſo. [*Exit.*

Cloe.

Cloe. And I will meet there never more with thee,
Thou idle ſhamefac'dneſs!

Alexis [*within*]. Cloe!

Cloe. 'Tis he
That dare, I hope, be bolder.

Alexis. Cloe!

Cloe. Now,
Great Pan, for Syrinx' ſake, bid ſpeed our plow!

Exit.

ACT III.

Enter Sullen Shepherd, with Amarillis in a ſleep.

Sull. Shep. FROM thy forehead thus I take
Theſe herbs, and charge thee not awake
'Till in yonder holy well,
Thrice with pow'rful magick ſpell,
Fill'd with many a baleful word,
Thou'ſt been dipp'd. Thus, with my cord
Of blaſted hemp, by moon-light twin'd,
I do thy ſleepy body bind:
I turn thy head into the Eaſt,
And thy feet into the Weſt,
Thy left arm to the South put forth,
And thy right unto the North:
I take thy body from the ground,
In this deep and deadly ſwound,
And into this holy ſpring
I let thee ſlide down by my ſtring.
Take this maid, thou holy pit,
To thy bottom; nearer yet;
In thy water pure and ſweet,
By thy leave I dip her feet;
Thus I let her lower yet,
That her ankles may be wet;

Yet down lower, let her knee
In thy waters waſhed be;
There I ſtop[33]. Now fly away,
Ev'ry thing that loves the day:
Truth, that hath but one face[34],
Thus I charm thee from this place.
Snakes, that caſt your coats for new,
Camelions, that alter hue,
Hares that yearly ſexes change,
Proteus alt'ring oft and ſtrange,
Hecate, with ſhapes three,
Let this maiden changed be,
With this holy water wet,
To the ſhape of Amoret.
Cynthia, work thou with my charm!
Thus I draw thee, free from harm,
Up out of this bleſſed lake.
Riſe, both like her, and awake! [*She awakes.*

Amar. Speak, ſhepherd, am I Amoret to ſight?
Or haſt thou miſs'd in any magick rite,
For want of which any defect in me,
May make our practices diſcover'd be?

---

[33] *There ſtop: Fly away.*] This unmuſical hemiſtich was probably occaſioned by the loſs of one or more words, which Mr. Sympſon and I hope that we have retrieved; becauſe the ſenſe, as well as meaſure, is improved by our addition. For, according to the mangled text above, he ſeems to dip her no lower than her knee, whereas the charm required him to dip her thrice over-head: And we accordingly find three different periods in the following incantation. At the firſt dip, he charms away truth: at the ſecond, he calls on ſeveral animals and beings remarkable for changes; at the third, on Cynthia, or the Moon, the moſt frequent changer of all. [*Seward.*

[34] *Truth, that* hath *but one face.*] Mr. Seward diſliking this verſe, reads,

Truth, that beareth *but one face*;

but the metre is ſo frequently inaccurate, and the accent violated, that any alteration of the old text, merely for the ſake of harmony, is unwarrantable. The line may be read thus,

Trúth | thát hath | but óne | face;

which will render it, though not very melodious, full as tolerable as many others in the play.

Sull.

Sull. Shep. By yonder moon, but that I here do ſtand,
Whoſe breath hath thus transform'd thee, and whoſe hand
Let thee down dry, and pluck'd thee up thus wet,
I ſhould myſelf take thee for Amoret!
Thou art, in cloaths, in feature, voice and hue,
So like, that ſenſe cannot diſtinguiſh you.

Amar. Then this deceit which cannot croſſed be,
At once ſhall loſe her him, and gain thee me.
Hither ſhe needs muſt come, by promiſe made;
And ſure, his nature never was ſo bad,
To bid a virgin meet him in the wood,
When night and fear are up, but underſtood
'Twas his part to come firſt. Being come, I'll ſay,
My conſtant love made me come firſt and ſtay:
Then will I lead him further to the grove;
But ſtay you here, and, if his own true love
Shall ſeek him here, ſet her in ſome wrong path,
Which ſay, her lover lately trodden hath;
I'll not be far from hence. If need there be,
Here is another charm, whoſe pow'r will free
The dazzled ſenſe, read by the moon's beams clear,
And in my own true ſhape make me appear.

Enter Perigot.

Sull. Shep. Stand cloſe! Here's Perigot; whoſe conſtant heart
Longs to behold her in whoſe ſhape thou art.

Per. This is the place.—Fair Amoret!—The hour
Is yet ſcarce come. Here every ſylvan pow'r
Delights to be about yon ſacred well,
Which they have bleſs'd with many a pow'rful ſpell;
For never traveller in dead of night,
Nor ſtrayed beaſts have fall'n in, but when ſight
Hath fail'd them, then their right way they have found
By help of them; ſo holy is the ground.
But I will further ſeek, leſt Amoret
Should be firſt come, and ſo ſtray long unmet.

My

My Amoret, Amoret! [*Exit.*

Amar. Perigot!

Per. My love!

Amar. I come, my love! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. Now ſhe hath got
Her own deſires, and I ſhall gainer be
Of my long-look'd-for hopes, as well as ſhe.
How bright the moon ſhines here, as if ſhe ſtrove
To ſhew her glory in this little grove

Enter Amoret.

To ſome new-loved ſhepherd! Yonder is
Another Amoret. Where differs this
From that? But that ſhe Perigot hath met,
I ſhould have ta'en this for the counterfeit.
Herbs, woods, and ſprings, the pow'r that in you lies,
If mortal men could know your properties!

Amo. Methinks it is not night; I have no fear,
Walking this wood, of lion, or the bear,
Whoſe names at other times have made me quake,
When any ſhepherdeſs in her tale ſpake
Of ſome of them, that underneath a wood
Have torn true lovers that together ſtood.
Methinks there are no goblins, and mens' talk,
That in theſe woods the nimble fairies walk,
Are fables; ſuch a ſtrong heart I have got,
Becauſe I come to meet with Perigot.
My Perigot! Who's that? my Perigot!

Sull. Shep. Fair maid!

Amo. Ah me, thou art not Perigot!

Sull. Shep. But I can tell you news of Perigot:
An hour together under yonder tree
He ſat with wreathed arms, and call'd on thee,
And ſaid, 'Why, Amoret, ſtay'ſt thou ſo long?'
Then ſtarting up, down yonder path he flung,
Leſt thou hadſt miſs'd thy way. Were it day-light,
He could not yet have borne him out of ſight.

Amo. Thanks, gentle ſhepherd; and beſhrew my fear,
That made me fearful I had loſt my way!

As faſt as my weak legs (that cannot be
Weary with ſeeking him) will carry me,
I'll ſeek him out; and for thy courteſy,
Pray Pan thy love may ever follow thee! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. How bright ſhe was, how lovely did ſhe ſhew!
Was it not pity to deceive her ſo?
She pluck'd her garments up, and tripp'd away,
And with a virgin innocence did pray
For me that perjur'd her[35]. Whilſt ſhe was here,
Methought the beams of light that did appear
Were ſhot from her; methought the moon gave none,
But what it had from her. She was alone
With me; if then her preſence did ſo move,
Why did not I eſſay to win her love?
She would not ſure have yielded unto me?
Women love only opportunity,
And not the man; or if ſhe had denied,
Alone, I might have forc'd her to have tried
Who had been ſtronger. Oh, vain fool, to let
Such bleſs'd occaſion paſs! I'll follow yet;
My blood is up; I cannot now forbear.

Enter Alexis and Cloe.

I come, ſweet Amoret!—Soft, who is here?
A pair of lovers? He ſhall yield her me:
Now luſt is up, alike all women be.

Alexis. Where ſhall we reſt?—But for the love of me,
Cloe, I know, ere this would weary be.

Cloe. Alexis, let us reſt here, if the place
Be private, and out of the common trace
Of ev'ry ſhepherd; for, I underſtood,
This night a number are about the wood:
Then let us chuſe ſome place, where out of ſight
We freely may enjoy our ſtol'n delight.

Alexis. Then boldly here, where we ſhall ne'er be found;
No ſhepherd's way lies here, 'tis hallow'd ground;

35, *That* perjured *her.*] *i. e.* That ſwore falſe to her.

No

No maid ſeeks here her ſtrayed cow, or ſheep;
Fairies and fawns, and ſatyrs do it keep:
Then careleſſy reſt here, and clip and kiſs,
And let no fear make us our pleaſures miſs.

Cloe. Then lie by me; the ſooner we begin,
The longer ere the day deſcry our ſin.

Sull. Shep. Forbear to touch my love; or, by yon flame,
The greateſt pow'r[36] that ſhepherds dare to name,
Here where thou ſit'ſt, under this holy tree,
Her to diſhonour, thou ſhalt buried be!

Alexis. If Pan himſelf ſhould come out of the lawns,
With all his troops of ſatyrs and of fawns,
And bid me leave, I ſwear by her two eyes,
(A greater oath than thine) I would not riſe!

Sull. Shep. Then from the cold earth never thou ſhalt move,
But loſe at one ſtroke both thy life and love.

Cloe. Hold, gentle ſhepherd!

Sull. Shep. Faireſt ſhepherdeſs,
Come you with me; I do not love you leſs
Than that fond man, that would have kept you there
From me of more deſert.

Alexis. Oh, yet forbear

---

[36] ——— *or by yon flame,*

The *greateſt pow'r*, &c.] Mr. Seward, after declaring his doubts of *the Moon* being meant by the *greateſt pow'r*, ſays, 'But perhaps, 'the Poet might mean by *yon flame*, the flame on Pan's altar, ſpoke 'of in the laſt act.

'——— *by all the rites*
'*Due to our god, and by thoſe virgin lights*
'*That burn before his altar*——

'But if this be the Poet's intention, it is very obſcure, unleſs he ſup-'poſed his ſhepherds ſo far to follow the cuſtoms of the ancient 'Greeks, as to have an altar always upon the ſtage they acted on.' He then alters *the* to *and*, ſuppoſing the Poet to have meant, 'the '*Moon* AND *Pan*, the two common powers which the ſhepherds in all 'other ſcenes ſwear by.' For our parts, we think the Moon ſingly is meant, which ſeems confirmed by the Satyr,

Now, whilſt the Moon *doth rule the ſky.*

To

To take her from me! Give me leave to die
By her!

The Satyr enters; the Sullen Shepherd runs one way, and Cloe another.

Sat. Now, whilſt the moon doth rule the ſky,
And the ſtars, whoſe feeble light
Give a pale ſhadow to the night,
Are up, great Pan commanded me
To walk this grove about, whilſt he,
In a corner of the wood,
Where never mortal foot hath ſtood,
Keeps dancing, muſic, and a feaſt,
To entertain a lovely gueſt:
Where he gives her many a roſe,
Sweeter than the breath that blows
The leaves; grapes, berries of the beſt;
I never ſaw ſo great a feaſt.
But, to my charge: Here muſt I ſtay,
To ſee what mortals loſe their way,
And by a falſe fire ſeeming bright,
Train them in and leave them right.
Then muſt I watch if any be
Forcing of a chaſtity;
If I find it, then in haſte
Give my wreathed horn a blaſt,
And the fairies all will run,
Wildly dancing by the moon,
And will pinch him to the bone,
Till his luſtful thoughts be gone.

Alexis. Oh, death!

Sat. Back again about this ground;
Sure I hear a mortal ſound.
I bind thee by this pow'rful ſpell,
By the waters of this well,
By the glimm'ring moon-beams bright,
Speak again, thou mortal wight!

Alexis. Oh!

Sat. Here the fooliſh mortal lies,
Sleeping on the ground. Ariſe!

The

The poor wight is almoſt dead;
On the ground his wounds have bled,
And his cloaths foul'd with his blood!
To my goddeſs in the wood
Will I lead him, whoſe hands pure
Will help this mortal wight to cure.

[*Exit, with Alexis.*

Enter Cloe again.

Cloe. Since I beheld yon ſhaggy man, my breaſt
Doth pant; each buſh, methinks, ſhould hide a beaſt.
Yet my deſire keeps ſtill above my fear:
I would fain meet ſome ſhepherd, knew I where;
For from one cauſe of fear I am moſt free,
It is impoſſible to raviſh me,
I am ſo willing. Here upon this ground
I left my love, all bloody with his wound;
Yet[37], till that fearful ſhape made me be gone,
Tho' he were hurt, I furniſh'd was of one;
But now both loſt. Alexis, ſpeak or move,
If thou haſt any life; thou'rt yet my love!
He's dead, or elſe is with his little might
Crept from the bank for fear of that ill ſprite.
Then where art thou that ſtruck'ſt my love? Oh, ſtay!
Bring me thyſelf in change, and then I'll ſay
Thou haſt ſome juſtice: I will make thee trim
With flow'rs and garlands that were meant for him;
I'll clip thee round with both mine arms, as faſt
As I did mean he ſhould have been embrac'd.
But, thou art fled! What hope is left for me?
I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be ſmall,
To make him bold; rather than none at all,
I'll try his heart[38]; and my behaviour too,
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do. [*Exit.*

[37] *Yet*, till *that fearful ſhape.*] The Editors of 1750, we know not why, read *ſtill* for *till*; a variation which ſeems to have been deſigned, being mentioned in neither Appendix nor Errata.

[38] *I'll try* him; *his heart, and my behaviour too*
Perhaps may teach him what he ought to do.] Though this

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. This was the place. 'Twas but my feeble ſight,
Mix'd with the horror of my deed, and night,
That ſhap'd theſe fears, and made me run away,
And loſe my beauteous hardly-gotten prey.
Speak, gentle ſhepherdeſs! I am alone,
And tender love for love. But ſhe is gone.
From me, that, having ſtruck her lover dead,
For ſilly fear left her alone, and fled.
And ſee, the wounded body is remov'd
By her of whom it was ſo well belov'd.

Enter Perigot, and Amarillis in the ſhape of Amoret.

But all theſe fancies muſt be quite forgot;
I muſt lie cloſe. Here comes young Perigot,
With ſubtle Amarillis in the ſhape
Of Amoret. Pray love, he may not ſcape!

Amar. Beloved Perigot, ſhew me ſome place,
Where I may reſt my limbs, weak with the chace
Of thee, an hour before thou cam'ſt at leaſt.

Peri. Beſhrew my tardy ſteps! Here ſhalt thou reſt
Upon this holy bank [39]: No deadly ſnake
Upon this turf herſelf in folds doth make;

---

the reading of all the copies, we do not doubt its being corrupt. The foregoing lines, as well as the meaſure, ſeem to countenance the alteration we have made. Take the text altogether;

I'll run to Daphnis in the hollow tree,
Who I did mean to mock, tho' hope be ſmall
To make him bold; *rather than none at all,*
I'll try his heart; *and my behaviour too,*
Perhaps, may teach him what he ought to do.

Hence it appears, that ſhe doubted of his *heart* and *boldneſs*, and relied chiefly on *her own behaviour* to inſpire him with confidence. This interpretation, which gives the obvious meaning of the paſſage, naturally leads to the reading which we have adopted, believing it to be genuine.

[39] *Upon this holy bank.*] I have before obſerved that this paſſage equals the moſt deſcriptive beauties of Theocritus and Virgil; though the ideas are all negative, they ſtrike the imagination as pleaſingly, and perhaps more ſtrongly, than poſitive ones. Shakeſpeare often delights

Here is no poiſon for the toad to feed;
Here boldly ſpread thy hands, no venom'd weed
Dares bliſter them; no ſlimy ſnail dare creep
Over thy face when thou art faſt aſleep;
Here never durſt the babbling cuckow ſit [40];
No ſlough of falling ſtar did ever hit
Upon this bank; let this thy cabin be,
This other, ſet with violets, for me.

Amar. Thou doſt not love me Perigot.

Peri. Faiſ maid,
You only love to hear it often ſaid;
You do not doubt.

Amar. Believe me, but I do.

Peri. What, ſhall we now begin again to wooe?
'Tis the beſt way to make your lover laſt,
To play with him, when you have caught him faſt.

Amar. By Pan I ſwear, I loved Perigot,
And, by yon moon, I think thou lov'ſt me not.

---

delights in ſuch negative deſcriptions. Thus, Midſummer Night's Dream, act ii. the fairy ſong,

'You ſpotted ſnakes with double tongue,
'Thorny hedgehogs, be not ſeen;
'Newts and blind-worms do no wrong,
'Come not near our fairy queen.'

This ſong is again imitated by Fletcher, in the ſong of the River-God in the next ſcene; but in the lines referred to above, he had more immediately in his eye the deſcription of a bank by Shakeſpeare, in the ſame play and act.

'I know a bank, whereon the wild thyme blows,
'Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows;
'O'er-canopy'd with luſcious woodbine,
'With ſweet muſk-roſes, and with eglantine:
'And there the ſnake throws her enamel'd ſkin,
'Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in.' *Seward.*

[40] *Here never durſt the babbling cuckow* ſpit.] To *ſpit* is not, as we believe, a property of the cuckow; we have therefore altered *ſpit* to *ſit*; *i. e.* 'Your ſleep ſhall not be diſturbed with her idle note.' A beautiful paſſage in the laſt act ſeems to confirm this reading.

The nightingale, among the thick-leav'd ſpring
That ſits alone in ſorrow, and doth ſing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy, that ſtill doth howl
Againſt the moon's cold beams.

Peri-

Peri. By Pan I ſwear (and, if I falſly ſwear,
Let him not guard my flocks; let foxes tear
My earlieſt lambs, and wolves, whiſt I do ſleep,
Fall on the reſt; a rot among my ſheep!)
I love thee better than the careful ewe
The new-yean'd lamb that is of her own hue;
I dote upon thee more than the young lamb
Doth on the bag that feeds him from his dam.
Were there a ſort of wolves got in my fold,
And one ran after thee, both young and old
Should be devour'd, and it ſhould be my ſtrife
To ſave thee, whom I love above my life.

Amar. How ſhall I truſt thee, when I ſee thee chuſe
Another bed, and doſt my ſide refuſe?

Peri. 'Twas only that the chaſte thoughts might be ſhewn
'Twixt thee and me, although we were alone.

Amar. Come, Perigot will ſhew his pow'r, that he
Can make his Am'ret, tho' ſhe weary be,
Riſe nimbly from her couch, and come to his.
Here, take thy Amoret; embrace, and kiſs!

Peri. What means my love?

Amar. To do as lovers ſhould,
That are to be enjoy'd, not to be woo'd.
There's ne'er a ſhepherdeſs in all the plain
Can kiſs thee with more art; there's none can fain
More wanton tricks.

Peri. Forbear, dear ſoul, to try
Whether my heart be pure; I'll rather die
Than nouriſh one thought to diſhonour thee.

Amar. Still think'ſt thou ſuch a thing as chaſtity
Is amongſt women? Perigot, there's none
That with her love is in a wood alone,
And would come home a maid: Be not abus'd
With thy fond firſt belief; let time be us'd.—
Why doſt thou riſe?

Peri. My true heart thou haſt ſlain!

Amar. Faith, Perigot, I'll pluck thee down again.

Peri. Let go, thou ſerpent, that into my breaſt
Haſt with thy cunning div'd! Art not in jeſt?

Amar. Sweet love, lie down!

Peri. Since this I live to ſee,
Some bitter North wind blaſt my flocks and me!

Amar. You ſwore you lov'd, yet will not do my will.

Peri. Oh, be as thou wert once, I'll love thee ſtill.

Amar. I am as ſtill I was, and all my kind;
Tho' other ſhows we have, poor men to blind.

Peri. Then here I end all love; and, leſt my vain
Belief ſhould ever draw me in again,
Before thy face, that haſt my youth miſled,
I end my life! My blood be on thy head!

Amar. Oh, hold thy hands, thy Amoret doth cry.

Peri. Thou counſell'ſt well; firſt, Amoret ſhall die,
That is the cauſe of my eternal ſmart! [*He runs after her.*

Amar. Oh, hold! [*Exit.*

Peri. This ſteel ſhall pierce thy luſtful heart! [*Exit.*

[*The Sullen Shepherd ſteps out, and uncharms her:*

Sull. Shep. Up and down, every where,
I ſtrew theſe herbs, to purge the air:
Let your odour drive hence
All miſts that dazzle ſenſe[41].
Herbs and ſprings, whoſe hidden might
Alters ſhapes, and mocks the ſight,

---

[41] *Let your odor driue hence*
All miſtes *that dazell ſence.*

Let her flye, let her ſcape,
Giue againe her owne *ſhape.*] For the firſt of theſe lines, Mr. Seward reads,

Let your odour drive from *hence*;

but not finding a ſuitable meaſure in the ſecond, entertains us with ſome remarks on *miſtes* being read and ſpoken as two ſyllables. In the third line, he interpolates *and*;

Let her fly, and *let her ſcape*;

but the fourth ill-naturedly refuſing to countenance ſuch meaſure, he again amuſes us with ſuppoſing *own* ſhould be conſidered as two ſyllables, *owne*. Yet this does not ſeem ſatisfactory even to himſelf, and therefore he chuſes to have it,

Give again her former *ſhape.*

Surely theſe freedoms muſt be looked upon with great jealouſy; but with much more muſt we behold ſimilar liberties taken, and not even remarked in the notes; of which the inſtances may be pronounced to be almoſt innumerable.

Thus

Thus I charge ye to undo
All before I brought ye to!
Let her fly, let her ſcape;
Give again her own ſhape!

Enter Amarillis, in her own ſhape, Perigot following.

Amar. Forbear, thou gentle ſwain! thou doſt miſtake;
She whom thou follow'dſt fled into the brake,
And as I croſs'd thy way I met thy wrath;
The only fear of which near ſlain me hath[42].

Peri. Pardon, fair ſhepherdeſs! my rage, and night,
Were both upon me, and beguil'd my ſight;
But, far be it from me to ſpill the blood
Of harmleſs maids that wander in the wood.
[*Exit Amar.*

Enter Amoret.

Amo. Many a weary ſtep, in yonder path,
Poor hopeleſs Amoret twice trodden hath,
To ſeek her Perigot, yet cannot hear
His voice. My Perigot! She loves thee dear
That calls.

Peri. See yonder where ſhe is! how fair
She ſhews! and yet her breath infects the air.

Amo. My Perigot!

Peri. Here.

Amo. Happy!

Peri. Hapleſs! firſt
It lights on thee: the next blow is the worſt.
[*Strikes her.*

Amo. Stay, Perigot! my love! thou art unjuſt.

Peri. Death is the beſt reward that's due to luſt.
[*Exit Peri.*

Sull. Shep. Now ſhall their love be croſs'd; for, being ſtruck,
I'll throw her in the fount, leſt being took
By ſome night traveller, whoſe honeſt care
May help to cure her. Shepherdeſs, prepare

[42] *The only fear of which neere ſlain me hath.*] Thus the quartos; the abuſed folio of 1679, ſays *near*; the octavo of 1711, *ne'er*; which the Editors of 1750 follow!

Yourſelf to die!

Amo. No mercy I do crave:
Thou canſt not give a worſe blow than I have.
Tell him that gave me this, who lov'd him too,
He ſtruck my ſoul, and not my body, thro'.
Tell him, when I am dead, my ſoul ſhall be
At peace, if he but think he injur'd me.

Sull. Shep. In this fount be thy grave. Thou wert not meant
Sure for a woman, thou'rt ſo innocent.
[*Flings her into the well.*
She cannot 'ſcape, for, underneath the ground,
In a long hollow the clear ſpring is bound,
'Till on yon ſide, where the morn's ſun doth look,
The ſtruggling water breaks out in a brook. [*Exit.*

The God of the River riſeth with Amoret in his arms.

God. What pow'rful charms my ſtreams do bring
Back again unto their ſpring,
With ſuch force, that I their God,
Three times ſtriking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks?
My fiſhes ſhoot into the banks;
There's not one that ſtays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almoſt dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd ſo with many a ſpell,
That 'till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female young and clear,
Caſt in by ſome raviſher,
See, upon her breaſt a wound,
On which there is no plaiſter bound
Yet ſhe's warm, her pulſes beat,
'Tis a ſign of life and heat.
If thou be'ſt a virgin pure,
I can give a preſent cure:

Take

Take a drop into thy wound[43],
From my watry locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaſte fleſh may endure.
See, ſhe pants, and from her fleſh
The warm blood guſheth out afreſh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I muſt have this bleeding ſtaid.
From my banks I pluck this flow'r
With holy hand, whoſe virtuous pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never ſaw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly ſlumber: Virgin, ſpeak.

Amo. Who hath reſtor'd my ſenſe, giv'n me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?

---

[43] *Take a drop into thy wound*
From my watry locks more round
Than orient pearl.] Nothing can be more beautiful than this piece of machinery, whether it be conſider'd as an allegory, viz. That the coldneſs of the water ſtopt the bleeding of the wound; or be looked on as the mere produce of *fancy* in a ſpecies of poetry which admits the introduction of Fauns, River-Gods, and all the rural deities. In either of theſe lights how ſtriking and pictureſque are the images? What delicacy of ſtile, and harmony of numbers? what paſtoral purity and propriety in the ſentiments? Milton copied it in the ſcene of Sabrina, at the latter end of Comus, and perhaps more cloſely than Virgil ever did any one paſſage of Homer in his Æneid, or of Theocritus in his Eclogues. This healing of the wound he imitates in his diſſolution of Comus's ſpell.

'Thus I ſprinkle on thy breaſt
'Drops, that from my fountain pure
'I have kept of precious cure:
'Thrice upon thy finger's tip,
'Thrice upon thy rubied lip.
'Next this marble venom'd ſeat
'Smear'd with gums of glutinous heat,
'I touch with chaſte hands moiſt and cold.
'Now the ſpell hath loſt its hold.'

The two laſt of theſe lines are a more immediate imitation of what Clorin afterwards ſays in healing Amoret's ſecond wound.

With ſpotleſs hand on ſpotleſs breaſt
I put theſe herbs, to give thee reſt. *Seward.*

God. I have heal'd thy wounds.

Amo. Ah me!

God. Fear not him that ſuccour'd thee:
I am this fountain's God[44]! Below
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with oſiers ſet,
That only proſper in the wet,
Thro' the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling ſtill on ev'ry ſide,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'ſt channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool ſtream ſhalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I:
I will give thee for thy food
No fiſh that uſeth in the mud;

---

[44] *I am this fountain's God,* &c.] This beautiful deſcription of a brook Milton makes Sabrina imitate in the deſcription of herſelf.

'By the ruſhy-fringed bank,
'Where grows the willow, and the oſier dank,
'My ſliding chariot ſtays,
'Thick ſet with agat and the azurn ſheen
'Of turkois blue, and emerauld green,
'That in the channel ſtrays.'

I believe the reader will agree with me, that Milton's images here have more of pomp, but not ſo much of natural beauty as thoſe of Fletcher. Sir John Davies, a contemporary of our Authors, in his excellent poem on the Immortality of the Soul, has a beautiful ſimile from a brook thus wandring in Meanders.

'And as the moiſture, which the thirſty earth
'Sucks from the ſea, to fill her empty veins,
'From out her womb at laſt doth take a birth,
'And runs a nymph along the graſſy plains.
'Long doth ſhe ſtay, as loth to leave the land,
'From whoſe ſoft ſide ſhe firſt did iſſue make;
'She taſtes all places, turns to every hand,
'Her flow'ry banks unwilling to forſake.
'Yet Nature ſo her ſtreams doth lead and carry,
'As that her courſe doth make no final ſtay,
'Till ſhe herſelf unto the ocean marry,
'Within whoſe watry boſom firſt ſhe lay.'

They who would ſee the fine application of this ſimile, may pleaſe to conſult the poem, and if they read from the beginning till they find it, their time will not be ill ſpent. *Seward.*

I will

But trout and pike, that love to ſwim
Where the gravel from the brim
Thro' the pure ſtreams may be ſeen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a ſhell to keep them in:
Not a fiſh in all my brook
That ſhall diſobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come ſliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee underſtand
How I can my waves command,
They ſhall bubble whilſt I ſing,
Sweeter than the ſilver ſtring.

THE SONG.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river ſweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou haſt trod;
Nor let the water riſing high,
As thou wad'ſt in, make thee cry
And ſob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave ſhall trouble thee!

Amo. Immortal pow'r, that rul'ſt this holy flood,
I know myſelf unworthy to be woo'd
By thee, a God! For ere this, but for thee,
I ſhould have ſhewn my weak mortality.
Beſides, by holy oath betwixt us twain,
I am betroth'd unto a ſhepherd ſwain,
Whoſe comely face, I know the gods above
May make me leave to ſee, but not to love.

God. May he prove to thee as true!
Faireſt virgin, now adieu!
I muſt make my waters fly,
Leſt they leave their channels dry [45],

[45] *I muſt make my waters fly,*
Leſt they leave their channels dry, &c.] The bounties of the river

 and

And beaſts that come unto the ſpring
Miſs their morning's watering,
Which I would not; for of late
All the neighbour people ſate
On my banks, and from the fold
Two white lambs of three weeks old

and the gratitude of the Shepherds are cloſely imitated by Milton in his deſcription of Sabrina.

' ——— ſtill ſhe retains
' Her maiden gentleneſs, and oft at eve
' Viſits the herds along the twilight meadows,
' Helping all urchin blaſt, and ill-luck ſigns
' That the ſhrewd medling elfe delights to make,
' Which ſhe with precious viol'd liquors heals.
' For which the ſhepherds at their feſtivals
' Carrol her goodneſs loud in ruſtick lays,
' And throw ſweet garland wreaths into her ſtream,
' Of pancies, pinks, and gaudy daffadils.'

I believe the reader will here again think that Milton has more pomp and ſublimity, but that the extreme prettineſs, delicacy and eaſe of Fletcher is more conſonant to the paſtoral, and conſequently more pleaſing. But this cannot be ſaid of Milton's imitation of Amoret's anſwer, in which Fletcher has no other advantage but that of writing firſt.

' Virgin daughter of Locrine,
' Sprung of old Anchiſes' line,
' May thy brimmed waves for this
' Their full tribute never miſs,
' From a thouſand petty rills
' That tumble down the ſnowy hills:
' Summer drought, or ſinged air,
' Never ſcorch thy treſſes fair,
' Nor wet October's torrent flood
' Thy molten cryſtal fill with mud;
' May thy billows roll aſhore
' The beryl, and the golden ore;
' May thy lofty head be crown'd
' With many a tow'r and terras round,
' And here and there thy banks upon
' With groves of myrrh, and cinnamon.'

The conſtruction of the two laſt of Milton's lines is a little difficult, to crown her head with tow'rs is true imagery; but to crown her head upon her banks, will ſcarcely be allowed to be ſo. I would therefore put a colon inſtead of a comma at the laſt line but two, and then read,

' And here and there thy banks upon
' Be groves of myrrh and cinnamon.'

Seward.

Offer'd

Offer'd to my deity:
For which this year they ſhall be free
From raging floods, that as they paſs
Leave their gravel in the graſs;
Nor ſhall their meads be overflown,
When their graſs is newly mown.
Amo. For thy kindneſs to me ſhewn,
Never from thy banks be blown
Any tree, with windy force,
Croſs thy ſtreams, to ſtop thy courſe;
May no beaſt that comes to drink,
With his horns caſt down thy brink;
May none that for thy fiſh do look,
Cut thy banks to damm thy brook;
Bare-foot may no neighbour wade
In thy cool ſtreams, wife or maid,
When the ſpawn on ſtones do lie,
To waſh their hemp, and ſpoil the fry!
God. Thanks, virgin! I muſt down again.
Thy wound will put thee to no pain:
Wonder not ſo ſoon 'tis gone;
A holy hand was laid upon. [*Exit.*
Amo. And I, unhappy born to be,
Muſt follow him that flies from me! [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

Enter Perigot.

Peri. SHE is untrue, unconſtant, and unkind;
She's gone, ſhe's gone! Blow high, thou North-weſt wind,
And raiſe the ſea to mountains; let the trees,
That dare oppoſe thy raging fury, leeſe
Their firm foundation; creep into the earth,
And ſhake the world, as at the monſtrous birth

Of

Of ſome new prodigy; whilſt I conſtant ſtand,
Holding this truſty boar-ſpear in my hand,
And falling thus upon it!

Enter Amarillis running.

Amar. Stay thy dead-doing hand! thou art too hot
Againſt thyſelf. Believe me, comely ſwain,
If that thou dieſt, not all the ſhow'rs of rain
The heavy clouds ſend down can waſh away
That foul unmanly guilt the world will lay
Upon thee. Yet thy love untainted ſtands:
Believe me, ſhe is conſtant; not the ſands
Can be ſo hardly number'd as ſhe won.
I do not trifle, ſhepherd; by the moon,
And all thoſe leſſer lights our eyes do view,
All that I told thee, Perigot, is true!
Then, be a free man; put away deſpair
And will to die; ſmooth gently up that fair
Dejected forehead; be as when thine eyes
Took the firſt heat.

Peri. Alas, he double dies
That would believe, but cannot! 'Tis not well
You keep me thus from dying, here to dwell
With many worſe companions. But, oh, death!
I am not yet enamour'd of this breath
So much, but I dare leave it; 'tis not pain
In forcing of a wound, nor after-gain
Of many days, can hold me from my will:
'Tis not myſelf, but Amoret, bids kill.

Amar. Stay but a little, little; but one hour;
And if I do not ſhew thee, thro' the pow'r
Of herbs and words I have, as dark as night,
Myſelf turn'd to thy Amoret, in ſight,
Her very figure, and the robe ſhe wears,
With tawny buſkins, and the hook ſhe bears
Of thine own carving, where your names are ſet,
Wrought underneath with many a curious fret,
The primroſe chaplet, taudry-lace [46], and ring,

[46] *Taudry lace.*] Mr. Sympſon obſerves, that the word *taudry* did not

Thou gav'ſt her for her ſinging, with each thing
Elſe that ſhe wears about her, let me feel
The firſt fell ſtroke of that revenging ſteel!

Peri. I am contented, if there be a hope,
To give it entertainment, for the ſcope
Of one poor hour. Go; you ſhall find me next
Under yon ſhady beech, ev'n thus perplex'd,
And thus believing.

Amar. Bind, before I go,
Thy ſoul by Pan unto me, not to do
Harm or outrageous wrong upon thy life,
'Till my return.

Peri. By Pan, and by the ſtrife
He had with Phœbus for the maſtery,
When golden Midas judg'd their minſtrelſy,
I will not! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Satyr, with Alexis hurt.

Sat. Softly gliding as I go,
With this burthen full of woe,
Thro' ſtill ſilence of the night,
Guided by the glow-worm's light,
Hither am I come at laſt.
Many a thicket have I paſt;
Not a twig that durſt deny me,
Not a buſh that durſt deſcry me,
To the little bird that ſleeps
On the tender ſpray; nor creeps
That hardy worm with pointed tail,
But if I be under ſail,
Flying faſter than the wind,
Leaving all the clouds behind,
But doth hide her tender head
In ſome hollow tree, or bed

---

not give formerly any low or ridiculous idea; the expreſſion is taken from Spenſer, who in his Shepherd's Calendar, the month April, calls the virgins decked in their beſt array to attend Queen Elizabeth.

'Bind your fillets faſt
'And gird in your waiſt
'For more fineneſs with a taudry-lace.' *Seward.*

Of

Of ſeeded nettles; not a hare
Can be ſtarted from his fare[47]
By my footing; nor a wiſh
Is more ſudden, nor a fiſh
Can be found with greater eaſe
Cut the vaſt unbounded ſeas,
Leaving neither print nor ſound,
Than I, when nimbly on the ground
I meaſure many a league an hour.
But, behold the happy pow'r, [*Seeing Clorin.*
That muſt eaſe me of my charge,
And by holy hand enlarge
The ſoul of this ſad man, that yet
Lies faſt bound in deadly fit.
Heav'n and great Pan ſuccour it!

Enter Clorin.

Hail, thou beauty of the bower,
Whiter than the paramour
Of my maſter! Let me crave
Thy virtuous help to keep from grave
This poor mortal, that here lies,
Waiting when the deſtinies
Will undo his thread of life.
View the wound by cruel knife
Trench'd into him.

Clor. What art thou call'ſt me from my holy rites,
And, with the feared name of death, affrights
My tender ears? Speak me thy name and will.

Sat. I am the Satyr that did fill
Your lap with early fruit; and will,
When I hap to gather more,
Bring you better and more ſtore.
Yet I come not empty now:
See a bloſſom from the bough;
But beſhrew his heart that pull'd it,
And his perfect ſight that cull'd it

[47] *Fare.*] We do not remember to have met with this word, in the ſenſe here adopted, before. *Fare*, in this place, ſeems to mean *form*.

From

From the other ſpringing blooms!
For a ſweeter youth the grooms
Cannot ſhew me, nor the downs,
Nor the many neighb'ring towns.
Low in yonder glade I found him;
Softly in mine arms I bound him;
Hither have I brought him ſleeping
In a trance, his wounds freſh weeping,
In remembrance ſuch youth may
Spring and periſh in a day.

Clor. Satyr, they wrong thee, that do term thee rude;
Tho' thou be'ſt outward rough, and tawny-hued,
Thy manners are as gentle and as fair
As his, who brags himſelf born only heir
To all humanity. Let me ſee the wound:
This herb will ſtay the current, being bound
Faſt to the orifice, and this reſtrain
Ulcers and ſwellings, and ſuch inward pain
As the cold air hath forc'd into the ſore;
This to draw out ſuch putrifying gore
As inward falls.

Sat. Heaven grant it may be good!

Clor. Fairly wipe away the blood:
Hold him gently, till I fling
Water of a virtuous ſpring
On his temples; turn him twice
To the moon-beams; pinch him thrice;
That the lab'ring ſoul may draw
From his great eclipſe.

Sat. I ſaw
His eye-lids moving.

Clor. Give him breath.
All the danger of cold death
Now is vaniſh'd; with this plaiſter,
And this unction, do I maſter
All the feſter'd ill that may
Give him grief another day.

Sat. See, he gathers up his ſprite,
And begins to hunt for light.

Now

Now he gapes and breathes again;
How the blood runs to the vein
That erſt was empty!

Alexis. Oh, my heart!
My deareſt, deareſt Cloe! Oh, the ſmart
Runs thro' my ſide! I feel ſome pointed thing
Paſs thro' my bowels, ſharper than the ſting
Of ſcorpion.——
Pan, preſerve me! what are you?
Do not hurt me! I am true
To my Cloe, tho' ſhe fly,
And leave me to this deſtiny:
There ſhe ſtands, and will not lend
Her ſmooth white hand to help her friend.
But I am much miſtaken, for that face
Bears more auſterity and modeſt grace,
More reproving and more awe,
Than theſe eyes yet ever ſaw
In my Cloe. Oh, my pain
Eagerly renews again!
Give me your help for his ſake you love beſt.

Clor. Shepherd, thou canſt not poſſibly take reſt,
'Till thou haſt laid aſide all heats, deſires,
Provoking thoughts that ſtir up luſty[48] fires,
Commerce with wanton eyes, ſtrong blood, and will
To execute; theſe muſt be purg'd, until
The veins grow whiter; then repent, and pray
Great Pan to keep you from the like decay,
And I ſhall undertake your cure with eaſe;
'Till when, this virtuous plaiſter will diſpleaſe
Your tender ſides. Give me your hand, and riſe!
Help him a little, Satyr; for his thighs
Yet are feeble.

Alexis. Sure I've loſt much blood.

Sat. 'Tis no matter; 'twas not good.

[48] Luſty *fires.*] Mr. Seward changes *luſty* to *luſtful*; but both words have the ſame import: We have therefore followed the old books. *Heats*, for *hearts*, in the preceding line, was reſtored by Theobald from the firſt quarto. Various inſtances of the uſe of *luſty* for *luſtful* are produced in the 31ſt note on the Cuſtom of the Country.

Mortal,

Mortal, you muſt leave your wooing:
Tho' there be a joy in doing,
Yet it brings much grief behind it;
They beſt feel it, that do find it.

Clor. Come, bring him in; I will attend his ſore.
When you are well, take heed you luſt no more.

Sat. Shepherd, ſee what comes of kiſſing;
By my head, 'twere better miſſing.—
Brighteſt, if there be remaining
Any ſervice, without feigning
I will do it; were I ſet
To catch the nimble wind, or get
Shadows gliding on the green,
Or to ſteal from the great queen
Of the fairies all her beauty;
I would do it, ſo much duty
Do I owe thoſe precious eyes.

Clor. I thank thee, honeſt Satyr. If the cries
Of any other, that be hurt, or ill,
Draw thee unto them, prithee do thy will
To bring them hither.

Sat. I will; and when the weather
Serves to angle in the brook,
I will bring a ſilver hook,
With a line of fineſt ſilk,
And a rod as white as milk,
To deceive the little fiſh:
So I take my leave, and wiſh
On this bow'r may ever dwell
Spring, and ſummer!

Clor. Friend, farewell! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Amoret, ſeeking her love.

Amo. This place is ominous; for here I loſt
My love, and almoſt life, and ſince have croſs'd
All theſe woods over; ne'er a nook or dell,
Where any little bird or beaſt doth dwell,
But I have ſought him; ne'er a bending brow
Of any hill, or glade the wind ſings thro',

Nor

Nor a green bank, nor ſhade where ſhepherds uſe
To ſit and riddle, ſweetly pipe, or chuſe
Their Valentines, that I have miſs'd, to find
My love in. Perigot! Oh, too unkind,
Why haſt thou fled me? Whither art thou gone?
How have I wrong'd thee? Was my love alone
To thee worth this ſcorn'd recompence[49]? 'Tis well;
I am content to feel it: But I tell
Thee, ſhepherd, and theſe luſty woods ſhall hear,
Forſaken Amoret is yet as clear
Of any ſtranger fire, as Heaven is
From foul corruption, or the deep abyſs
From light and happineſs! and thou may'ſt know
All this for truth, and how that fatal blow
Thou gav'ſt me, never from deſert of mine
Fell on my life, but from ſuſpect of thine,
Or fury more than madneſs[50]; therefore, here
Since I have loſt my life, my love, my dear,
Upon this curſed place, and on this green
That firſt divorc'd us, ſhortly ſhall be ſeen
A ſight of ſo great pity, that each eye
Shall daily ſpend his ſpring in memory
Of my untimely fall!

Enter Amarillis.

Amar. I am not blind,
Nor is it thro' the working of my mind,
That this ſhews Amoret. Forſake me, all
That dwell upon the ſoul, but what men call
Wonder, or more than wonder, miracle!
For ſure, ſo ſtrange as this, the oracle
Never gave anſwer of; it paſſeth dreams,
Of madmens' fancy, when the many ſtreams
Of new imaginations riſe and fall!
'Tis but an hour ſince theſe ears heard her call

49 *Was my love alone*
To thee worth this ſcorn'd recompence?] The conſtruction is rather hard; but, reſolved into plain proſe, the meaning is, 'Was my 'love worth only this ſcornful return?'

50 *Or fury more than madneſs.*] A rage even beyond frenzy.

For

For pity to young Perigot; while he,
Directed by his fury, bloodily
Lanch'd up her breaſt, which bloodleſs fell and cold;
And, if belief may credit what was told,
After all this, the Melancholy Swain
Took her into his arms, being almoſt ſlain,
And to the bottom of the holy well
Flung her, for ever with the waves to dwell.
'Tis ſhe, the very ſame; 'tis Amoret,
And living yet; the great pow'rs will not let
Their virtuous love be croſs'd. Maid, wipe away
Thoſe heavy drops of ſorrow, and allay
The ſtorm that yet goes high [51], which, not depreſt,
Breaks heart and life, and all, before it reſt.
Thy Perigot——

Amo. Where, which is Perigot?

Amar. Sits there below, lamenting much, God wot,
Thee and thy fortune. Go, and comfort him;
And thou ſhalt find him underneath a brim
Of ſailing pines, that edge yon mountain in.

Amo. I go, I run! Heav'n grant me I may win
His ſoul again! [*Exit.*

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay, Amarillis, ſtay!
You are too fleet; 'tis two hours yet to day.
I have perform'd my promiſe; let us ſit
And warm our bloods together, till the fit
Come lively on us.

Amar. Friend, you are too keen;
The morning riſeth, and we ſhall be ſeen;
Forbear a little.

Sull. Shep. I can ſtay no longer.

Amar. Hold, ſhepherd, hold! Learn not to be a wronger
Of your word [52]. Was not your promiſe laid,

[51] *The ſtorm that yet* goes *high.*] Mr. Seward and Mr. Sympſon recommend reading, BLOWS *high.*

[52] *Of your word.*] It may be proper to obſerve here, that *your*, *hour*, and ſeveral other words that are now always pronounced as monoſyllables,

To break their loves firſt?

Sull. Shep. I have done it, maid.

Amar. No; they are yet unbroken, met again,
And are as hard to part yet, as the ſtain
Is from the fineſt lawn.

Sull. Shep. I ſay, they are
Now at this preſent parted, and ſo far,
That they ſhall never meet.

Amar. Swain, 'tis not ſo;
For do but to yon hanging mountain go,
And there believe your eyes.

Sull. Shep. You do but hold
Off with delays and trifles. Farewell, cold
And frozen Baſhfulneſs, unfit for men!
Thus I ſalute thee, virgin!

Amar. And thus, then,
I bid you follow. Catch me, if you can! [*Exit.*

Sull. Shep. And, if I ſtay behind, I am no man!' [*Exit, running after her.*

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Night, do not ſteal away[53]! I wooe thee yet
To hold a hard hand o'er the ruſty bit
That guides thy lazy team. Go back again,
Bootes, thou that driv'ſt thy frozen wain
Round as a ring, and bring a ſecond night
To hide my ſorrows from the coming light!

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noſyllables, were by the old poets made one or two ſyllables at will; and every reader ſhould accuſtom his ear to ſuch liberties, if he hopes to free his judgment from the clogs of modern prejudice. *Seward.*

With all theſe allowances, the meaſure is often extremely licentious, and the accent injudiciouſly placed. See almoſt every ſcene of the play.

[53] *Night, do not ſteal away*, &c.] Milton ſeems to have had this paſſage before him when he wrote the following lines, for the Attendant Spirit, in Comus:

'At which I ceas'd, and liſten'd them a while,
'Till an unuſual ſtop of ſudden ſilence
Gave reſpite to the drowſy-flighted ſteeds,
That draw the litter of cloſe-curtained ſleep.' *R.*

Let

Let not the eyes of men ſtare on my face,
And read my falling! Give me ſome black place,
Where never ſun-beam ſhot his wholeſome light,
That I may ſit and pour out my ſad ſprite
Like running water, never to be known
After the forced fall and ſound is gone!

Enter Amoret, looking for Perigot.

Amo. This is the bottom. Speak, if thou be here,
My Perigot! Thy Amoret, thy dear,
Calls on thy loved name.

Peri. What art [54] thou dare
Tread theſe forbidden paths, where death and care
Dwell on the face of darkneſs?

Amo. 'Tis thy friend,
Thy Amoret; come hither, to give end
To theſe conſumings. Look up, gentle boy,
I have forgot thoſe pains and dear annoy
I ſuffer'd for thy ſake, and am content
To be thy love again. Why haſt thou rent
Thoſe curled locks, where I have often hung
Ribbons, and damaſk-roſes, and have flung
Waters diſtill'd to make thee freſh and gay,
Sweeter than noſegays on a bridal day?
Why doſt thou croſs thine arms, and hang thy face
Down to thy boſom, letting fall apace,
From thoſe two little Heav'ns, upon the ground,
Show'rs of more price, more orient, and more round,
Than thoſe that hang upon the moon's pale brow?
Ceaſe theſe complainings, ſhepherd! I am now
The ſame I ever was, as kind and free,
And can forgive before you aſk of me:

[54] *What art thou dar'ſt.*] Almoſt every edition has a different reading here: The firſt quarto reads, *What thou dare*; the ſecond, *What art thou dare*; the later editions preſerve the grammar right, but neglect the rhimes. Mr. Theobald, in his margin, has left *dares*, and has put *cares* to anſwer it in the next line, but *care* in the ſingular is more poetical; I have therefore preferred what Mr. Sympſon and I, by conjecture, concurr'd in. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *What art?* Who *dare*, &c. We think the reading of the ſecond quarto beſt, and have followed it. It conveys the ſame ſenſe as Mr. Seward's reading, with no very violent *ellipſis*.

Indeed, I can and will.

Peri. So ſpoke my fair!
Oh, you great working pow'rs of earth and air,
Water and forming fire, why have you lent
Your hidden virtues to ſo ill intent[55]?
Ev'n ſuch a face, ſo fair, ſo bright of hue,
Had Amoret; ſuch words, ſo ſmooth and new,
Came flying from her tongue; ſuch was her eye,
And ſuch the pointed ſparkle that did fly
Forth like a bleeding ſhaft; all is the ſame,
The robe and buſkins, painted hook, and frame
Of all her body. Oh me, Amoret!

Amo. Shepherd, what means this riddle? who hath ſet
So ſtrong a diff'rence 'twixt myſelf and me
That I am grown another? Look, and ſee
The ring thou gav'ſt me, and about my wriſt
That curious bracelet thou thyſelf didſt twiſt
From thoſe fair treſſes. Know'ſt thou Amoret?
Hath not ſome newer love forc'd thee forget
Thy ancient faith?

Peri. Still nearer to my love!
Theſe be the very words ſhe oft did prove
Upon my temper; ſo ſhe ſtill would take
Wonder into her face, and ſilent make
Signs with her head and hand, as who would ſay,
Shepherd, remember this another day.

Amo. Am I not Amoret? Where was I loſt?
Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and moſt
Of theſe unconſtant[56]? Faith, where art thou fled?
Are all the vows and proteſtations dead,

The

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[55] *Virtues* of *ſo ill intent?*] Though *virtues* is the ſame as *powers*, yet *virtues of ſo ill intent* is too ſtiff an expreſſion to be ſuppoſed genuine. My reading gives, I think, 'the natural ſenſe of the paſſage. 'Why have you lent your powers, and ſuffered a miracle to be 'wrought, for ſo ill a purpoſe as deceiving me into murder.'

Seward.

This is not the meaning; but, 'Why have you lent your hidden 'virtues for ſo ill an intention as to deceive me?' for he does not yet believe her to be the real Amoret.

[56] *Can there be Heav'n, and time, and men, and moſt*
Of theſe unconſtant?——] I ſhall not venture to change the text here,

The hands held up, the wiſhes, and the heart?
Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all theſe to be found? Why then, I ſee,
Men never knew that virtue, conſtancy.

Peri. Men ever were moſt bleſſed, till croſs fate
Brought love and women forth, unfortunate
To all that ever taſted of their ſmiles;
Whoſe actions are all double, full of wiles;
Like to the ſubtile hare, that 'fore the hounds
Makes many turnings, leaps, and many rounds,
This way and that way, to deceive the ſcent
Of her purſuers.

Amo. 'Tis but to prevent
Their ſpeedy coming on, that ſeek her fall;
The hands of cruel men, more beſtial,
And of a nature more refuſing good
Than beaſts themſelves, or fiſhes of the flood.

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here, though I cannot conſtrue it into any conſiſtent ſenſe. Does *theſe* refer both to Heaven and time, as well as men? Surely no, for why muſt Heaven be accuſed of man's inconſtancy? The ſenſe which I think is aimed at is, 'Can men believe a Heaven and its juſtice 'againſt inconſtancy, and yet moſt of them be inconſtant?' But then, what has *time* to do in the ſentence? The only reading that I can form near the trace of the letters which will give this ſenſe, is,

Can there be Heav'n and truth with *men*, yet *moſt*
Of theſe unconſtant?

What makes it highly probable that the text is corrupt, is, that the firſt old quarto, whoſe authority out-weighs all the latter editions, as being the only guide the others followed, is confuſed in this line. It reads,

Can there be Heaven, and time, and men, moſt
Of theſe unconſtant? *Seward.*

The ſenſe, duly attending to the whole ſpeech, is both conſiſtent and eaſy. Mr. Seward's difficulty aroſe from his referring the words *moſt of theſe* inconſtant, to the *preceding* line, wherein *Heav'n*, *time*, and *men*, are enumerated; whereas they relate to *faith*, *uplifted hands*, *wiſhes*, and the *heart*, which are the ſubject of the lines that follow, and which having mentioned, Amoret exclaims,

Is there not one remaining, not a part
Of all theſe *to be found? Why then, I ſee*
Men never knew that virtue, conſtancy.

Peri. Thou art all theſe, and more than nature meant,
When ſhe created all; frowns, joys, content;
Extreme fire for an hour, and preſently
Colder than ſleepy poiſon, or the ſea;
Upon whoſe face ſits a continual froſt,
Your actions ever driven to the moſt [57],
Then down again as low, that none can find
The riſe or falling of a woman's mind.

Amo. Can there be any age, or days, or time,
Or tongues of men, guilty ſo great a crime
As wronging ſimple maid? Oh, Perigot,
Thou that waſt yeſterday without a blot;
Thou that waſt ev'ry good, and ev'ry thing
That men call bleſſed; thou that waſt the ſpring
From whence our looſer grooms drew all their beſt;
Thou that waſt always juſt, and always bleſt
In faith and promiſe; thou that hadſt the name
Of virtuous giv'n thee, and mad'ſt good the ſame
Ev'n from thy cradle; thou that waſt that all
That men delighted in! Oh, what a fall,
Is this, to have been ſo, and now to be
The only beſt in wrong and infamy,
And I to live to know this! And by me

[57] *Your actions* ever *driven* to *the moſt*,
Then down again as low.——] If their actions were *ever* driven to the moſt or higheſt, how could they ſometimes take the contrary extreme and fall low again? The text, I verily believe, is corrupt, and hope my emendation will be allowed; it keeps very near the trace of the letters, and gives this ſenſe: Women for the moſt part act the part of over niceneſs and chaſtity, and yet ſometimes deſcend to the loweſt depths of vice. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

Your actions over *driven* for *the moſt.*

The conſtruction is hard, but Mr. Seward's alteration will not carry the ſenſe he means it ſhould convey. Beſides that, *for the moſt* is poor and unpoetical. *Your actions* ever *driven* to *the moſt*, taken by itſelf, might ſignify, 'Your actions are always in extremes.' But the beginning of the next line, *Then down again as* LOW, ſeems to require ſome previous mention of their *high* notions:

Then down again as low, that none can find
The riſe *or* falling *of a woman's mind.*

That

That lov'd thee dearer than mine eyes, or that
Which we eſteem'd our honour, virgin ſtate;
Dearer than ſwallows love the early morn,
Or dogs of chace the ſound of merry horn;
Dearer than thou thy new love, if thou haſt
Another, and far dearer than the laſt;
Dearer than thou canſt love thyſelf, tho' all
The ſelf-love were within thee, that did fall
With that coy ſwain that now is made a flow'r,
For whoſe dear ſake Echo weeps many a ſhow'r!
And am I thus rewarded for my flame?
Lov'd worthily to get a wanton's name?
Come, thou forſaken willow, wind my head,
And noiſe it to the world my love is dead!
I am forſaken, I am caſt away,
And left for ev'ry lazy groom to ſay,
I was unconſtant, light, and ſooner loſt
Than the quick clouds we ſee, or the chill froſt
When the hot ſun beats on it! Tell me yet,
Canſt thou not love again thy Amoret?

Peri. Thou art not worthy of that bleſſed name!
I muſt not know thee; fling thy wanton flame
Upon ſome lighter blood, that may be hot
With words and feigned paſſions: Perigot
Was ever yet unſtain'd, and ſhall not now
Stoop to the meltings of a borrow'd brow.

Amo. Then hear me, Heav'n, to whom I call for right[58],
And you fair twinkling ſtars that crown the night;
And

[58] *Then hear me heav'n, to whom I call for right.*] I think it is an obſervation in one of Mr. Pope's letters, that the harmony of Engliſh verſe conſiſts in the variation of the pauſes betwixt the fourth, fifth, ſixth, and ſeventh ſyllables: And it is a known rule, that the moſt natural pauſe of the Engliſh verſe is at the fourth ſyllable. The modern poets, from Waller to Mr. Pope, by confining their pauſes almoſt always to thoſe four ſyllables, and oftenеſt to the fourth, have preſerved an uniformity of numbers and cadence which is very rarely found in either Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, Fletcher or Milton. Moſt of theſe have done it occaſionally, as Fletcher has done here for ſome lines together; but they generally vary their pauſes freely through all the

And hear me, woods, and ſilence of this place,
And ye ſad hours that move a ſullen pace;
Hear me, ye ſhadows, that delight to dwell
In horrid darkneſs, and ye pow'rs of hell,
Whilſt I breathe out my laſt! I am that maid,
That yet-untainted Amoret, that play'd
The careleſs prodigal, and gave away
My ſoul to this young man, that now dares ſay
I am a ſtranger, not the ſame, more wild [59];
And thus with much belief I was beguil'd.
I am that maid, that have delay'd, denied,
And almoſt ſcorn'd the loves of all that tried
To win me, but this ſwain; and yet confeſs
I have been woo'd by many, with no leſs
Soul of affection, and have often had
Rings, belts, and cracknels [60], ſent me from the lad
That feeds his flocks down weſtward; lambs and doves
By young Alexis; Daphnis ſent me gloves;

ſyllables. Let us therefore aſk, whether the common opinion of Waller, Dryden, and Pope's, being the refiners and ſmoothers of the Engliſh metre, be well or ill grounded? Have the ſofteſt and ſmootheſt of their writings more delicacy and harmony than ſeveral parts of Comus and the Faithful Shepherdeſs? More uniform they are, we allow, like the gardens which Mr. Pope deſcribes, where

'Grove nods at grove, each alley has a brother,
'And half the platform juſt reflects the other.

But is this a true or a falſe taſte? We certainly borrow'd it from the French in the Gallic (not Auguſtine) age of King Charles the Second; and if we admire it, let us acknowledge our benefactors. *Seward.*

There is, we think, much good ſenſe and true taſte in the above note.

59 *Not the ſame, more* wild.] As this is ſenſe, I don't reject it, though I think it probable that the Author's word was *vilde*, the old way of ſpelling *vile*. *Seward.*

60 Cracknels.] Dr. Johnſon ſays, *cracknel* is a hard brittle cake; and gives the following authorities for his explanation of it:

'Albee my love he ſeek with daily ſute,
'His clowniſh gifts and curteſies I diſdain,
'His kids, his *cracknels*, and his early fruits.' *Spenſ. Paſt.*
'Pay tributary *cracknels*, which he ſells;
'And with our offerings, help to raiſe his vails.' *Dryd. Juv.*

R.

All

All which I gave to thee: Nor theſe, nor they
That ſent them, did I ſmile on, or e'er lay
Up to my after-memory. But why
Do I reſolve to grieve, and not to die?
Happy had been the ſtroke thou gav'ſt, if home;
By this time had I found a quiet room
Where ev'ry ſlave is free, and ev'ry breaſt
That living breeds new care, now lies at reſt;
And thither will poor Amoret!

Peri. Thou muſt.

Was ever any man ſo loth to truſt
His eyes as I? or was there ever yet
Any ſo like as this to Amoret?
For whoſe dear ſake I promiſe, if there be
A living ſoul within thee, thus to free
Thy body from it! [*He hurts her again.*

Amo. So this work hath end!
Farewell, and live! be conſtant to thy friend
That loves thee next!

Enter Satyr; Perigot runs off.

Sat. See, the day begins to break,
And the light ſhoots like a ſtreak
Of ſubtile fire; the wind blows cold,
While the morning doth unfold;
Now the birds begin to rouſe,
And the ſquirrel from the boughs
Leaps, to get him nuts and fruit;
The early lark[61], that erſt was mute,
Carols to the riſing day,
Many a note and many a lay:

Therefore

[61] *The early lark.*] I have ſomewhere heard it obſerved, that the Engliſh poets are much more happy in their deſcriptions of the morning and evening, than either the Greeks or Romans; and perhaps the reaſon may be, that the twilight in ſummer is longer, and conſequently the mornings and evenings are more beautiful in the northern than in the ſouthern climates. The truth of the obſervation might be abundantly proved, and Fletcher's mornings and evenings in this play would be very high in the liſt of Engliſh beauties. Milton, in his L'Allegro, has imitated this deſcription of the lark, and,

Therefore here I end my watch,
Leſt the wandring ſwain ſhould catch
Harm, or loſe himſelf.

Amo. Ah me!

Sat. Speak again, whate'er thou be.
I am ready; ſpeak I ſay:
By the dawning of the day,
By the pow'r of night and Pan,
I enforce thee ſpeak again!

Amo. Oh, I am moſt unhappy!

Sat. Yet more blood!
Sure theſe wanton ſwains are wood.
Can there be a hand or heart,
Dare commit ſo vile a part
As this murder? By the moon,
That hid herſelf when this was done,
Never was a ſweeter face!
I will bear her to the place
Where my goddeſs keeps; and crave
Her to give her life or grave. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clorin.

Clo. Here whilſt one patient takes his reſt ſecure
I ſteal abroad to do another cure.
Pardon, thou buried body of my love,
That from thy ſide I dare ſo ſoon remove;
I will not prove inconſtant, nor will leave
Thee for an hour alone[62]. When I deceive
My firſt-made vow, the wildeſt of the wood
Tear me, and o'er thy grave let out my blood!
I go,

and, as uſual, has exceeded him in energy and grandeur, as much as he has fallen ſhort in ſweetneſs and prettineſs:

'To hear the lark begin his flight,
'And ſinging ſtartle the dull night,
'From his watch-tow'r in the ſkies,
'Till the dappled dawn doth riſe.' *Seward.*

62 —— *nor will leave*
Thee for an hour alone.] If this be genuine, the ſenſe will be, that I will not leave thee alone, even a full hour; but this appears ſo ſtifly expreſſed that I have chang'd the negative to an affirmative;

I go, by wit, to cure a lover's pain,
Which no herb can; being done, I'll come again.
[*Exit.*

Enter Thenot.

The. Poor ſhepherd, in this ſhade for ever lie,
And ſeeing thy fair Clorin's cabin, die!
Oh, hapleſs love, which being anſwer'd, ends;
And, as a little infant cries and bends
His tender brows, when rolling of his eye
He hath eſpied ſomething that gliſters nigh
Which he would have, yet give it him, away
He throws it ſtraight, and cries afreſh to play
With ſomething elſe: Such my affection, ſet
On that which I ſhould loath, if I could get.

Enter Clorin.

Clo. See where he lies! Did ever man but he
Love any woman for her conſtancy
To her dead lover, which ſhe needs muſt end
Before ſhe can allow him for her friend,
And he himſelf muſt needs the cauſe deſtroy,
For which he loves, before he can enjoy?
Poor ſhepherd, Heav'n grant I at once may free
Thee from thy pain, and keep my loyalty!
Shepherd, look up.

The. Thy brightneſs doth amaze!
So Phœbus may at noon bid mortals gaze;
Thy glorious conſtancy appears ſo bright,
I dare not meet the beams with my weak ſight.

Clo. Why doſt thou pine away thyſelf for me?

The. Why doſt thou keep ſuch ſpotleſs conſtancy?

Clo. Thou holy ſhepherd, ſee what, for thy ſake,
Clorin, thy Clorin, now dare undertake.
[*He ſtarts up.*

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firmative; making her ſay, that ſhe would abſent herſelf for one hour *only.* *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, 'I will leave;' but the ſtiffneſs of the expreſſion does not warrant a change. She means to ſay, 'She will not 'prove inconſtant, nor leave him even a ſingle hour.'

The.

The. Stay there, thou conſtant Clorin! if there be
Yet any part of woman left in thee,
To make thee light, think yet before thou ſpeak!
Clo. See, what a holy vow for thee I break:
I, that already have my fame far ſpread,
For being conſtant to my lover dead.
The. Think yet, dear Clorin, of your love; how true,
If you had died, he would have been to you.
Clo. Yet all I'll loſe for thee——
The. Think but how bleſs'd
A conſtant woman is above the reſt!
Clo. And offer up myſelf, here on this ground,
To be diſpos'd by thee.
The. Why doſt thou wound
His heart with malice againſt women more,
That hated all the ſex, but thee, before?
How much more pleaſant had it been to me
To die, than to behold this change in thee!
Yet, yet return; let not the woman ſway!
Clo. Inſult not on her now, nor uſe delay,
Who for thy ſake hath ventur'd all her fame,
The. Thou haſt not ventur'd, but bought certain ſhame!
Your ſex's curſe, foul falſhood, muſt and ſhall,
I ſee, once in your lives, light on you all.
I hate thee now!—Yet turn!
Clor. Be juſt to me:
Shall I at once both loſe my fame and thee?
The. Thou hadſt no fame; that which thou didſt like good
Was but thy appetite that ſway'd thy blood
For that time to the beſt: For as a blaſt
That thro' a houſe comes, uſually doth caſt
Things out of order, yet by chance may come,
And blow ſome one thing to his proper room;
So did thy appetite, and not thy zeal,
Sway thee by chance to do ſome one thing well.

Yet

Yet turn!

Clo. Thou doſt but try me, if I would
Forſake thy dear embraces, for my old
Love's, tho' he were alive: But do not fear.

The. I do contemn thee now, and dare come near,
And gaze upon thee; for methinks that grace,
Auſterity, which ſate upon that face,
Is gone, and thou like others! Falſe maid, ſee,
This is the gain of foul inconſtancy! [*Exit.*

Clo. 'Tis done, great Pan; I give thee thanks for it!
What art could not have heal'd, is cur'd by wit.

Enter Thenot again.

The. Will you be conſtant yet? will you remove
Into the cabin to your buried love?

Clo. No, let me die; but by thy ſide remain.

The. There's none ſhall know that thou didſt ever ſtain
Thy worthy ſtrictneſs, but ſhalt honour'd be,
And I will lie again under this tree,
And pine and die for thee with more delight,
Than I have ſorrow now to know thee light.

Clo. Let me have thee, and I'll be where thou wilt.

The. Thou art of womens' race, and full of guilt.
Farewell, all hope of that ſex! Whilſt I thought
There was one good, I fear'd to find one naught:
But ſince their minds I all alike eſpy,
Henceforth I'll chuſe as others, by mine eye! [*Exit.*

Clo. Bleſt be ye pow'rs that gave ſuch quick redreſs,
And for my labours ſent ſo good ſucceſs.
I rather chuſe, tho' I a woman be,
He ſhould ſpeak ill of all, than die for me. [*Exit.*

ACT V.

Enter Prieſt and Old Shepherd.

Prieſt. SHEPHERDS, riſe, and ſhake off ſleep!
See, the bluſhing morn doth peep
Thro' the windows, while the ſun
To the mountain-tops is run,
Gilding all the vales below
With his riſing flames, which grow
Greater by his climbing ſtill.
Up, ye lazy grooms, and fill
Bag and bottle for the field!
Claſp your cloaks faſt, leſt they yield
To the bitter North-eaſt wind:
Call the maidens up, and find
Who lay longeſt, that ſhe may
Go without a friend all day;
Then reward your dogs, and pray
Pan to keep you from decay:
So unfold, and then away!
What, not a ſhepherd ſtirring? Sure the grooms
Have found their beds too eaſy, or the rooms
Fill'd with ſuch new delight, and heat, that they
Have both forgot their hungry ſheep, and day.
Knock, that they may remember what a ſhame
Sloth and neglect lays on a ſhepherd's name.

Old Shep. It is to little purpoſe; not a ſwain
This night hath known his lodging here, or lain
Within theſe cotes: The woods, or ſome near town,
That is a neighbour to the bord'ring Down,
Hath drawn them thither; 'bout ſome luſty ſport,
Or ſpiced waſſel-bowl, to which reſort
All the young men and maids of many a cote,
Whilſt the trim minſtrel ſtrikes his merry note.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. God pardon ſin!—Shew me the way that leads
To any of their haunts.

Old Shep. This to the meads,
And that down to the woods.

Prieſt. Then this for me.
Come, ſhepherd, let me crave your company. [*Exeunt.*

Clorin in her cabin, Alexis with her.

Clo. Now your thoughts are almoſt pure,
And your wound begins to cure,
Strive to baniſh all that's vain,
Leſt it ſhould break out again.

Alexis. Eternal thanks to thee, thou holy maid!
I find my former wandring thoughts well ſtaid
Thro' thy wiſe precepts; and my outward pain,
By thy choice herbs, is almoſt gone again:
Thy ſex's vice and virtue are reveal'd
At once; for what one hurt another heal'd.

Clo. May thy grief[63] more appeaſe!
Relapſes are the worſt diſeaſe.
Take heed how you in thought offend;
So mind and body both will mend.

Enter Satyr, with Amoret.

Amo. Be'ſt thou the wildeſt creature of the wood,
That bear'ſt me thus away, drown'd in my blood,

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[63] *May thy* griefe *more appeaſe.*] Here *grief* is to be ſpoke as two ſyllables. *Seward.*

The meaſure is not in general correct enough to warrant this direction: But if the pronunciation is to be protracted, we ſhould think it probable that the word was uſed in the plural number;

May thy griefes *more appeaſe!*

We have choſen, however, to abide by the old books, which we commonly follow, unleſs the error is apparent and obvious. Such errors, contrary to the practice of former Editors, we never preſume to correct in ſilence; but, contrary to the practice of thoſe Editors, we frequently reſtore the true reading of the old books, without any vain diſplay or idle parade of the labour of our reſearches. On this principle, we have diſcarded many oſtentatious notes of Mr. Seward and his aſſociates, who firſt offer an emendation as their own conjectural reading, and then confirm their ſuppoſed conjecture by the authority of the old books, pluming themſelves on their own ingenuity as well as fidelity.

And

And dying, know I cannot injur'd be;
I am a maid; let that name fight for me!
Sat. Faireſt virgin, do not fear
Me, that doth thy body bear,
Not to hurt, but heal'd to be;
Men are ruder far than we.——
See, fair goddeſs, in the wood
They have let out yet more blood:
Some ſavage man hath ſtruck her breaſt,
So ſoft and white, that no wild beaſt
Durſt ha' touch'd, aſleep, or wake;
So ſweet, that adder, newt, or ſnake,
Would have lain from arm to arm,
On her boſom to be warm
All a night, and being hot,
Gone away, and ſtung her not.
Quickly clap herbs to her breaſt.
A man ſure is a kind of beaſt!
Clo. With ſpotleſs hand, on ſpotleſs breaſt
I put theſe herbs, to give thee reſt:
Which till it heal thee, there will bide,
If both be pure; if not, off ſlide.——
See, it falls off from the wound!
Shepherdeſs, thou art not ſound;
Full of luſt.
Sat. Who would have thought it?
So fair a face!
Clo. Why, that hath brought it.
Amo. For aught I know, or think, theſe words my laſt,
Yet, Pan ſo help me as my thoughts are chaſte!
Clo. And ſo may Pan bleſs this my cure,
As all my thoughts are juſt and pure.
Some uncleanneſs nigh doth lurk,
That will not let my med'cines work.
Satyr, ſearch if thou canſt find it.
Sat. Here away methinks I wind it:
Stronger yet. Oh, here they be;
Here here, in a hollow tree,

Two

Two fond mortals have I found.
Clo. Bring them out; they are unſound.

Enter Cloe and Daphnis.

Sat. By the fingers thus I wring ye,
To my goddeſs thus I bring ye;
Strife is vain, come gently in.
I ſcented them; they're full of ſin.
Clo. Hold, Satyr; take this glaſs,
Sprinkle over all the place,
Purge the air from luſtful breath,
To ſave this ſhepherdeſs from death.
And ſtand you ſtill whilſt I do dreſs
Her wound, for fear the pain encreaſe.
Sat. From this glaſs I throw a drop
Of chriſtal water on the top
Of ev'ry graſs, on flow'rs a pair:
Send a fume, and keep the air
Pure and wholeſome, ſweet and bleſs'd,
'Till this virgin's wound be dreſs'd.
Clo. Satyr, help to bring her in.
Sat. By Pan, I think ſhe hath no ſin,
She is ſo light. Lie on theſe leaves.
Sleep, that mortal ſenſe deceives,
Crown thine eyes, and eaſe thy pain;
May'ſt thou ſoon be well again!
Clo. Satyr, bring the ſhepherd near;
Try him, if his mind be clear.
Sat. Shepherd, come.
Daph. My thoughts are pure.
Sat. The better trial to endure.
Clo. In this flame[64] his finger thruſt,
Which will burn him if he luſt;

[64] *In thi flame*, &c.] This is taken word for word from Shakeſpeare's Merry Wives of Windſor, the end of the laſt act.

'With trial fire touch me his finger end;
'If he be chaſte, the flame will back deſcend,
'And put him to no pain; but if he ſtart
'It is the fleſh of a corrupted heart.' *Sympſon.*

I take the trial-fire not to have been an invention of Shakeſpeare, but a commonly-believed legend of the fairies. *Seward.*

But if not, away will turn,
As loth unſpotted fleſh to burn.—
See, it gives back; let him go.
Farewell, mortal! keep thee ſo.
Sat. Stay, fair nymph; fly not ſo faſt;
We muſt try if you be chaſte.
Here's a hand that quakes for fear;
Sure ſhe will not prove ſo clear.
Clo. Hold her finger to the flame;
That will yield her praiſe or ſhame.
Sat. To her doom ſhe dares not ſtand,
But plucks away her tender hand;
And the taper darting ſends
His hot beams at her fingers' ends.
Oh, thou art foul within, and haſt
A mind, if nothing elſe, unchaſte.
Alexis. Is not that Cloe? 'Tis my love, 'tis ſhe!
Cloe, fair Cloe!
Cloe. My Alexis!
Alexis. He.
Cloe. Let me embrace thee.
Clo. Take her hence,
Leſt her ſight diſturb his ſenſe.
Alexis. Take not her; take my life firſt!
Clo. See, his wound again is burſt!
Keep her near, here in the wood,
'Till I've ſtopt theſe ſtreams of blood.
Soon again he eaſe ſhall find,
If I can but ſtill his mind.
This curtain thus I do diſplay,
To keep the piercing air away. [*Curtain drawn.*

Enter Old Shepherd and Prieſt.

Prieſt. Sure, they are loſt for ever! 'Tis in vain
To find them out, with trouble and much pain,
That have a ripe deſire, and forward will
To fly the company of all but ill.
What ſhall be counſell'd now? ſhall we retire,
Or conſtant follow ſtill that firſt deſire

We

We had to find them?

Old Shep. Stay a little while;
For, if the morning's miſt do not beguile
My ſight with ſhadows, ſure I ſee a ſwain:
One of this jolly troop's come back again.

Enter Thenot.

Prieſt. Doſt thou not bluſh, young ſhepherd, to be known,
Thus without care, leaving they flocks alone,
And following what deſire and preſent blood
Shapes out before thy burning ſenſe for good;
Having forgot what tongue hereafter may
Tell to the world thy falling-off, and ſay
Thou art regardleſs both of good and ſhame,
Spurning at virtue, and a virtuous name?
And like a glorious [65] deſp'rate man that buys
A poiſon of much price, by which he dies,
Doſt thou lay out for luſt, whoſe only gain
Is foul diſeaſe, with preſent ache and pain [66],
And then a grave? Theſe be the fruits that grow
In ſuch hot veins, that only beat to know
Where they may take moſt eaſe, and grow ambitious
Thro' their own wanton fire, and pride delicious.

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[65] *And like a* glorious *deſp'rate man that buys*
A poiſon of much price.] Mr. Sympſon would read *furious* deſperate man, but I am afraid this would be turning a beauty into a tautology. He is *deſperate* or furious, becauſe he buys a poiſon; he is *glorious*, becauſe he buys one of great price. *Seward.*

Glorious, in this place, bears the ſame ſenſe as the French adjective *glorieux*, which ſignifies *proud, vain.*

[66] ——*with preſent* age *and pain.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *aches and pain.* But exactly the ſame may be ſaid of this conjecture as the former. The gain of luſt is diſeaſe, *an early old age*, pain and death: *Preſent age* is therefore a remarkably ſtrong expreſſion. *Seward.*

We are apt to believe the Author wrote '*ache* and pain.' *Age* did not then always imply old age, and there are in this very play inſtances of a contrary ſignification annexed to the word. It is a refinement to call *preſent age* a remarkably ſtrong expreſſion in this place, where the word *preſent* is plainly uſed in oppoſition to *enſuing* death;

——preſent *ache and pain,*
And then *a grave. Theſe be the fruits*, &c.

The. Right holy Sir, I have not known this night
What the ſmooth face of mirth was, or the ſight
Of any looſeneſs; muſic, joy, and eaſe,
Have been to me as bitter drugs to pleaſe
A ſtomach loſt with weakneſs, not a game
That I am ſkill'd at throughly: Nor a dame,
Went her tongue ſmoother than the feet of time,
Her beauty ever living, like the rhime
Our bleſſed Tityrus [67] did ſing of yore;
No, were ſhe more enticing than the ſtore
Of fruitful ſummer, when the loaden tree
Bids the faint traveller be bold and free;
'Twere but to me like thunder 'gainſt the bay [68],
Whoſe lightning may encloſe, but never ſtay
Upon his charmed branches; ſuch am I
Againſt the catching flames of woman's eye.

Prieſt. Then wherefore haſt thou wander'd?

The. 'Twas a vow
That drew me out laſt night, which I have now
Strictly perform'd, and homewards go to give
Freſh paſture to my ſheep, that they may live.

Prieſt. 'Tis good to hear you, ſhepherd, if the heart
In this well-ſounding muſick bear his part.
Where have you left the reſt?

The. I have not ſeen,
Since yeſternight we met upon this green
To fold our flocks up, any of that train;
Yet have I walk'd thoſe woods round, and have lain
All this ſame night under an aged tree;
Yet neither wandring ſhepherd did I ſee,

[67] *Our bleſſed* Tityrus.] Mr. Sympſon would ſuppoſe that Spenſer is meant here, but I happen to diſſent from him in this likewiſe; firſt, becauſe Spenſer died but a few years before this play was wrote, and the expreſſion of *yore* ſeems to imply an earlier date: Secondly, becauſe *Tityrus* is the name which Spenſer had in all his paſtorals given to Chaucer, and as Fletcher frequently imitates thoſe paſtorals, I doubt not but Chaucer was here intended; particularly as Spenſer is, I believe, afterwards mentioned with ſtill greater honour than Chaucer is here. *Seward.*

[68] *Thunder 'gainſt the* bay.] This property is alſo aſcribed to the *laurel.*

Or

Or ſhepherdeſs, or drew into mine ear
The ſound of living thing, unleſs it were
The nightingale [69] among the thick-leav'd ſpring,
That ſits alone in ſorrow, and doth ſing
Whole nights away in mourning; or the owl,
Or our great enemy [70], that ſtill doth howl
Againſt the moon's cold beams.

Prieſt. Go, and beware
Of after-falling!

The. Father, 'tis my care. [*Exit.*

Enter Daphnis.

Old Shep. Here comes another ſtraggler; ſure I ſee
A ſhame in this young ſhepherd. Daphnis?

Daph. He.

Prieſt. Where haſt thou left the reſt, that ſhould have been,
Long before this, grazing upon the green
Their yet-impriſon'd flocks?

Daph. Thou holy man,
Give me a little breathing, 'till I can
Be able to unfold what I have ſeen:
Such horror, that the like hath never been

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[69] *The nightingale among*, &c.] This deſcription of the nightingale is taken from Spenſer's Shepherd's Calendar, Auguſt.

'Hence with the nightingale will I take part,
'That bleſſed bird, that ſpends her time of ſleep
'In ſongs and plaintive pleas, the more t'augment
'The memory of his miſdeed that bred her woe.'

Both Spenſer's and Fletcher's are extremely beautiful, and the ſound in both a perfect echo to the ſenſe; yet are they ſcarce to be named with that noble ſimile of the nightingale at the end of Georgicks, or with the various deſcriptions of her in Milton, who was quite enamoured with this bird, from her near reſemblance to his own circumſtances.

'Who fed on thoughts that voluntary mov'd
'Harmonious numbers, as the wakeful bird
'Sings darkling, and in ſhadieſt covert hid
'Tunes her nocturnal note.' *Seward.*

Virgil's ſimile is alſo tranſlated in one of Lee's Tragedies.

[70] *Our great enemy.*] The wolf.

Known to the ear of ſhepherd. Oh, my heart
Labours a double motion to impart
So heavy tidings! You all know the bow'r
Where the chaſte Clorin lives, by whoſe great pow'r
Sick men and cattle have been often cur'd;
There lovely Amoret, that was aſſur'd
To luſty Perigot, bleeds out her life,
Forc'd by ſome iron hand and fatal knife;
And by her, young Alexis.

Enter Amarillis, running from her Sullen Shepherd.

Amar. If there be
Ever a neighbour-brook, or hollow tree,
Receive my body, cloſe me up from luſt
That follows at my heels! be ever juſt,
Thou God of ſhepherds, Pan, for her dear ſake
That loves the rivers' brinks, and ſtill doth ſhake
In cold remembrance of thy quick purſuit!
Let me be made a reed, and ever mute,
Nod to the waters' fall, whilſt ev'ry blaſt
Sings thro' my ſlender leaves that I was chaſte!

Prieſt. This is a night of wonder! Amarill',
Be comforted; the holy Gods are ſtill
Revengers of theſe wrongs.

Amar. Thou bleſſed man,
Honour'd upon theſe plains, and lov'd of Pan,
Hear me, and ſave from endleſs infamy,
My yet-unblaſted flow'r, virginity!
By all the garlands that have crown'd that head,
By thy chaſte office, and the marriage-bed
That ſtill is bleſs'd by thee; by all the rites
Due to our God, and by thoſe virgin lights
That burn before his altar; let me not
Fall from my former ſtate, to gain the blot
That never ſhall be purg'd! I am not now
That wanton Amarillis! here I vow
To Heav'n, and thee, grave father, if I may
'Scape this unhappy night, to know the day
A virgin, never after to endure
The tongues, or company of men unpure!

I hear

I hear him come! ſave me!

Prieſt. Retire a while
Behind this buſh, 'till we have known that vile
Abuſer of young maidens.

Enter Sullen Shepherd.

Sull. Shep. Stay thy pace,
Moſt-loved Amarillis; let the chaſe
Grow calm and milder; fly me not ſo faſt.
I fear the pointed brambles have unlac'd
Thy golden buſkins; turn again and ſee
Thy ſhepherd follow, that is ſtrong and free,
Able to give thee all content and eaſe.
I am not baſhful, virgin; I can pleaſe
At firſt encounter, hug thee in mine arm,
And give thee many kiſſes, ſoft and warm
As thoſe the ſun prints on the ſmiling cheek
Of plums or mellow peaches; I am ſleek
And ſmooth as Neptune, when ſtern Æolus
Locks up his ſurly winds, and nimbly thus
Can ſhew my active youth! Why doſt thou fly?
Remember, Amarillis, it was I
That kill'd Alexis for thy ſake, and ſet
An everlaſting hate 'twixt Amoret
And her beloved Perigot; 'twas I
That drown'd her in the well, where ſhe muſt lie
'Till time ſhall leave to be. Then, turn again,
Turn with thy open arms, and clip the ſwain
That hath perform'd all this; turn, turn I ſay!
I muſt not be deluded.

Prieſt. Monſter, ſtay!
Thou that art like a canker to the ſtate
Thou liv'ſt and breath'ſt in, eating with debate
Thro' every honeſt boſom[71], forcing ſtill
The veins of any that may ſerve thy will;
Thou that haſt offer'd with a ſinful hand
To ſeize upon this virgin, that doth ſtand

[71] *Eating with* debate
Thro' every honeſt boſom.] The uſe of the word *debate* in this place ſeems hard, at leaſt uncommon.

Yet trembling here!

Sull. Shep. Good holineſs, declare
What had the danger been, if being bare
I had embrac'd her; tell me by your art,
What coming wonders would that ſight impart?

Prieſt. Luſt, and a branded ſoul.

Sull. Shep. Yet tell me more;
Hath not our mother Nature, for her ſtore
And great encreaſe, ſaid it is good and juſt,
And wills that ev'ry living creature muſt
Beget his like?

Prieſt. You're better read than I,
I muſt confeſs, in blood and lechery.
Now to the bow'r, and bring this beaſt along,
Where he may ſuffer penance for his wrong.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perigot, with his hand bloody.

Peri. Here will I waſh it in this morning's dew,
Which ſhe on every little graſs doth ſtrew
In ſilver drops againſt the ſun's appear:
'Tis holy water, and will make me clear.—
My hand will not be cleans'd. My wronged love,
If thy chaſte ſpirit in the air yet move,
Look mildly down on him that yet doth ſtand
All full of guilt, thy blood upon his hand;
And tho' I ſtruck thee undeſervedly,
Let my revenge on her that injur'd thee
Make leſs a fault which I intended not,
And let theſe dew-drops waſh away my ſpot!—
It will not cleanſe. Oh, to what ſacred flood
Shall I reſort, to waſh away this blood?
Amidſt theſe trees the holy Clorin dwells,
In a low cabin of cut boughs, and heals
All wounds: To her I will myſelf addreſs,
And my raſh faults repentantly confeſs;
Perhaps ſhe'll find a means, by art or pray'r,
To make my hand, with chaſte blood ſtained, fair:
That done, not far hence, underneath ſome tree
I'll have a little cabin built, ſince ſhe,

Whom

Whom I ador'd, is dead; there will I give
Myſelf to ſtrictneſs, and like Clorin live! [*Exit.*

The curtain is drawn back; Clorin appears ſitting in the cabin, Amoret ſitting on the one ſide of her, Alexis and Cloe on the other; the Satyr ſtanding by.

Clo. Shepherd, once more your blood is ſtaid.
Take example by this maid,
Who is heal'd ere you be pure;
So hard it is lewd luſt to cure.
Take heed then how you turn your eye
On theſe other luſtfully.
And, ſhepherdeſs, take heed leſt you
Move his willing eye thereto:
Let no wring, nor pinch, nor ſmile
Of yours, his weaker ſenſe beguile!
Is your love yet true and chaſte,
And for ever ſo to laſt?

Alexis. I have forgot all vain deſires,
All looſer thoughts, ill-temper'd fires.
True love I find a pleaſant fume,
Whoſe mod'rate heat can ne'er conſume.

Cloe. And I a new fire feel in me,
Whoſe chaſte flame is not quench'd to be.

Clo. Join your hands with modeſt touch
And for ever keep you ſuch!

Enter Perigot.

Peri. Yon is her cabin; thus far off I'll ſtand,
And call her forth; for my unhallow'd hand
I dare not bring ſo near yon ſacred place.
Clorin, come forth, and do a timely grace
To a poor ſwain!

Clo. What art thou that doſt call?
Clorin is ready to do good to all:
Come near!

Peri. I dare not.

Clo. Satyr, ſee
Who it is that calls on me.

Sat.

Sat. There at hand ſome ſwain doth ſtand,
Stretching out a bloody hand.
Peri. Come, Clorin, bring thy holy waters clear,
To waſh my hand.
Clo. What wonders have been here
To-night! Stretch forth thy hand, young ſwain,
Waſh and rub it, whilſt I rain
Holy water.
Peri. Still you pour,
But my hand will never ſcour.
Clo. Satyr, bring him to the bower,
We will try the ſov'reign power
Of other waters.
Sat. Mortal, ſure
'Tis the blood of maiden pure
That ſtains thee ſo!

The Satyr leadeth him to the bower, where he ſpieth Amoret; and kneeling down, ſhe knoweth him.

Peri. Whate'er thou be,
Be'ſt thou her ſprite, or ſome divinity,
That in her ſhape thinks good to walk this grove,
Pardon poor Perigot!
Amo. I am thy love,
Thy Amoret, for evermore thy love!
Strike once more on my naked breaſt, I'll prove
As conſtant ſtill. Oh, cou'dſt thou love me yet,
How ſoon could I my former griefs forget!
Peri. So over-great with joy that you live, now
I am, that no deſire of knowing how
Doth ſeize me. Haſt thou ſtill pow'r to forgive?
Amo. Whilſt thou haſt pow'r to love, or I to live.
More welcome now, than hadſt thou never gone
Aſtray from me!
Peri. And when thou lov'ſt alone,
And not I thee, death, or ſome ling'ring pain
That's worſe, light on me!
Clo. Now your ſtain
Perhaps will cleanſe thee[72]; once again.

[72] *Perhaps will cleanſe* thee; once *again.*] This is the reading of the old quarto's; the folio of 1679 ſays,

This

See, the blood that erſt did ſtay,
With the water drops away.
All the pow'rs again are pleas'd,
And with this new knot are appeas'd.
Join your hands, and riſe together,
Pan be bleſs'd that brought you hither!

Enter Prieſt and Old Shepherd.

Clo. Go back again, whate'er thou art; unleſs
Smooth maiden thoughts poſſeſs thee, do not preſs
This hallow'd ground. Go, Satyr, take his hand,
And give him preſent trial.

Sat. Mortal, ſtand,
'Till by fire I have made known
Whether thou be ſuch a one
That mayſt freely tread this place.
Hold thy hand up. Never was
More untainted fleſh than this.
Faireſt, he is full of bliſs.

Clo. Then boldly ſpeak, why doſt thou ſeek this place?

Prieſt. Firſt, honour'd virgin, to behold thy face,
Where all good dwells that is; next, for to try
The truth of late report was giv'n to me:
Thoſe ſhepherds that have met with foul miſchance,
Thro' much neglect, and more ill governance,
Whether the wounds they have may yet endure
The open air, or ſtay a longer cure;
And laſtly, what the doom may be ſhall light
Upon thoſe guilty wretches, thro' whoſe ſpite
All this confuſion fell: for to this place,
Thou holy maiden, have I brought a [73] brace

This *perhaps will cleanſe again*;
which is copied by the later editions. We have followed the older books; and though the conſtruction, according to the uſage of our Author, is a little licentious, yet the meaning is obvious. If any alteration were neceſſary, we might read, with leſs violence to the old text,
Perhaps will leave *thee.*

[73] ——*brought* the race.] As he brought but two, I hope I have reſtored the true reading. *Seward.*

Of

Of theſe offenders, who have freely told,
Both why, and by what means, they gave this bold
Attempt upon their lives.

Clo. Fume all the ground,
And ſprinkle holy water; for unſound
And foul infection 'gins to fill the air;
It gathers yet more ſtrongly; take a pair
Of cenſors fill'd with frankincenſe and myrrh,
Together with cold camphire: Quickly ſtir
Thee, gentle Satyr; for the place begins
To ſweat and labour with th' abhorred ſins
Of thoſe offenders. Let them not come nigh,
For full of itching flame and leproſy
Their very ſouls are, that the ground goes back,
And ſhrinks to feel the ſullen weight of black
And ſo unheard-of venom. Hie thee faſt,
Thou holy man; and baniſh from the chaſte
Theſe manlike monſters; let them never more
Be known upon theſe downs, but long before
The next ſun's riſing, put them from the ſight
And memory of ev'ry honeſt wight.
Be quick in expedition, leſt the ſores
Of theſe weak patients break into new gores.

[*Exit Prieſt.*

Peri. My dear, dear Amoret, how happy are
Thoſe bleſſed pairs, in whom a little jar
Hath bred an everlaſting love, too ſtrong
For time, or ſteel, or envy to do wrong!
How do you feel your hurts? Alas, poor heart,
How much I was abus'd! Give me the ſmart,
For it is juſtly mine.

Amo. I do believe.
It is enough, dear friend; leave off to grieve.
And let us once more, in deſpite of ill,
Give hands and hearts again.

Peri. With better will
Than e'er I went to find in hotteſt day
Cool chriſtal of the fountain, to allay

My

My eager thirſt. May this band never break;
Hear us, oh, heav'n!

Amo. Be conſtant.

Peri. Elſe Pan wreak,
With double vengeance, my diſloyalty;
Let me not dare to know the company
Of men, or any more behold thoſe eyes!

Amo. Thus, ſhepherd, with a kiſs, all envy dies.

Enter Prieſt.

Prieſt. Bright maid, I have perform'd your will; the ſwain
In whom ſuch heat and black rebellions reign
Hath undergone your ſentence, and diſgrace:
Only the maid I have reſerv'd, whoſe face
Shews much amendment; many a tear doth fall
In ſorrow of her fault: Great fair, recall
Your heavy doom, in hope of better days,
Which I dare promiſe; once again upraiſe
Her heavy ſpirit, that near drowned lies
In ſelf-conſuming care that never dies.

Clo. I am content to pardon; call her in.
The air grows cool again, and doth begin
To purge itſelf: How bright the day doth ſhew
After this ſtormy cloud! Go, Satyr, go,
And with this taper boldly try her hand:
If ſhe be pure and good, and firmly ſtand
To be ſo ſtill, we have perform'd a work
Worthy the gods themſelves. [*Satyr brings Amarillis in.*

Sat. Come forward, maiden; do not lurk,
Nor hide your face with grief and ſhame;
Now or never get a name
That may raiſe thee, and re-cure
All thy life that was impure.
Hold your hand unto the flame;
If thou be'ſt a perfect dame,
Or haſt truly vow'd to mend,
This pale fire will be thy friend.
See, the taper hurts her not!
Go thy ways; let never ſpot

Henceforth

Henceforth ſeize upon thy blood:
Thank the gods, and ſtill be good!
Clo. Young ſhepherdeſs, now you are brought again
To virgin ſtate, be ſo, and ſo remain
To thy laſt day, unleſs the faithful love
Of ſome good ſhepherd force thee to remove;
Then labour to be true to him, and live
As ſuch a one that ever ſtrives to give
A bleſſed memory to after-time;
Be famous for your good, not for your crime.
Now, holy man, I offer up again
Theſe patients, full of health, and free from pain;
Keep them from after-ills; be ever near
Unto their actions; teach them how to clear
The tedious way they paſs thro', from ſuſpect;
Keep them from wronging others, or neglect
Of duty in themſelves; correct the blood
With thrifty bits, and labour; let the flood,
Or the next neighb'ring ſpring, give remedy
To greedy thirſt and travail, not the tree
That hangs with wanton cluſters; let not wine,
Unleſs in ſacrifice, or rites divine,
Be ever known of ſhepherds; have a care,
Thou man of holy life! Now do not ſpare
Their faults thro' much remiſſneſs, nor forget
To cheriſh him, whoſe many pains and ſweat
Hath giv'n increaſe, and added to the downs.
Sort all your ſhepherds from the lazy clowns
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms[74]:
Teach the young maidens ſtrictneſs, that the grooms
May ever fear to tempt their blowing youth;
Baniſh all compliments, but ſingle truth,

---

74 ——— *the lazy clowns*
That feed their heifers in the budded brooms.] This inſtance of lazineſs is taken from Spenſer. Shepherd's Calendar, February.

'So loytring live, you little herd-grooms,
'Keeping your beaſts in the budded brooms.'

The meaning, I believe, is, You that loitering let your herds run wild among the broom which grows on the worſt ſoil, and don't drive them into the beſt paſtures. *Seward.*

From

From ev'ry tongue, and ev'ry ſhepherd's heart;
Let them ſtill uſe perſuading, but no art:
Thus, holy Prieſt, I wiſh to thee and theſe,
All the beſt goods and comforts that may pleaſe!
All. And all thoſe bleſſings Heav'n did ever give[75],
We pray upon this bow'r may ever live.
Prieſt. Kneel, ev'ry ſhepherd, while with pow'rful hand
I bleſs your after-labours, and the land
You feed your flocks upon. Great Pan defend you
From misfortune, and amend you,
Keep you from thoſe dangers ſtill,
That are follow'd by your will;
Give ye means to know at length
All your riches; all your ſtrength
Cannot keep your foot from falling
To lewd luſt, that ſtill is calling
At your cottage, till his pow'r
Bring again that golden hour
Of peace and reſt to ev'ry ſoul.
May his care of you control
All diſeaſes, ſores, or pain,
That in after-time may reign,
Either in your flocks or you;
Give ye all affections new,
New deſires, and tempers new,
That ye may be ever true!
Now riſe and go; and, as ye paſs away,
Sing to the God of Sheep that happy lay
That honeſt Dorus[76] taught ye; Dorus, he
That was the ſoul and God of melody.
[*They all ſing.*

THE

[75] *And all thoſe bleſſings,* &c.] In the third edition, this ſpeech is given to *Alexis* ſingly? and continued ſo in the later copies.

[76] *That honeſt* Dorus.] This fine eulogy on ſome poet beloved and almoſt adored by our Author, I take to have been meant of Spenſer for theſe reaſons. He ſeems to ſpeak of one who lived in the preceding age, but was dead before the Faithful Shepherdeſs was publiſhed. This anſwers to none ſo well as Spenſer, he and Shakeſpeare being

THE SONG.

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleaſant ſprings or brakes,
Move your feet
To our ſound,
Whilſt we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is juſt,
He is ever good, and muſt
Thus be honour'd. Daffadillies,
Roſes, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling,
Whilſt we ſing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever ſung. [*Exeunt.*

Sat. Thou divineſt, faireſt, brighteſt,
Thou moſt pow'rful maid, and whiteſt,
Thou moſt virtuous and moſt bleſſed,
Eyes of ſtars, and golden treſſed
Like Apollo! tell me, ſweeteſt,
What new ſervice now is meteſt

being the only very great poets that immediately preceded our Author; but the latter lived ſome years after the publication of this piece. In the next place, as he had juſt before taken an expreſſion from Spenſer, ſo he greatly imitates his manner in the following ſong, and inſerts one expreſſion of his in it literally.

——— *Daffadillies,*
Roſes, pinks, and loved lillies,
Let us fling, &c.

which Spenſer had thus expreſſed. Shepherd's Calendar, April.

"Strow me the ground with daffadowndillies
"And cowſlips, and kingcups, and loved lillies. *Seward.*

For

For the Satyr? Shall I ſtray
In the middle air [77], and ſtay
The ſailing rack [78], or nimbly take
Hold by the moon, and gently make
Suit

[77] ——*ſhall I ſtray*
In the middle air, &c.] The character of the Attendant Spirit in Comus is this Satyr under another ſhape and name. The Satyr in the third act is ſent by Pan to guide aright the wandering ſhepherds, and to protect virtue in diſtreſs. The Attendant Spirit has much the ſame office: He is ſent by Jupiter to protect the Virtuous againſt the enchantments of Comus. When they have finiſhed their office, they both give the ſame account of their pow'r and velocity. In imitation of the lines now referr'd to, and to the two laſt of the Satyr's firſt ſpeech:

(I muſt go, and I muſt run,
Swifter that the fiery ſun.)

The Attendant Spirit thus takes leave of the audience.

'But now my taſk is ſmoothly done,
'I can fly, or I can run,
'Quickly to the green earth's end,
'Where the bow'd welkin ſlow doth bend;
'And from thence can ſoar as ſoon
'To the corners of the Moon.'

The two firſt and the two laſt of Milton's lines are directly taken from Fletcher: *The ſky ſlowly bending to the horizon*, in the middle couplet, is a noble image; but I can ſcarce think that it can alone vie with the variety of beauties in Fletcher; ſuch as, *making ſuit to the pale Queen of Night for a Moon-beam; darting through the waves that fall on each ſide in ſnowy fleeces*; and *catching the wanton fawns, and flies whoſe woven wings are dyed by the ſummer of many colours*. But it may perhaps be thought that Milton has improved the meaſure, and made his ſound more an echo to his ſenſe; if he has, he only imitates in this the following lines, which are a fine inſtance of this ſpecies of beauty.

——*I will dance*
Round about theſe woods, as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales,
Faſter than the windmill ſails.

The Italians have the honour of being the introducers of the Dramatick Paſtoral, but I cannot upon examination find that Fletcher has borrowed a ſingle ſentiment or expreſſion from any of them, except the name of the Faithful Shepherdeſs from the *Paſtor Fido*.
Seward.

[78] *The ſailing* rack.] 'The winds, ſays Lord Bacon, which move 'the

Suit to the pale queen of night
For a beam to give thee light?
Shall I dive into the ſea,
And bring thee coral, making way
Thro' the riſing waves that fall
In ſnowy fleeces? Deareſt, ſhall
I catch thee wanton fawns, or flies
Whoſe woven wings the ſummer dyes
Of many colours? get thee fruit,
Or ſteal from Heav'n old Orpheus' lute?
All theſe I'll venture for, and more,
To do her ſervice all theſe woods adore.

Clo. No other ſervice, Satyr, but thy watch
About theſe thickets, leſt harmleſs people catch
Miſchief or ſad miſchance.

Sat. Holy virgin, I will dance
Round about theſe woods as quick
As the breaking light, and prick
Down the lawns, and down the vales
Faſter than the wind-mill ſails.
So I take my leave, and pray
All the comforts of the day,
Such as Phœbus' heat doth ſend
On the earth, may ſtill befriend
Thee and this arbour!

Clo. And to thee,
All thy maſter's love be free! [*Exeunt omnes.*

'the clouds above, which we call the *rack*, and are not perceived be-
'low, paſs without noiſe.' So Shakeſpeare, in his Tempeſt,

'And, like this inſubſtantial pageant faded,
'Leave not a *rack* behind.'

To *rack* in this ſenſe is ſometimes uſed as a verb. In the old play of the Raigne of King Edward III. 1596,

'——like inconſtant clouds,
'That, *rack'd* upon the carriage of the winds,
'Encreaſe and die.' Steevens's notes on Shakeſpeare.

R.

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THE

MAD LOVER.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Gardiner, Hills, and Lovelace, aſcribe this Play wholly to Fletcher; other writers, to him and Beaumont conjunctively. The firſt publication of the Mad Lover was in the folio of 1647. *We do not know of any alterations having been made in it, nor has it been acted for many years paſt.*

PROLOGUE.

TO pleaſe all is impoſſible, and to deſpair
Ruins ourſelves, and damps the writers' care:
'Would we knew what to do, or ſay, or when
To find the minds here equal with the men[1]:
But we muſt venture; now to ſea we go,
Fair fortune with us, give us room, and blow;
Remember ye're all vent'rers; and in this play
How many twelve-pences ye've ſtow'd this day:
Remember, for return of your delight,
We launch, and plough thro' ſtorms of fear and ſpite.
Give us your fore-winds fairly, fill our wings,
And ſteer us right; and, as the ſailor ſings,
Loaden with wealth, on wanton ſeas, ſo we
Shall make our home-bound voyage chearfully;
And you, our noble merchants, for your treaſure
Share equally the fraught[2], we run for pleaſure.

---

[1] *To find the minds here equal with the men.*] 'So many men 'ſo many minds,' is an old ſaying. It ſeems here to be implied that 'one man has *many* minds.'

[2] *Fraught.*] This word generally, in the old books, is uſed for *freight*.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Aſtorax, *king of Paphos.*
Memnon, *the general, and the Mad Lover.*
Polydor, *brother to Memnon, beloved of Calis.*
Eumenes, } *two eminent ſoldiers.*
Polybius, }
Chilax, *an old merry ſoldier.*
Siphax, *a ſoldier, in love with the princeſs.*
Stremon, *a ſoldier that can ſing.*
Demagoras, *ſervant to the general.*
Chirurgeon.
Fool.
Page.
Boy.
Courtiers.

WOMEN.

Calis, *ſiſter to the king, and miſtreſs to Memnon.*
Cleanthe, *ſiſter to Siphax.*
Lucippe, *one of the princeſs's women.*
Prieſteſs of Venus, *an old wanton.*
A Nun.
Cloe, *a camp baggage.*

SCENE, PAPHOS.

THE

THE

MAD LOVER.

ACT I.

Flouriſh. Enter Aſtorax, Calis, train, Cleanthe, Lucippe, and Gentlewomen, at one door; at the other, Eumenes.

Eumenes. HEALTH to my ſovereign!

King. Eumenes, welcome!
Welcome to Paphos, ſoldier! to our love!
And that fair health you wiſh us, thro' the camp
May it diſperſe itſelf, and make all happy!
How does the general, the valiant Memnon?
And how his wars, Eumenes?

Eum. The gods have giv'n you, royal Sir, a ſoldier,
Better ne'er fought a danger; more approv'd
In way of war, more maſter of his fortunes[3],
Expert

[3] ——*more maſter of his fortunes,*
Expert in leading 'em; *in doing valiant,*
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.] I ſhall now return to meer verbal criticiſms. By the reading and pointing above, the firſt ſtep of a moſt beautiful climax is taken away and placed to a former ſentence, where it is quite unneceſſary. The four qualifications of a great general are ſtrongly marked out: *Expert in leading on; valiant in the combat; prudent in guiding his valour to victory,* and *in making his*

Expert in leading 'em; in doing valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.
King. Oh, ſoldier,
Thou ſpeak'ſt a man indeed; a general general[4];
A ſoul conceiv'd a ſoldier.
Eum. Ten ſet battles,
Againſt the ſtrong uſurper Diocles,
(Whom long experience had begot a leader,
Ambition rais'd too mighty) hath your Memnon
Won, and won gloriouſly, diſtreſs'd and ſhook him,
Even from the head of all his hopes, to nothing.
In three, he beat the thunder-bolt his brother,
Forc'd him to wall himſelf up: There not ſafe,
Shook him with warlike engines like an earthquake,
'Till like a ſnail he left his ſhell, and crawl'd
By night and hideous darkneſs to deſtruction:
Diſarm'd for ever riſing more: Twelve caſtles,
Some thought impregnable; towns twice as many;

---

his victories deciſive. I make the pauſe fuller at the end of the firſt line, and put in the ſecond what to me bids faireſt for having been the original; though it might have been

Expert in leading, and in doing valiant. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

——*more maſter of his fortunes:*
Expert in leading on; *in doing valiant;*
In following all his deeds, &c.

——*more maſter of his fortunes,*

Expert in leading 'em.] Surely this, which is the old reading, is the right reading. What can prove a man *more maſter of his fortunes,* than his being *expert in leading 'em?* Beſides that, Mr. Seward's pointing mars the ſyntax, and deprives the two laſt lines of the word *valiant,* that governs them:

——*in doing* valiant,
In following all his deeds to victories,
And holding Fortune certain there.

Here a repetition of *valiant* is underſtood, as of the word *more* in the firſt two lines: 'Ne'er was a ſoldier more maſter of his fortunes, '[more] expert in leading 'em; valiant in doing, [valiant] in following his deeds on to victory, and in maintaining it when acquired.'

4 *A* general *general.*] *i. e.* A *complete* general. The latter editions read, *a* general's *general.*

Countries,

Countries, that like the wind knew no command
But ſavage wildneſs, hath this general,
With loſs of blood and youth, thro' ſtorms and tempeſts,
Call'd to your fair obedience.

King. Oh, my ſoldier,
That thou wert now within my arms!—What drums
Are thoſe that beat, Eumenes? [*Drums.*

Eum. His, my ſov'reign;
Himſelf i' th' head of conqueſt drawing home,
An old man now, to offer up his glories,
And endleſs conqueſt, at your ſhrine.

King. Go all,
And entertain him with all ceremony;
We'll keep him now a courtier.

Eum. Sir, a ſtrange one;
Pray God his language bear it. By my life, Sir,
He knows no compliment, nor curious caſting
Of words into fit places ere he ſpeak 'em:
He can ſay, 'Fight well, fellow, and I'll thank thee:
'He that muſt eat, muſt fight; bring up the rear there,'
Or, 'charge that wing of horſe home.' [*Flouriſh.*

King. Go to, go to!

Enter Memnon, with a train of courtiers and ſoldiers, two Captains, Chilax, &c.

Valiant and wiſe are twins, Sir.—Welcome, welcome!
Welcome, my fortunate and famous general!
High in thy prince's favour, as in fame,
Welcome to peace, and Paphos!

Mem. Thank your grace!
And 'would to God my dull tongue had that ſweetneſs
To thank you as I ſhould; but pardon me,
My ſword and I ſpeak roughly, Sir: Your battles,
I dare well ſay, I have fought well; for I bring you
That lazy end you wiſh for, peace, ſo fully
That no more name of war is: Who now thinks
Sooner or ſafer theſe might have been ended,
Begin 'em if he dare again; I'll thank him.
Soldier and ſoldier's mate theſe twenty-five years,

At

At length your general, (as one whoſe merit
Durſt look upon no leſs) I've waded thro'
Dangers would damp theſe ſoft ſouls, but to hear of.
The maidenheads of thouſand lives hang here, Sir[5].
Since which time, prince, I know no court but martial,
No oily language, but the ſhock of arms,
No dalliance but with death; no lofty meaſures
But weary and ſad marches, cold and hunger,
Larums at midnight Valour's ſelf would ſhake at;
Yet I ne'er ſhrunk: Balls of conſuming wildfire,
That lick'd men up like lightning, have I laugh'd at,
And toſs'd 'em back again like childrens' trifles.
Upon the edges of my enemies' ſwords
I've march'd like whirlwinds, Fury at this hand waiting,
Death at my right; Fortune my forlorn hope,
When I have grappled with deſtruction,
And tugg'd with pale-fac'd Ruin, night and miſchief,
Frighted to ſee a new day break in blood;
And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir;
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers. Thoſe that griev'd you,
I have taken order for i' th' earth: Thoſe fools
That ſhall hereafter——

King. No more wars, my ſoldier:
We muſt now treat of peace, Sir.

[*King takes Memnon aſide, and talks with him.*

Cle. How he talks,
How glorioufly.

Calis. A goodly-timber'd fellow;
Valiant no doubt.

Cle. If valour dwell in vaunting.

---

[5] *The maidenheads of thouſand lives hang here, Sir.*] This line ſeems to have been ſhuffled by ſome accident out of its place. It ought, as we conjecture, to be inſerted lower in the ſpeech: Here it interrupts the ſenſe; but there it falls happily in with it. We would therefore wiſh to omit it where it now ſtands, and to inſert it after the line,

And ev'ry where I conquer'd, and for you, Sir.
The maidenheads of thouſand lives hang here, Sir.
Mothers have wanted wombs to make me famous,
And blown Ambition, dangers.

In

In what a phraſe he ſpeaks, as if his actions
Could be ſet off in nothing but a noiſe!
Sure h' has a drum in's mouth.
Calis. I wonder, wenches,
How he would ſpeak to us.
Cle. Nothing but larum,
Tell us whoſe throat he cut, ſhew us his ſword,
And bleſs it for ſure biting.
Lucip. An't like your grace,
I do not think he knows us, what we are,
Or to what end; for I have heard his followers
Affirm he never ſaw a woman that exceeded
A ſuttler's wife yet, or, in execution [6],
Old bed-rid beldames without teeth or tongues,
That would not fly his fury. How he looks!
Cle. This way devoutly.
Calis. Sure his lordſhip's viewing
Our fortifications.
Lucip. If he mount at me,
I may chance choak his batt'ry.
Calis. Still his eye
Keeps quarter this way: Venus grant his valour
Be not in love!
Cle. If he be, preſently
Expect a herald and a trumpet with you,
To bid you render; we two perdu's pay for't elſe.
King. I'll leave you to my ſiſter, and theſe ladies,
To make your welcome fuller. My good ſoldier,
We muſt now turn your ſternneſs into courtſhip;
When you have done there, to your fair repoſe, Sir!
[*Flouriſh.*
I know you need it, Memnon. Welcome, gentlemen!
[*Exit.*
Lucip. Now he begins to march. Madam, the van's yours;
Keep your ground ſure; 'tis for your ſpurs [7].

[6] ——*or in execution.*] This ſignifies the ſack of a town, and is uſed by Jonſon in that ſenſe as well as our Author. *Seward.*

[7] *'Tis for your* ſpurs.] This is an alluſion to Chivalry. Lord Lyttelton,

Mem. Oh, Venus!

[*He kneels amaz'd, and forgets to ſpeak.*

Calis. How he ſtares on me.

Cle. Knight him, madam, knight him;
He'll grow to th' ground elſe.

Eum. Speak, Sir; 'tis the princeſs.

1 *Capt.* You ſhame yourſelf; ſpeak to her.

Calis. Riſe and ſpeak, Sir.
You are welcome to the court, to me, to all, Sir!

Lucip. Is he not deaf?

Calis. The gentleman's not well.

Eum. Fy, noble general!

Lucip. Give him freſh air; his colour goes. How do you?
The princeſs will be glad, Sir——

Mem. Peace, and hear me.

Cle. Command a ſilence there.

Mem. I love thee, lady.

Calis. I thank your lordſhip heartily: Proceed, Sir.

Lucip. Lord, how it ſtuck in's ſtomach, like a ſurfeit.

Cle. It breaks apace now from him, God be thanked.
What a fine-ſpoken man he is.

Lucip. A choice one;
Of ſingular variety in carriage!

Cle. Yes, and I warrant you he knows his diſtance.

Mem. With all my heart I love thee.

Calis. A hearty gentleman!
And I were e'en an arrant beaſt, my lord,
But I lov'd you again.

Mem. Good lady, kiſs me.

Cle. Ay marry, Mars, there thou cam'ſt cloſe up to her.

Calis. Kiſs you at firſt, my lord? 'Tis no fair faſhion;
Our lips are like roſe-buds; blown with mens' breaths,

---

telton, ſpeaking of Henry II. after he was knighted, ſays, 'He 'fought an occaſion of exerciſing his new profeſſion of arms, or (to 'ſpeak in the language of that age) he deſired to *gain his ſpurs*; but 'he could not poſſibly take the field, &c.' Life of Henry II. vol. ii. p. 178. And we find in Segar's Honor Civil and Military, p. 75, that, on the degradation of a knight in England, his gilt *ſpurs* were beaten from his heels, and his ſword taken from him and broken. *R.*

They

They loſe both ſap and ſavour; there's my hand, Sir.
Eum. Fy, fy, my lord! this is too rude.
Mem. Unhand me!
Conſume me if I hurt her. Good ſweet lady,
Let me but look upon thee.
Calis. Do.
Mem. Yet!
Calis. Well, Sir,
Take your full view.
Lucip. Bleſs your eyes, Sir.
Calis. Mercy!
Is this the man they talk'd of for a ſoldier,
So abſolute and excellent? Oh, the gods,
If I were given to that vanity
Of making ſport with men for ignorance,
What a moſt precious ſubject had I purchas'd?
Speak for him, gentlemen, ſome one that knows
What the man ails, and can ſpeak ſenſe.
Cle. Sure, madam,
This fellow has been a rare hare-finder.
See how his eyes are ſet.
Calis. Some one go with me;
I'll ſend him ſomething for his head. Poor gentleman,
He's troubled with the ſtaggers[8].
Lucip. Keep him dark,
He will run march-mad elſe; the fumes of battles
Aſcend into his brains.
Cle. Clap to his feet
An old drum-head, to draw the thunder downward.
Calis. Look to him, gentlemen. Farewell, lord!
I'm ſorry
We cannot kiſs at this time; but, believe it,
We'll find an hour for all. God keep my children
From being ſuch ſweet ſoldiers! Softly, wenches,
Leſt we diſturb his dream. [*Exeunt Calis and ladies.*

[8] *Staggers.*] The *ſtaggers*, which is a kind of horſes' apoplexy, is mentioned in All's Well that Ends Well. One ſpecies of it is a raging impatience, which makes the animal daſh himſelf with deſtructive violence againſt poſts or walls.
See Johnſon's notes on Shakeſpeare, vol. iv. p. 58. *R.*

Eum.

Eum. Why, this is monſtrous.

1 *Capt.* A ſtrange forgetfulneſs, yet ſtill he holds it.

2 *Capt.* Tho' he ne'er ſaw a woman of great faſhion
Before this day, yet methinks 'tis poſſible
He might imagine what they are, and what
Belongs unto 'em; meer report of others——

Eum. Piſh,
His head had other whimſies in't. My lord!
Death, I think you're ſtruck dumb. My good lord general!

1 *Capt.* Sir!

Mem. That I do love you, madam; and ſo love you,
An't like your grace——

2 *Capt.* He has been ſtudying this ſpeech.

Eum. Who do you ſpeak to, Sir?

Mem. Why, where's the lady,
The woman, the fair woman?

1 *Capt.* Who?

Mem. The princeſs,
Give me the princeſs.

Eum. Give you counſel rather
To uſe her like a princeſs. Fy, my lord!
How have you borne yourſelf, how nakedly
Laid your ſoul open, and your ignorance,
To be a ſport to all! Report and honour
Drew her to do you favours, and you bluntly,
Without conſid'ring what, or who ſhe was,
Neither collecting reaſon, nor diſtinction——

Mem. Why, what did I, my maſters?

Eum. All that ſhews
A man unhandſome, undigeſted dough.

Mem. Did not I kneel unto her?

Eum. Dumb and ſenſeleſs,
As tho' you had been cut out for your father's tomb,
Or ſtuck a land-mark. When ſhe ſpoke unto you,
Being the excellence of all our iſland,
You ſtar'd upon her as you had ſeen a monſter.

Mem. Was I ſo fooliſh? I confeſs, Eumenes,
I never ſaw before ſo brave an outſide.

But

But did I kneel ſo long?
Eum. 'Till they laugh'd at you.
And when you ſpoke, I am aſham'd to tell you
What 'twas, my lord; how far from order. Bleſs me!
Is't poſſible the wild noiſe of a war,
And what ſhe only teaches, ſhould poſſeſs you?
Knowledge to treat with her, and full diſcretion,
Being at flood ſtill in you: And in peace,
And manly converſation, ſmooth and civil,
Where gracefulneſs and glory twine together,
Thruſt yourſelf out an exile? Do you know, Sir,
What ſtate ſhe carries? and what great obedience
Waits at her beck continually?
Mem. She ne'er commanded
An hundred thouſand men, as I have done,
Nor ne'er won battle. Say I would have kiſs'd her.
Eum. There was a dainty offer too, a rare one!
Mem. Why, ſhe's a woman, is ſhe not?
Eum. She is ſo.
Mem. Why, very well; what was ſhe made for then?
Is ſhe not young, and handſome, bred to breed?
Do not men kiſs fair women? if they do,
If lips be not unlawful ware, why, a princeſs
Is got the ſame way that we get a beggar,
Or I am cozen'd; and the ſelf-ſame way
She muſt be handled ere ſhe get another.
That's rudeneſs, is it not?
2 *Capt.* To her 'tis held ſo,
And rudeneſs in that high degree——
Mem. 'Tis reaſon;
But I will be more punctual. Pray what thought ſhe?
Eum. Her thoughts were merciful, but ſhe laugh'd at you,
Pitying the poorneſs of your compliment,
And ſo ſhe left you. Good Sir, ſhape yourſelf
To underſtand the place and noble perſons
You live with now.
1 *Capt.* Let not thoſe great deſerts
The king hath laid up of you, and the people,

Be

Be blaſted with ill-bearing!
Eum. The whole name
Of ſoldier then will ſuffer.
Mem. She's a ſweet one.
And, good Sirs, leave your exhortations;
They come untimely to me; I have brains
That beat above your reaches: She's a princeſs,
That's all; I've kill'd a king, and that is greater.
Come, let's to dinner; if the wine be good,
You ſhall perceive ſtrange wiſdom in my blood.
[*Exeunt all but Chilax.*
Chi. Well, 'would thou wert i' th' wars again, old Memnon!
There thou wouldſt talk to th' purpoſe, and the proudeſt
Of all theſe court camelions wou'd be glad
To find it ſenſe too. Plague of this dead peace,
This baſtard-breeding, louſy, lazy idleneſs!
Now we muſt learn to pipe, and pick our livings
Out of old rotten ends. Theſe twenty-five years
I've ſerv'd my country, loſt my youth and blood,
Expos'd my life to dangers more than days;
Yet, let me tell my wants, I know their anſwers:
'The king is bound to right me,' they, good people,
'Have but from hand to mouth.' Look to your wives,
Your young trim wives, your high-day wives, your marchpanes[9]!

[9] *Marchpanes.*] *Marchpane* was a confection, made of piſtachio-nuts, almonds, ſugar, &c. and in high eſteem in Shakeſpeare's time, as appears from the account of Queen Elizabeth's entertainment in Cambridge. It is ſaid that the univerſity preſented Sir William Cecil, their chancellor, with two pair of gloves, *a marchpane*, and two ſugar-loaves. Dr. Gray's notes on Shakeſpeare.

Marchpane, a kind of ſweet bread, or biſcuit, called by ſome almond-cake. Hermolaus Barbarus terms it *mazapanis*, vulgarly *martius panis*, G. *macepain* and *maſſepain*, H. *marzapane*, H. *macapan*, B. *marcepeyn*, i. e. *maſſa pura*. But as few underſtood the meaning of this term; it began to be generally, though corruptly, called *maſſepeyn*, *marcepeyn*, *martſepeyn*; and, in conſequence of this miſtake of theirs, it ſoon took the name of *martius panis*, an appellation tranſferred afterwards into other languages. See Junius.
Notes to Shakeſpeare, Oxford edit.

The fragility of the biſcuit ſeems to be the chief quality here alluded to.

For

For if the ſoldiers find not recompence,
(As yet there's none a-hatching) I believe,
You men of wares, the men of wars will nick ye;
For ſtarve nor beg they muſt not. My ſmall means
Are gone *in fumo:* Here to raiſe a better
(Unleſs it be with lying, or dog-flattering,
At which our nation's excellent, obſerving dog-days,
When this good lady broils and wou'd be baſted
By that good lord, or ſuch-like moral learnings)
Is here impoſſible: Well, I'll rub among 'em;
If any thing for honeſty be gotten,
Though't be but bread and cheeſe, I can be ſatisfied:
If otherwiſe the wind blow, ſtiff as I am
Yet I ſhall learn to ſhuffle. There's an old laſs
That ſhall be nameleſs yet alive, my laſt hope,
Has often got me my pocket full of crowns.
If all fail—Jack-Daws, are you alive ſtill? Then
I ſee the coaſt clear, when fools and boys can proſper.

Enter Fool and Page.

Page. Brave lieutenant!
Fool. Hail to the man of worſhip!
Chi. You are fine, Sirs,
Moſt paſſing fine at all points.
Fool. As you ſee, Sir,
Home-bred and handſome; we cut not out our clothes, Sir,
At half-ſword, as your taylors do, and pink 'em
With pikes and partizans; we live retir'd, Sir,
Gentleman-like, and jealous of our honours.
Chi. Very fine Fool, and fine Boy; peace plays with you
As the wind plays with feathers, dances you,
You grind with all guſts, gallants.
Page. We can bound [10], Sir,
(When you ſoldados bend i'th' hams) and friſk too.

[10] *We can* bounce.] The change is from Mr. Theobald's margin, and it is, I believe, the true word. *Seward.*

Fool. When twenty of your trip-coats turn their tippets,
And your cold ſallads, without ſalt or vinegar,
Lie [11] wambling in your ſtomachs; hemp and hobnails
Will bear no price now, hangings and old harneſs
Are like to over-run us.
Page. Whores and hot-houſes—
Fool. Surgeons and ſyringes, ring out your ſaints' bells!
Page. Your jubilee, your jubilee!
Fool. Prôh Deum!
How our St. Georges will beſtride the dragons,
The red and ramping dragons!
Page. Well advanc'd, Fool [12].
Fool. But then the ſting i'th' tail, boy.
Page. Tanto Melior;
For ſo much the more danger, the more honour.
Chi. You're very pleaſant with our occupation, gentlemen;
Which, very like, amongſt theſe fiery ſerpents,
May light upon a blind-worm of your blood,
A mother or a ſiſter.
Fool. Mine's paſt ſaddle,
You ſhould be ſure of her elſe: But ſay, Sir Huon,
Now the drum's dubb's o'er [13], and the ſticks turn'd bed-ſtaves,

[11] Be *wambling*.] The old edition reads, BY *wambling*. I have probably therefore reſtored the true word. *Sympſon.*

[12] Page. *Advance't fool.*] The ſenſe is very obſcure, and the verſe wants a ſyllable, both, I believe, ariſing from the loſs of a monoſyllable, which I hope I have reſtored. *Seward.*

[13] *Now the drums dubbs.*] Beſides the falſe concord, the meaning is directly the reverſe of the true one, which is, *Now the drum dubbs no more*, the war being over. The verſe wants a ſyllable; which, with the true reading, I hope I have retriev'd: though it might have been,

Now the drum's dubb's o'er;

or perhaps *dubb's done*, to make it ſound more oddly. After I had wrote this I receiv'd Mr. Sympſon's conjecture, which is very near the ſame with what I had put in the text. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is, *Now the drum* DUMB IS; which appears to us uncouth. We have adopted his ſecond conjecture; which comes pretty near the old text.

All the old foxes hunted to their holes,
The iron age return'd to Erebus,
And *Honorificabilitudinitatibus*
Thruſt out o'th' kingdom by the head and ſhoulders,
What trade do you mean to follow?

Chi. That's a queſtion.

Fool. Yes, and a learned queſtion, if you mark it. Conſider, and ſay on.

Chi. Fooling, as thou doſt;
That's the beſt trade, I take it.

Fool. Take it ſtraight then,
For fear your fellows be before you: hark ye, lieutenant,
Fooling's the thing, the thing worth all your fightings;
When all's done, you muſt fool, Sir.

Chi. Well, I muſt then.

Fool. But do you know what fooling is? true fooling?
The circumſtances that belong unto it?
For every idle knave that ſhews his teeth,
Wants and would live, can juggle, tumble, fiddle,
Make a dog-face, or can abuſe his fellow,
Is not a fool at firſt daſh; you ſhall find, Sir,
Strange turnings in this trade; to fool is nothing,
As fooling has been; but to fool the fair way,
The new way, as the beſt men fool their friends;
For all men get by fooling, merely fooling,
Deſert does nothing; valiant, wiſe, virtuous,
Are things that walk by without bread or breeches.

Chi. I partly credit that.

Fool. Fine wits, fine wits, Sir!
There's the young boy, he does well in his way too,
He could not live elſe in his maſter's abſence;
He ties a lady's garters ſo, ſo prettily!
Say his hand ſlip, but ſay ſo.

Chi. Why, let it ſlip then.

Fool. 'Tis ten to one the body ſhall come after,
And he that works deſerves his wages.

Chi. That's true.

Fool. He riddles finely to a waiting-gentlewoman,
Expounds dreams like a prophet, dreams himſelf too,
And wiſhes all dreams true; they cry Amen,
And there's a memorandum: He can ſing too
Bawdy enough to pleaſe old ladies: He lies rarely,
Pawns ye a ſuit of clothes at all points fully;
Can pick a pocket if you pleaſe, or caſket;
Liſps when he liſts to catch a chamber-maid,
And calls his hoſteſs Mother; theſe are things now,
If a man mean to live [14]; not fight and ſwagger,
Beaten about the ears with bawling ſheepſkins,
Cut to the ſoul for ſummer [15]: Here an arm loſt,
And there a leg; his honourable head
Seal'd up in ſalves and cerecloths, like a packet,
And ſo ſent over to an hoſpital:
Stand there, charge there, ſwear there, whore there,
dead there;
And all this ſport for cheeſe and chines of dog-fleſh,
And money when two Wedneſdays meet together,
Where to be louſy is a gentleman,
And he that wears a clean ſhirt has his ſhrowd on—

Chi. I'll be your ſcholar, come, if I like fooling.

Fool. You cannot chuſe but like it; fight you one day,
I'll fool another; when your ſurgeon's paid,
And all your leaks ſtopt, ſee whoſe ſlops are heavieſt [16];
I'll have a ſhilling for a can of wine,

[14] *If a man mean to live: To fight, and ſwagger.*] The oppoſition between the Page's life, and the fine railiery on the Soldiers, is not clearly marked out by any former edition. The firſt folio reads,

If a man mean to live, to fight and ſwagger,

The addition of a fuller ſtop by the two latter editors, ſhews that they ſaw the drift of the Poet; but I believe the corruption was the change of the negative into an affirmative. *Seward.*

[15] *Cut to the ſoul for* ſummer.] The ſummer being the ſeaſon of war, I don't diſcard this, tho' it is a little obſcure, and Mr. Theobald conjectures that it might be *honour*, which would certainly much improve it. *Seward.*

[16] *Whoſe* ſlops *are heavieſt.*] *Slops* mean *cloaths*, perhaps in this place *pockets*. It is ſtill a term applied to apparel at ſea, and the houſes where ſailors' cloaths are bought are at this day called *ſlop-ſhops*. In the third act, *ſlops* are uſed for *pockets*.

When

When you ſhall have two ſergeants for a counter [17].

Boy. Come, learn of us, lieutenant; hang your iron up;
We'll find you cooler wars.

Chi. Come, let's together;
I'll ſee your tricks, and as I like 'em—— [*Exeunt.*

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, and Captains.

Mem. Why were there not ſuch women in the camp then,
Prepar'd to make me know 'em?

Eum. 'Twas no place, Sir.

1 *Capt.* Why ſhould they live in tumults? they are creatures
Soft, and of ſober natures.

Mem. Could not your wives,
Your mothers, or your ſiſters, have been ſent for
To exerciſe upon?

Eum. We thank your lordſhip.

2 *Capt.* But do you mean——

Mem. I do mean.

2 *Capt.* What, Sir?

Mem. To ſee her,
And ſee thee hang'd too, an thou anger'ſt me,
And thouſands of your throats cut. Get ye from me!
Ye keep a-prating of your points of manners,
And fill my head with louſy circumſtances,
(Better have ballads in't); your courtly worſhip [18],
How to put off my hat; you, how to turn me;
And you, forſooth, to blow my noſe diſcretely.

[17] *When you ſhall have* two ſergeants *for a* counter.] This ſeems to be a quibble on the word *counter*, as applied to a *priſon* and a *falſe piece of money*, and the meaning of the paſſage, 'I ſhall have a 'ſhilling for a can of wine, you only a *counter*, and will be in cuſtody 'of *two ſergeants*, *i. e.* officers belonging to the *Counter*.' *R.*

[18] *Your courtly worſhips*
How to put off my hat.] Mr. Theobald in his margin ſuppoſes a whole line loſt here; but as the change of the plural number to the ſingular in *worſhips* reſtores good ſenſe, I cannot doubt but that the corruption lay there, eſpecially as Mr. Sympſon concurred with me in the emendation. *Seward.*

Let me alone; for I will love her, ſee her,
Talk to her, and mine own way.
Eum. She's the princeſs.
Mem. Why, let her be the devil! I have ſpoke
When thunder durſt not check me. I muſt love;
I know ſhe was a thing kept for me.
Eum. And I know, Sir,
Tho' ſhe were born yours, yet your ſtrange behaviour,
And want——
Mem. Thou lieſt!
Eum. I do not.
Mem. Ha!
Eum. I do not lie, Sir.
I ſay, you want fair language; nay, 'tis certain
You cannot ſay Good-morrow.
Mem. Ye dog-whelps,
The proudeſt of your prating tongues——
Eum. Do, kill us,
Kill us for telling truth. For my part, general,
I would not live to ſee men make a may-game
Of him I have made a maſter: Kill us quickly,
Then you may——
Mem. What?
Eum. Do what you liſt, draw your ſword childiſhly
Upon your ſervants that are bound to tell you.
I'm weary of my life.
1 *Capt.* And I.
2 *Capt.* And all, Sir.
Eum. Go to the princeſs, make her ſport, cry to her,
'I am the glorious man of war!'
Mem. Pray ye leave me.
I'm ſorry I was angry; I'll think better.
Pray no more words.
Eum. Good Sir.
Mem. Nay then——
2 *Capt.* We're gone, Sir. [*Exeunt Eum. and Capt.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Calis. How came he hither? See, for Heaven's ſake, wenches,

What

What faces, and what poſtures, he puts on.
I do not think he's perfect [19].
[*Memnon walks aſide, full of ſtrange geſtures.*
Cle. If your love
Have not betray'd his little wits, he's well enough,
As well as he will be.
Calis. Mark how he muſes.
Lucip. H'has a battalia now in's brains. He draws out; now
Have at ye, harpers!
Cle. See, ſee, there the fire falls [20].
Lucip. Look what an alphabet of faces he runs thro'.
Cle. Oh, love, love, how amorouſly thou look'ſt
In an old ruſty armour.
Calis. I'll away,
For by my troth I fear him.
Lucip. Fear the gods, madam,
And never care what man can do: This fellow,
With all his frights about him, and his furies,
His larums, and his launces, ſwords, and targets,
Nay, caſe him up in armour cap-a-pee,
Yet, durſt I undertake, within two hours,
If he durſt charge, to give him ſuch a ſhake,
Should ſhake his valour off, and make his ſhanks to ake.
Cle. For ſhame! no more.
Calis. He muſes ſtill.
Cle. The devil——
Why ſhould this old dried timber, chopt with thunder——
Calis. Old wood burns quickeſt.
Lucip. Out, you would ſay, madam;
Give me a green ſtick that may hold me heat,
And ſmoke me ſoundly too. He turns, and ſees you.
Cle. There's no avoiding now; have at you!
[*Memnon comes to her.*

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[19] *I do not think he's* perfect.] i. e. *In his ſenſes.* So Lear,
'I think I am not in my *perfect* mind.'

[20] *Fire* fails.] The word I have ſubſtituted is, I believe, the true one, for it carries on the metaphor, which the other does not. Mr. Sympſon and I concurred in this conjecture. *Seward.*

Mem. Lady,
The more I look upon you—— [*Stays her.*
Cle. The more you may, Sir.
Calis. Let him alone.
Mem. I would deſire your patience.
The more, I ſay, I look, the more—— [*Stays her.*
Lucip. My fortune.
'Tis very apt, Sir.
Mem. Women, let my fortune
And me alone, I wiſh you. Pray come this way;
And ſtand you ſtill there, lady.
Calis. Leave the words, Sir,
And leap into the meaning.
Mem. Then again
I tell you, I do love you.
Calis. Why[21]?
Mem. No queſtions;
Pray no more queſtions. I do love you infinitely.
Why do you ſmile? Am I ridiculous?
Calis. I'm monſtrous fearful.—No, I joy you love me.
Mem. Joy on then, and be proud on't; I do love you.
Stand ſtill; do not trouble me, you women!
He loves you, lady, at whoſe feet have kneel'd
Princes to beg their freedoms; he whoſe valour
Has over-run whole kingdoms.
Calis. That makes me doubt, Sir,
'Twill over-run me too.
Mem. He whoſe ſword——
Cle. Talk not ſo big, Sir; you will fright the princeſs.
Mem. Ha!
Lucip. No forſooth.
Calis. I know you have done wonders.
Mem. I have, and will do more and greater, braver;
And, for your beauty, miracles. Name that kingdom,
And take your choice——
Calis. Sir, I am not ambitious.

[21] Calis. *Why?*] Mr. Seward, we think injudiciouſly, gives this interrogatory to *Cleanthe*.

Mem.

Mem. You ſhall be; 'tis the child of glory. She that I love,
Whom my deſires ſhall magnify, time ſtories,
And all the empires of the earth——
Cle. I would fain aſk him——
Lucip. Prithee be quiet; he will beat us both elſe.
Cle. What will you make me then, Sir?
Mem. I will make thee
Stand ſtill and hold thy peace! I have a heart, lady—
Calis. You were a monſter elſe.
Mem. A loving heart.
A truly loving heart.
Calis. Alas, how came it?
Mem. I would you had it in your hand, ſweet lady,
To ſee the truth it bears you.
Calis. Do you give it——
Lucip. That was well thought upon.
Cle. 'Twill put him to't, wench.
Calis. And you ſhall ſee I dare accept it, Sir,
Take't in my hand and view it: If I find it
A loving and a ſweet heart, as you call it,
I am bound, I am.
Mem. No more; I'll ſend it to you;
As I have honour in me, you ſhall have it.
Cle. Handſomely done, Sir; and perfum'd, by all means;
The weather's warm, Sir.
Mem. With all circumſtance.
Lucip. A napkin wrought moſt curiouſly.
Mem. Divinely.
Cle. Put in a goblet of pure gold.
Mem. Yes, in jacinth,
That ſhe may ſee the ſpirits thro'.
Lucip. You have greas'd him
For chewing love again in haſte.
Cle. If he ſhould do it.
Calis. If Heav'n ſhould fall we ſhould have larks:
He do it!
Cle. See, how he thinks upon't.

Calis.

Calis. He'll think theſe three years,
Ere he prove ſuch an aſs. I lik'd his offer:
There was no other way to put him off elſe.
Mem. I will do it. Lady, expect my heart.
Calis. I do, Sir.
Mem. Love it; for 'tis a heart that——and ſo I leave you. [*Exit.*
Cle. Either he is ſtark mad,
Or elſe, I think, he means it.
Calis. He muſt be ſtark mad,
Or he will never do it: 'Tis vainglory
And want of judgment that provoke this in him;
Sleep and ſociety cure all. His heart?
No, no, good gentleman! there's more belongs to't;
Hearts are at higher prices. Let's go in,
And there examine him a little better.
Shut all the doors behind, for fear he follow;
I hope I've loſt a lover, and am glad on't. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Memnon alone.

Mem. 'TIS but to die. Dogs do it, ducks with dabbling,
Birds ſing away their ſouls, and babies ſleep 'em.
Why do I talk of that is treble vantage?
For, in the other world, ſhe's bound to have me;
Her princely word is paſt: My great deſert too
Will draw her to come after preſently;
'Tis juſtice, and the gods muſt ſee it done too.
Beſides, no brother, father, kindred, there
Can hinder us; all languages are alike too.
There love is ever laſting, ever young,
Free from diſeaſes, ages[22], jealouſies,

[22] *Diſeaſes, ages, jealouſies.*] Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon both read

Bawds, beldames, pandars[23], purgers. Die? 'tis nothing:
Men drown themſelves for joy to draw in juleps,
When they are hot with wine; in dreams we do it;
And many a handſome wench that loves the ſport well,
Gives up her ſoul ſo in her lover's boſom.
But I muſt be incis'd firſt, cut and open'd,
My heart, and handſomely, ta'en from me; ſtay there;
Dead once—Stay! let me think again! Who do I know there?
For elſe to wander up and down unwaited on,
And unregarded in my place and project,
Is for a ſowter's ſoul, not an old ſoldier's.
My brave old regiments—ay, there it goes—
That have been kill'd before me; right!

Enter Chilax.

Chi. He's here,
And I muſt trouble him.
Mem. Then thoſe I have conquer'd,
To make my train full.
Chi. Sir!
Mem. My captains then——
Chi. Sir, I beſeech you——
Mem. For to meet her there,
Being a princeſs, and a king's ſole ſiſter,
With great accommodation, muſt be car'd for.
Chi. Weigh but the ſoldiers' poverty.
Mem. Mine own troop firſt,
For they ſhall die.
Chi. How? what's this?

---

read *aches*; but I ſee no ſufficient reaſon for any change; *ages* in the plural may properly ſignify *old age*. *Seward.*

Age, the ſingular, is more commonly uſed to ſignify *old age*, than the plural, *ages*. Here, however, the plural ſeems to be ſo applied, and to form an antitheſis;

There love is everlaſting, ever young,
Free from diſeaſes, ages, &c.

[23] *Bawds, beldames*, painters, *purgers*.] I have ventur'd upon a change here, though I allow the former reading is ſenſe; but that *pandars* are more proper companions to *bawds* and *beldames* than *painters*, I believe all will allow. *Seward.*

Mem.

Mem. Next——
Chi. Shall I ſpeak louder? Sir!
Mem. A ſquare battalia——
Chi. You do not think of us.
Mem. Their armours gilded——
Chi. Good noble Sir!
Mem. And round about ſuch engines
Shall make hell ſhake.
Chi. You do not mock me?
Mem. For, Sir,
I will be ſtrong, as brave——
Chi. You may conſider;
You know we've ſerv'd you long enough.
Mem. No ſoldier
That ever landed on the bleſs'd Elyzium
Did or ſhall march, as I will.
Chi. 'Would you would march, Sir,
Up to the king, and get us——
Mem. King nor Keiſer [24]

Shall

[24] *King nor* Keiſer.] Though this poſſeſſes all the former editions, I can ſee neither reaſon nor humour in the miſtaken ſpelling here. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward ſubſtitutes *Cæſar* for *Keiſer*; but there needs no alteration. Spenſer frequently uſes the expreſſion of kings and *keſars* in the Fairy Queen.

'Whilſt kings and *keſars* at her feet did them proſtrate.' B. 5. c. 9. ſ. 29.

'——The captive hearts
'Of kings and *keſars*.' B. 4. c. 7. ſ. 1.
'This is the ſtate of *keſars* and of kings.' B. 6. c. 3. ſ. 5.
'Mighty kings and *keſars* into thraldom brought.' B. 3. c. 11. ſ. 29.
'Ne *keſar* ſpared he a whit, nor kings.' B. 6. c. 12. ſ. 28.

It is a very ancient form of ſpeaking, and is found among other poets. In the Viſions of Pierce Plowman,

'Death came driving after, and all to duſt paſhed
'Kings and *kayſers*, knights and popes.'

Alſo in Ben Jonſon's Tale of a Tub, act ii. ſcene ii.

'*Tu.* I charge you in the queen's name keep the peace.
'*Hil.* Tell me o' no queen or *keyſar*.'

It

Shall equal me in that world.
Chi. What a devil ails he?
Mem. Next, the rare beauties of thoſe towns I fir'd.
Chi. I ſpeak of money, Sir.
Mem. Ten thouſand coaches——
Chi. Oh, pounds, Sir, pounds. I beſeech your lordſhip,
Let coaches run out of your remembrance.
Mem. In which the wanton Cupids, and the graces,
Drawn with the weſtern winds, kindling deſires—
And then our poets——
Chi. Then our pay.
Mem. For, Chilax, when the triumph comes; the princeſs
Then, for I'll have a Heav'n made——
Chi. Bleſs your lordſhip!
Mem. Stand ſtill, Sir [25].
Chi. So I do.
Mem. And in it——
Chi. Death, Sir,
You talk you know not what.
Mem. Such rare devices!
Make me, I ſay, a Heav'n.
Chi. I ſay ſo too, Sir.
Mem. For here ſhall run a conſtellation.
Chi. And there a piſſing-conduit.
Mem. Ha!
Chi. With wine, Sir.
Mem. A ſun there in his height, there ſuch a planet.

It occurs likewiſe in Harrington's Arioſto,

'For myters, ſtates, nor crowns may not exclude
'Popes, mightie kings nor *keyſars* from the ſame.'
C. 44. f. 47.

Theſe proofs are extracted from Warton's Obſervations on Spenſer, vol. ii. p. 212. *R.*

[25] Chi. *Bleſs your Lordſhip!*
Stand ſtill, Sir.
Mem. *So I do, and in it.*] The abſurdity of *Chilax* bidding *Memnon ſtand ſtill*, and his anſwering, *ſo I do*, is I think very obvious, and the emendation almoſt ſelf-evident. *Seward.*

Chi.

Chi. But where's our money? where runs that?
Mem. Ha!
Chi. Money,
Money, an't like your lordſhip.
Mem. Why, all the carriage ſhall come behind,
The ſtuff, rich hangings, treaſure; or, ſay we've none?
Chi. I may ſay ſo truly,
For hang me if I have a groat. I've ſerv'd well,
And like an honeſt man: I ſee no reaſon——
Mem. Thou muſt needs die, good Chilax.
Chi. Very well, Sir.
Mem. I will have honeſt, valiant ſouls about me;
I cannot miſs thee.
Chi. Die?
Mem. Yes, die; and Pelius,
Eumenes, and Polybius: I ſhall think
Of more within theſe two hours.
Chi. Die, Sir?
Mem. Ay, Sir[26];
And you ſhall die.
Chi. When, I beſeech your lordſhip?
Mem. To-morrow ſee you do die.
Chi. A ſhort warning.
Troth, Sir, I'm ill prepar'd.
Mem. I die myſelf then;
Beſides, there's reaſon——
Chi. Oh!
Mem. I pray thee tell me,
For thou art a great dreamer——
Chi. I can dream, Sir.
If I eat well and ſleep well[27].

[26] I, *Sir.*] We have no doubt that *I*, in this place, means *Ay*. It was the uſual way of writing that word formerly; and Memnon does not ſeem to deſign more than a mere aſſent to the queſtion, from this circumſtance, that he informs Chilax ſeveral lines afterwards of his intent to die himſelf. *R.*

[27] *If I eat well and ſleep* well.] Luxurious eating makes unquiet ſlumbers, and unquiet ſlumbers create frequent dreams, but they who *ſleep well* dream little: I think therefore I have reſtored the true reading, which gives new humour as well as a new ſenſe. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *ſleep* ILL.

Mem.

Mem. Was it never
By dream or apparition open'd to thee——
Chi. He's mad.
Mem. What the other world was, or Elyzium?
Didſt never travel in thy ſleep?
Chi. To taverns,
When I was drunk o'er night; or to a wench;
There's an Elyzium for you, a young lady
Wrapt round about you like a ſnake! Is that it?
Or if that ſtrange Elyzium that you talk of
Be where the devil is, I have dream'd of him,
And that I have had him by the horns, and rid him;
He trots the dagger out o'th' ſheath.
Mem. Elyzium,
The bleſſed fields, man!
Chi. I know no fields bleſſed,
But thoſe I have gain'd by. I have dream'd I have been
In Heav'n too.
Mem. There, handle that place; that's Elyzium.
Chi. Brave ſinging, and brave dancing,
And rare things.
Mem. All full of flow'rs.
Chi. And pot-herbs.
Mem. Bow'rs for lovers,
And everlaſting ages of delight.
Chi. I ſlept not ſo far.
Mem. Meet me on thoſe banks
Some two days hence.
Chi. In dream, Sir?
Mem. No; in death, Sir.
And there I muſter all, and pay the ſoldier.
Away; no more, no more!
Chi. God keep your lordſhip!
This is fine dancing for us.

Enter Siphax.

Sip. Where's the general?
Chi. There's the old ſign of Memnon; where the foul is

You

You may go look, as I have.

Sip. What's the matter?

Chi. Why, queſtion him and ſee; he talks of devils,
Hells, Heav'ns, princes, pow'rs, and potentates.
You muſt to th' pot too.

Sip. How?

Chi. Do you know Elyzium?
A tale he talks the wild-gooſe-chaſe of.

Sip. Elyzium?
I have read of ſuch a place.

Chi. Then get you to him,
You are as fine company as can be fitted.
Your worſhip's fairly met[28]. [*Exit.*

Sip. Mercy upon us,
What ails this gentleman?

Mem. Inciſion[29]——

Sip. How his head works?

Mem. Between two ribs;
If he cut ſhort, or mangle me, I'll take him
And twirl his neck about.

Sip. Now gods defend us!

Mem. In a pure cup tranſparent, with a writing
To ſignify——

Sip. I never knew him thus:
Sure he's bewitch'd, or poiſon'd.

Mem. Who's there?

Sip. I, Sir.

Mem. Come hither. Siphax?

Sip. Yes; how does your lordſhip?

Mem. Well, God-a-mercy, ſoldier, very well;
But prithee tell me——

Sip. Any thing I can, Sir.

Mem. What durſt thou do to gain the rareſt beauty
The world has?

[28] *Your worſhip's fairly met.*] We ſuſpect theſe words ſhould form Siphax's addreſs to Memnon; but will not diſturb the text.

[29] Mem. *Proviſion.*] As I can ſee no reaſon why a word ſhould ſtand here without any idea connecting with the following ſentence, I have ſubſtituted the natural word, which I'm confirmed in by Mr. Sympſon's concurrence in the ſame conjecture. *Seward.*

Sip.

Sip. That the world has? 'tis worth doing.
Mem. Is it ſo? but what doing bears it?
Sip. Why, any thing; all dangers it appears to.
Mem. Name ſome of thoſe things; do.
Sip. I would undertake, Sir,
A voyage round about the world.
Mem. Short, Siphax.
A merchant does it to ſpice pots of ale.
Sip. I would ſwim in armour.
Mem. Short ſtill; a poor jade
Loaden will take a ſtream, and ſtem it ſtrongly
To leap a mare.
Sip. The plague I durſt.
Mem. Still ſhorter;
I'll cure it with an onion.
Sip. Surfeits.
Mem. Short ſtill;
They are often phyſics for our healths, and help us.
Sip. I would ſtand a breach.
Mem. Thine honour bids thee, ſoldier:
'Tis ſhame to find a ſecond cauſe.
Sip. I durſt, Sir,
Fight with the felleſt monſter.
Mem. That's the pooreſt;
Man was ordain'd their maſter. Durſt you die, Sir?
Sip. How? die, my lord!
Mem. Die, Siphax; take thy ſword,
And come by that door to her? There's a price
To buy a luſty love at.
Sip. I am well content, Sir,
To prove no purchaſer.
Mem. Away, thou world-worm!
Thou win a matchleſs beauty?
Sip. 'Tis to loſe't, Sir;
For being dead, where's the reward I reach at?
The love I labour for?
Mem. There it begins, fool.
Thou art merely cozen'd; for the loves we now know

Are but the heats of half an hour, and hated [30]
Deſires ſtirr'd up by Nature to encreaſe her;
Licking of one another to a luſt;
Coarſe and baſe appetites, earth's mere inheritors,
And heirs of idleneſs and blood: Pure love,
That that the ſoul affects, and cannot purchaſe
While ſhe is loaden with our fleſh; that love, Sir,
Which is the price of honour, dwells not here;
Your ladies' eyes are lampleſs to that virtue;
That beauty ſmiles not on a cheek waſh'd over,
Nor ſcents the ſweets of ambers: Below, Siphax,
Below us in the other world, Elyzium,
Where's no more dying, no deſpairing, mourning,
Where all deſires are full, deſerts down loaden,
There, Siphax, there, where loves are ever living!

Sip. Why do we love in this world then?

Mem. To preſerve it,
The Maker loſt his work elſe; but mark, Siphax,
What iſſues that love bears.

Sip. Why, children, Sir——
I never heard him talk thus; thus divinely,
And ſenſible before.

Mem. It does ſo, Siphax;
Things like ourſelves, as ſenſual, vain, unvented
Bubbles, and breaths of air; got with an itching
As bliſters are, and bred, as much corruption
Flows from their lives, ſorrow conceives and ſhapes 'em,
And oftentimes the death of thoſe we love moſt.
The breeders bring them to the world to curſe 'em;
Crying they creep amongſt us like young cats;
Cares and continual croſſes keeping with 'em,
They make time old to tend them, and experience

---

[30] ——— *and* hated

Deſires.] Mr. Sympſon and I concurred in believing *hated* to be a corruption, though we allow it to make good ſenſe; *heated* ſeems much the moſt natural word. *Seward.*

Heated is not amiſs in itſelf; but would in this place be tautology:

——— *for the loves we now know*
Are but the heats *of half an hour, and* heated
Deſires, &c.

An

An aſs, they alter ſo: They grow, and goodly;
Ere we can turn our thoughts, like drops of water,
They fall into the main, are known no more:
This is the love of this world. I muſt tell thee,
For thou art underſtanding.

Sip. What you pleaſe, Sir:

Mem. And as a faithful man—nay, I dare truſt thee:
I love the princeſs.

Sip. There 'tis that has fir'd him;
I knew he had ſome inſpiration.
But does ſhe know it, Sir?

Mem. Yes, marry does ſhe;
I've given my heart unto her.

Sip. If you love her——

Mem. Nay, underſtand me; my heart taken from me,
Out of my body, man, and ſo brought to her.
How lik'ſt thou that brave offer? There's the love
I told thee of, and after death the living[31]!
She muſt in juſtice come, boy, ha?

Sip. Your heart, Sir?

Mem. Ay, ſo, by all means, Siphax.

Sip. He loves roaſt well
That eats the ſpit.

Mem. And ſince thou'rt come thus fitly,
I'll do it preſently, and thou ſhalt carry it;
For thou canſt tell a ſtory, and deſcribe it.
And I conjure thee, Siphax, by thy gentry,
Next by the glorious battles we have fought in,
By all the dangers, wounds, heats, colds, diſtreſſes,
Thy love next, and obedience, nay, thy life——

Sip. But one thing, firſt, Sir: If ſhe pleas'd to grant it,
Could you not love her here, and live? Conſider.

---

[31] *And after death, the* living.] I doubt whether *loving* be not the true word here, but as both are nearly equal, as to ſenſe, I ſhall not change the text. *Seward.*

The old reading is right, and the whole clauſe, taken together, agrees exactly with what has gone before:

——————*There's the* love
I told thee of, and after death the living!

Theſe words are little elſe than repeating,

There, *Siphax*, there, *where* loves *are ever* living.

Mem. Ha? Yes, I think I could.
Sip. 'Twould be far nearer;
Beſides, the ſweets here would induce the laſt love,
And link it in.
Mem. Thou ſay'ſt right; but our ranks here
And bloods are bars between us; ſhe muſt ſtand off too,
As I perceive ſhe does.
Sip. Deſert and duty
Make even all, Sir.
Mem. Then the king, tho' I
Have merited as much as man can, muſt not let her,
So many princes covetous of her beauty.
I would with all my heart, but 'tis impoſſible.
Sip. Why, ſay ſhe marry after?
Mem. No, ſhe dares not;
The gods dare not do ill; come.
Sip. Do you mean it?
Mem. Lend me thy knife, and help me off.
Sip. For Heaven ſake,
Be not ſo ſtupid mad, dear general!
Mem. Diſpatch, I ſay.
Sip. As you love that you look for,
Heav'n and the bleſſed life——
Mem. Hell take thee, coxcomb!
Why doſt thou keep me from it? Thy knife, I ſay!
Sip. Do but this one thing, on my knees I beg it,
Stay but two hours 'till I return again.
For I will to her, tell her all your merits,
Your moſt unvalu'd love, and laſt your danger;
If ſhe relent, then live ſtill, and live loving,
Happy, and high in favour: if ſhe frown——
Mem. Shall I be ſure to know it?
Sip. As I live, Sir,
My quick return ſhall either bring you fortune,
Or leave you to your own fate.
Mem. Two hours?
Sip. Yes, Sir.
Mem. Let it be kept.—Away! I will expect it.
[*Exeunt Mem. and Sip.*

Enter

Enter Chilax, Fool, and Page.

Chi. You dainty wits! Two of ye to a cater,
To cheat him of a dinner?
Page. Ten at court, Sir,
Are few enough; they are as wiſe as we are.
Chi. Hang ye, I'll eat at any time, and any where;
I never make that part of want. Preach to me
What ye can do, and when ye liſt!
Fool. Your patience;
'Tis a hard day at court, a fiſh-day.
Chi. So it ſeems, Sir,
The fins grow out of thy face.
Fool. And to purchaſe
This day the company of one dear cuſtard,
Or a meſs of Rice ap Thomas [32], needs a main wit.
Beef we can bear before us, lin'd with brewis,
And tubs of pork; vociferating veals,
And tongues that ne'er told lie yet.
Chi. Line thy mouth with 'em.
Fool. Thou'ſt need, and great need, for theſe finny fiſh-days
The officers' underſtandings are ſo phlegmatic,
They cannot apprehend us.
Chi. That's great pity,
For you deſerve it, and, being apprehended,
The whip to boot. Boy, what do you ſo near me?
I dare not truſt your touch, boy.

Enter Stremon and his Boy.

Page. As I am virtuous!
What, thieves amongſt ourſelves?
Chi. Stremon!
Stre. Lieutenant!
Chi. Welcome aſhore, aſhore.

[32] *Rice ap Thomas.*] *Rice ap Thomas* ſeems to be the name of ſome diſh well known in the time of our Authors; yet this Welch dainty is ſtrangely introduced at Paphos, the ſcene of this drama.

Fool. What, monſieur Muſick?
Stre. My fine fool!
Page. Fellow Crack! why, what a conſort
Are we now bleſs'd withal?
Fool. Fooling and fiddling.
Nay, an we live not now, boys—What new ſongs, ſirrah?
Stre. A thouſand, man, a thouſand.
Fool. Itching airs,
Alluding to the old ſport?
Stre. Of all ſizes.
Fool. And how does ſmall Tim Treble here; the heart on't?
Boy. To do you ſervice.
Fool. Oh, Tim! the times, the times, Tim!
Stre. How does the general?
And next, what money's ſtirring?
Chi. For the general,
He's here; but ſuch a general! The time's chang'd, Stremon;
He was the liberal general, and the loving,
The feeder of a ſoldier, and the father;
But now become the ſtupid'ſt——
Stre. Why, what ails he?
Chi. Nay, if a horſe knew, and his head's big enough,
I'll hang for't. Didſt thou ever ſee a dog
Run mad o' th' tooth-ach? Such another toy
Is he now; ſo he glotes, and grins, and bites.
Fool. Why, hang him quickly, and then he can't hurt folks.
Chi. One hour raving,
Another ſmiling, not a word the third hour.
I tell thee, Stremon, h' has a ſtirring ſoul;
Whatever it attempts, or labours at,
Would wear out twenty bodies in another.
Fool. I'll keep it out of me, for mine's but buckram;
He would bounce that out in two hours.
Chi. Then he talks

The

The ſtrangeſt and the maddeſt ſtuff from reaſon,
Or any thing you offer—Stand thou there;
I'll ſhew thee how he is, for I'll play Memnon,
The ſtrangeſt general that e'er thou heardſt of[33].
Stremon!

Stre. My lord!

Chi. Go preſently, and find me
A black horſe with a blue tail; bid the blank cornet
Charge thro' the ſea, and ſink the navy; ſoftly,
Our ſouls are things not to be waken'd in us
With larums, and loud bawlings; for in Elyzium,
Stillneſs and quietneſs, and ſweetneſs, ſirrah,
I will have, for it much concerns mine honour,
Such a ſtrong reputation[34] for my welcome
As all the world ſhall ſay: For, in the forefront,
So many on white unicorns, next them
My gentlemen, my cavaliers and captains,
Ten deep, and trapp'd with tenter-hooks[35], to take hold
Of all occaſions; for Friday cannot fiſh out
The end I aim at: Tell me of Diocles,
And what he dares do! Dare he meet me naked?
Thunder in this hand; in his left—Fool!

Fool. Yes, Sir.

Chi. Fool, I would have thee fly i'th' air, fly ſwiftly
To that place where the ſun ſets, there deliver.

Fool. Deliver? What, Sir?

Chi. This, Sir, this, you ſlave, Sir! [*All laugh.*
Death, ye rude rogues, ye ſcarabes[36]! [*Seizes the Fool.*

[33] *The ſtrangeſt general that e'er thou heardſt of*, Stremon.] *Stremon* ſhould certainly begin a new line, and is the beginning of Chilax's acting the General, as is proved by Stremon's anſwer.

[34] *Such a ſtrong* reputation!] I have ventured to inſert in the text a conjecture of Mr. Sympſon's, as believing he has hit upon the true reading. *Seward.*

They read, *ſtrong preparation*; but there is not ſufficient reaſon to reject the old reading.

[35] Trapt *with tenter-hooks.*] *Trapt* ſignifies *accoutered, accommodated*; as we ſtill uſe the word *trappings*. So in Ben Jonſon,

'And to anſwer all things elſe,
'*Trap* our ſhaggy thighs with bells.'

[36] *Scarabes.*] See note to Elder Brother, vol. ii. p. 182.

Fool. Hold, for Heav'n's ſake,
Lieutenant, ſweet lieutenant!
Chi. I have done, Sir.
Page. You've wrung his neck off.
Chi. No, Boy; 'tis the nature
Of this ſtrange paſſion, when it hits, to hale people
Along by th' hair, to kick 'em, break their heads.
Fool. Do you call this acting? was your part to beat me?
Chi. Yes, I muſt act all that he does.
Fool. Plague act you,
I'll act no more.
Stre. 'Tis but to ſhew, man.
Fool. Then, man,
He ſhould have ſhew'd it only, and not done it;
I am ſure he beat me beyond action.
Gouts o' your heavy fiſt!
Chi. I'll have thee to him;
Thou haſt a fine wit, fine Fool, and canſt play rarely,
He'll hug thee, boy, and ſtroke thee.
Fool. I'll to the ſtocks firſt,
Ere I be ſtrok'd thus.
Stre. But how came he, Chilax?
Chi. I know not that.
Stre. I'll to him.
Chi. He loves thee well,
And much delights to hear thee ſing; much taken
He has been with thy battle ſongs.
Stre. If muſick
Can find his madneſs, I'll ſo fiddle him,
That out it ſhall by th' ſhoulders.
Chi. My fine fiddler,
He'll firk you, an you take not heed too. 'Twill be rare ſport
To ſee his own trade triumph over him; [*Aſide.*
His lute lac'd to his head, for creeping hedges;
For money there's none ſtirring.—Try, good Stremon,
Now what your ſilver ſound [37] can do; our voices

[37] *Silver ſound.*] In Shakeſpeare's Romeo and Juliet, act iv. ſcene v.

one

Are but vain echoes.

Stre. Something ſhall be done
Shall make him underſtand all. Let's to th' tavern;
I have ſome few crowns left yet: my whiſtle wet once,
I'll pipe him ſuch a paven [38] ——

Chi. Hold thy head up;
I'll cure it with a quart of wine. Come, coxcomb,
Come, boy! take heed of napkins.

Fool. You'll no more acting?

Chi. No more, chicken.

Fool. Go then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Siphax at one door, and a Gentleman at the other.

Sip. God ſave you, Sir! Pray how might I ſee the princeſs?

Gent. Why, very fitly, Sir; ſhe's e'en now ready
To walk out this way into th' park. Stand there,
You cannot miſs her ſight, Sir.

Sip. I much thank you. [*Exit Gentleman.*

Enter Calis, Lucippe, and Cleanthe.

Calis. Let's have a care, for I'll aſſure ye, wenches,
I wou'd not meet him willingly again;
For tho' I do not fear him, yet his faſhion

---

one of the muſicians ſings part of an old ſong, in which is the following line;

'Then muſick, with her *ſilver ſound.*' *R.*

[38] *A* paven.] The *paven*, from *pavo*, a *peacock*, is a grave majeſtick dance. The method of dancing it was antiently by gentlemen dreſſed with a cap and ſword, by thoſe of the long-robe in their gowns, by princes in their mantles, and by ladies in gowns with long trains, the motion whereof in the dance reſembled that of a *peacock's* tail. This dance is ſuppoſed to have been invented by the Spaniards, and its figure is given, with the characters for the ſteps, in the *Orcheſographia* of Thoinet Arbeau. Every *paven* has its galliard, a lighter kind of air, made out of the former.

Sir John Hawkins's notes on Shakeſpeare.

In Stephen Goſſon's School of Abuſe, containing a Pleaſaunt Invective againſt Poets, Pipers, &c. 1579, it is enumerated as follows, among other dances: 'Dumps, *pavins*, galliardes, meaſures, fancies, or 'new ſtreynes.'

Steevens's notes on Shakeſpeare.

I would

I would not be acquainted much with.
Cle. Gentle lady,
You need not fear; the walks are view'd and empty;
But methinks, madam, this kind heart of his——
Lucip. Is ſlow a-coming.
Sip. Keep me, ye bleſs'd angels!
What killing power is this?
Calis. Why, doſt thou look for't?
Doſt think he ſpoke in earneſt?
Lucip. Methinks, madam,
A gentleman ſhould keep his word; and to a lady,
A lady of your excellencies.
Calis. Out, fool!
Send me his heart? What ſhould we do with 't? dance it?
Lucip. Dry it, and drink it for the worms.
Calis. Who's that?
What man ſtands there?
Cle. Where?
Calis. There.
Cle. A gentleman,
Which I beſeech your grace to honour ſo much,
As know him for your ſervant's brother.
Calis. Siphax?
Cle. The ſame, an't pleaſe your grace.—What does he here?
Upon what buſineſs? and I ignorant?
Calis. He's grown a handſome gentleman. Good Siphax,
You're welcome from the wars! Would you with us, Sir?
Pray ſpeak your will. He bluſhes; be not fearful;
I can aſſure you, for your ſiſter's ſake, Sir—
There's my hand on it.
Cle. Do you hear, Sir?
Calis. Sure theſe ſoldiers are all grown ſenſeleſs.
Cle. Do you know where you are, Sir?
Calis. Tongue-tied;
He looks not well too; by my life, I think——
Cle. Speak, for ſhame ſpeak!

Lucip.

Lucip. A man would ſpeak.
Calis. Theſe ſoldiers
Are all dumb ſaints[39]. Conſider, and take time, Sir.
Let's forward, wenches, come; his palate's down[40].
Lucip. Dare theſe men charge i'th' face of fire and bullets,
And hang their heads down at a handſome woman?
Good maſter Mars, that's a foul fault.
Cle. Fy, beaſt! [*Exeunt Calis and Lucip.*
No more my brother!
Sip. Siſter, honour'd ſiſter!
Cle. Diſhonour'd fool!
Sip. I do confeſs——
Cle. Fy on thee!
Sip. But ſtay till I deliver——
Cle. Let me go;
I am aſham'd to own thee.
Sip. Fare you well then!
You muſt ne'er ſee me more.
Cle. Why? Stay, dear Siphax!
My anger's paſt; I'll hear you ſpeak.
Sip. Oh, ſiſter!
Cle. Out with it, man!
Sip. Oh, I have drank my miſchief.
Cle. Ha! what?
Sip. My deſtruction;
In at mine eyes I have drank it. Oh, the princeſs,
The rare ſweet princeſs!
Cle. How, fool? the rare princeſs!
Was it the princeſs that thou ſaidſt?
Sip. The princeſs.
Cle. Thou doſt not love her ſure? thou dar'ſt not!

39 *Are all* dull ſaints.] Mr. Sympſon doubts whether we ſhould not read *dull ſots*: But I think he has miſſed a fine image here. *Theſe ſoldiers are like the dull ſtatues of ſaints, they only ſtand ſtill in ſpeechleſs adoration.* *Seward.*

This is refinement. We can ſee no alluſion to *ſtatues*, nor perfectly underſtand her calling ſoldiers *ſaints*. The old books ſay, DUMB *ſaints*. *Dull* never occurs till the octavo of 1711.

40 *His* palate's *down.*] This ſeems to be the ſame as what is now called *chap-fallen* by the vulgar.

Sip.

Sip. Yes,
By Heav'n!

Cle. Yes, by Heav'n? I know thou dar'ſt not.
The princeſs? 'Tis thy life, the knowledge of it,
Preſumption that will draw into it all thy kindred,
And leave 'em ſlaves and ſuccourleſs. The princeſs?
Why, ſhe's a ſacred thing, to ſee and worſhip,
Fix'd from us as the ſun is, high, and glorious,
To be ador'd, not doted on. Deſire things poſſible,
Thou fooliſh young man; nouriſh not a hope
Will hale thy heart out.

Sip. 'Tis my deſtiny,
And I know both diſgrace and death will quit it,
If it be known.

Cle. Purſue it not then, Siphax;
Get thee good wholeſome thoughts may nouriſh thee;
Go home and pray.

Sip. I cannot.

Cle. Sleep then, Siphax,
And dream away thy doting.

Sip. I muſt have her,
Or you no more your brother. Work, Cleanthe;
Work, and work ſpeedily, or I ſhall die, wench.

Cle. Die then; I dare forget. Farewell!

Sip. Farewell, ſiſter;
Farewell for ever! See me buried.

Cle. Stay;
Pray, ſtay!—He's all my brothers.—No way, Siphax?
No other woman?

Sip. None, none; ſhe, or ſinking.

Cle. Go, and hope well; my life I'll venture for thee,
And all my art; a woman may work miracles.
No more! Pray heartily againſt misfortunes [41],
For much I fear a main one.

Sip. I ſhall do it. [*Exeunt.*

[41] *Pray heartily* againſt MY FORTUNES,
For much I fear a main one.] This reading carries a ſenſe directly oppoſite to what the ſituation requires. We ſhould certainly read,
Pray heartily againſt misfortunes,
For much I fear a main one.

ACT III.

Enter a Prieſteſs of Venus and a Boy.

Prieſt. FIND him by any means; and, good child, tell him
He has forgot his old friend. Give him this;
And ſay, this night, without excuſe or buſineſs,
As ever he may find a friend, come to me;
He knows the way, and how. Be gone!
Boy. I gallop. [*Exit.*

Enter Cleanthe.

Cle. I have been looking you.
Prieſt. The fair Cleanthe!
What may your buſineſs be?
Cle. Oh, holy mother,
Such buſineſs, of ſuch ſtrange weight! Now or never.
As you have lov'd me, as you do or may do,
When I ſhall find a fit time——
Prieſt. If by my means
Your buſineſs may be fitted—you know me,
And how I am tied unto you—be bold, daughter,
To build your beſt hopes.
Cle. Oh, but 'tis a ſtrange one;
Stuck with as many dangers——
Prieſt. There's the working;
Small things perform themſelves, and give no pleaſures.
Be confident, thro' death I'll ſerve you.
Cle. Here.
Prieſt. Fy! no corruption.
Cle. Take it; it is yours;
Be not ſo ſpiced; 'tis good gold,
And goodneſs is no gall to th' conſcience.
I know you have ways to vent it: You may hold it.
Prieſt. I'll keep it for you. When?

Cle.

Cle. To-morrow morning
I'll viſit you again; and when occaſion
Offers itſelf——
Prieſt. Inſtruct me, and have at you.
Cle. Farewell till then! Be ſure.
Prieſt. As your own thoughts, lady.
Cle. 'Tis a main work, and full of fear.
Prieſt. Fools only
Make their effects ſeem fearful. Farewell, daughter!
[*Exit Cleanthe.*
This gold was well got for my old tough ſoldier;
Now I ſhall be his ſweet again. What buſineſs
Is this ſhe has a-foot? Some luſty lover
Beyond her line; the young wench would fain piddle;
A little to revive her muſt be thought of;
'Tis e'en ſo, ſhe muſt have it. But how by my means,
A devil, can ſhe drive it? I that wait ſtill
Before the goddeſs, giving oracle,
How can I profit her? 'Tis her own project,
And if ſhe caſt it falſe, her own fault be it. [*Exit.*

Enter Polydor, Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

Polyd. Why, this is utter madneſs.
Eum. Thus it is, Sir.
Polyd. Only the princeſs' ſight?
1 *Capt.* All we can judge at.
Polyd. This muſt be look'd to timely.
Eum. Yes, and wiſely.
Polyd. He does not offer at his life?
Eum. Not yet, Sir,
That we can hear of.
Polyd. Noble gentlemen,
Let me entreat your watches over him;
Ye cannot do a worthier work.
2 *Capt.* We came, Sir,
Provided for that ſervice.
Polyd. Where is Chilax?
Stre. A little buſy, Sir.
Polyd. Are the Fool and Boy here?
Stre. They are, Sir.

Enter

Enter Memnon.

Polyd. Let 'em be ſtill ſo; and as they find his humours——

Eum. Now you may behold him.

Polyd. Stand cloſe, and work no noiſe.
By his eyes now, gentlemen, I gueſs him full of anger.

Eum. Be not ſeen there.

Mem. The hour's paſt long ago; he's falſe, and fearful,
(Coward go with thy caitiff ſoul, thou cur dog!
Thou cold clod, wild-fire warm thee) monſtrous fearful;
I know the ſlave ſhakes but to think on't.

Polyd. Who's that?

Eum. I know not, Sir.

Mem. But I ſhall catch you, raſcal;
Your mangy ſoul is not immortal here, Sir;
You muſt die, and we muſt meet; we muſt, maggot,
Be ſure we muſt! For not a nook of hell,
Not the moſt horrid pit, ſhall harbour thee;
The devil's tail ſha'n't hide thee, but I'll have thee,
And how I'll uſe thee! Whips and firebrands,
Toaſting thy tail againſt a flame of wildfire,
And baſting it with brimſtone, ſhall be nothing,
Nothing at all! I'll teach you to be treacherous!
Was never ſlave ſo ſwing'd, ſince hell was hell,
As I will ſwinge thy ſlave's ſoul; and be ſure on't.

Polyd. Is this imagination, or ſome circumſtance?
For 'tis extreme ſtrange.

Eum. So is all he does, Sir.

Mem. 'Till then I'll leave you. Who's there? Where's the Surgeon?
Demagoras!

Enter Demagoras.

Dem. My lord!

Mem. Bring me the Surgeon;
And wait you too.

Enter Surgeon.

Polyd. What would he with a Surgeon?

Eum.

Eum. Things muſtering in his head: Pray mark.
Mem. Come hither.
Have you brought your inſtruments?
Sur. They are within, Sir.
Mem. Put to the doors a while there. You can inciſe
To a hair's breadth, without defacing?
Sur. Yes, Sir.
Mem. And take out fairly from the fleſh?
Sur. The leaſt thing.
Mem. Well, come hither then. Take off my doublet.
For, look you, Surgeon, I muſt have you cut
My heart out here, and handſomely. Nay, ſtare not,
Nor do not ſtart: I'll cut your throat elſe, Surgeon!
Come, ſwear to do it.
Sur. Good Sir——
Mem. Sirrah, hold him;
I'll have but one blow at his head.
Sur. I'll do it[42].
Why, what ſhould we do living after you, Sir?
We'll die before you, if you pleaſe.
Mem. No, no!
Sur. Living? hang living[43].—Is there ne'er a cat-
hole
Where I may creep thro'? 'Would I were i'th' Indies!
[*Aſide.*
Mem. Swear then, and after my death preſently,
To kill yourſelves and follow, as ye are honeſt,
As ye have faiths, and loves to me!

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[42] Sur. *I'll do it.*
Why what ſhould we do living after you, Sir.] The latter part of this ſentence ſeems proper to one of the officers of Memnon, not to the Surgeon, and accordingly we find Memnon applies to them to ſwear that they'd immediately kill themſelves and follow him. I have therefore reſtored it to *Demagoras.* *Seward.*

[43] Sur. *Living! hang living.*] If the words mentioned in the laſt note ſhould be taken from the *Surgeon*, ſurely theſe ſhould be taken from him alſo, being quite contrary to the reſt of his ſpeech. But as it is probable the Authors intended the *Surgeon* to diſſemble with Memnon *aloud*, while he expreſſed his fears in a low voice, and *aſide* (which muſt have a droll effect in the repreſentation) we have left to his part all that the old books aſſigned him.

Dem.

Dem. We'll do it.
Eum. Pray, do not ſtir yet; we are near enough
To run between all dangers.
Mem. Here I am, Sir.
Come, look upon me, view the beſt way boldly;
Fear nothing, but cut home. If your hand ſhake, ſirrah,
Or any way deface my heart i'th' cutting,
Make the leaſt ſcratch upon it; but draw it whole,
Excellent fair, ſhewing at all points, Surgeon,
The honour and the valour of the owner,
Mix'd with the moſt immaculate love I ſend it,
(Look to't!) I'll ſlice thee to the ſoul.
Sur. Ne'er fear, Sir,
I'll do it daintily.—'Would I were out once.
Mem. I will not have you ſmile, ſirrah, when you do it,
As tho' you cut a lady's corn; 'tis ſcurvy:
Do me it as thou doſt thy prayers, ſeriouſly.
Sur. I'll do it in a dump, Sir.
Mem. In a dog, Sir!
I'll have no dumps, nor dumplins. Fetch your tools,
And then I'll tell you more.
Sur. If I return
To hear more, I'll be hang'd for't.
Mem. Quick, quick!
Dem. Yes, Sir——
With all the heels we have. [*Exe. Sur. and Dem.*
Eum. Yet ſtand.
Polyd. He'll do it.
Eum. He cannot, and we here.
Mem. Why when, ye raſcals,
Ye dull ſlaves? Will you come, Sir? Surgeon, ſyringe,
Dog-leach [43], ſhall I come fetch you?
Polyd. Now I'll to him.
God ſave you, honour'd brother!
Mem. My dear Polydor,

[43] *Dog*-leach.] *Leach* is the old word ſignifying a phyſician: It is frequently uſed in that ſenſe in Spenſer, and other ancient writers. *R.*

Welcome from travel, welcome! And how do you?
Polyd. Well, Sir; 'would you were ſo.
Mem. I am, I thank you.
You are a better'd man much; I the ſame ſtill,
An old rude ſoldier, Sir.
Polyd. Pray be plain, brother,
And tell me but the meaning of this viſion,
For to me it appears no more; ſo far
From common courſe and reaſon.
Mem. Thank thee, Fortune,
At length I've found the man, the man muſt do it,
The man in honour bound!
Polyd. To do what?
Mem. Hark, for I will bleſs you with the circumſtance
Of that weak ſhadow that appear'd.
Polyd. Speak on, Sir.
Mem. It is no ſtory for all ears. [*Walks with him.*
Polyd. The princeſs?
Mem. Peace, and hear all. [*Whiſpers.*
Polyd. How?
Eum. Sure 'tis dangerous,
He ſtarts ſo at it.
Polyd. Your heart? Do you know, Sir——
Mem. Yes; pray thee be ſofter.
Polyd. Me to do it?
Mem. Only reſerv'd, and dedicated.
Polyd. For ſhame, brother!
Know what you are; a man.
Mem. None of your Athens,
Good ſweet Sir, no philoſophy! Thou feel'ſt not
The honourable end, fool.
Polyd. I'm ſure I feel
The ſhame and ſcorn that follow. Have you ſerv'd thus long,
The glory of your country in your conqueſts,
The envy of your neighbours in your virtues,
Rul'd armies of your own, giv'n laws to nations,
Belov'd and fear'd as far as Fame has travell'd,
Call'd the moſt fortunate and happy Memnon,

To

To loſe all here at home, poorly to loſe it?
Poorly, and pettiſhly, ridiculouſly,
To fling away your fortune? Where's your wiſdom?
Where's that you govern'd others by, diſcretion?
Does your rule laſtly hold upon yourſelf? Fy, brother!
How are you fall'n? Get up into your honour,
The top-branch of your bravery, and, from thence,
Look and lament how little Memnon ſeems now.

Mem. Hum! 'Tis well ſpoken; but doſt thou think, young ſcholar[44],
The tongues of angels from my happineſs
Could turn the end I aim at. No, they cannot.
This is no book-caſe, brother. Will you do it?
Uſe no more art; I am reſolv'd.

Polyd. You may, Sir,
Command me to do any thing that's honeſt,
And for your noble end: But this, it carries——

Mem. You ſhall not be ſo honour'd; live an aſs ſtill,
And learn to ſpell for profit: Go, go ſtudy!

Eum. You muſt not hold him up ſo; he is loſt then.

Mem. Get thee to ſchool again, and talk of turneps[45],
And find the natural cauſe out why a dog
Turns thrice about ere he lies down: There's learning.

Polyd. Come; I will do it now: 'Tis brave; I find it,

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44 ——— *doſt thou think, young ſcholar,*
The tongues of angels from my happineſs
Could turn the end I aim at?] Mr. Sympſon thinks this an indiſſoluble difficulty. I think the meaning intended is eaſy to be ſeen, and by a ſmall tranſpoſition (which does indeed a little roughen the metre) it will be quite clear. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward's reading is,

Th' end I aim at, could turn me.

The old reading conveys the ſame ſenſe, and is not more difficult of conſtruction than many other paſſages in theſe plays. Mr. Seward's is very harſh.

45 ——— *and talk of* turneps.] Why *turneps* ſhould be a ſubject for ſcholars to talk of, more than any one thing in the world beſide, I can't ſee. I believe it a corruption, but cannot eaſily gueſs what could have been the orignal. The only conjecture I have is *turnſpits*, which is as low a ſubject in the ſcience of mechaniſm, as the reaſon of a dog's turning round thrice is in another part of natural philoſophy. *Seward.*

And now allow the reaſon.
Mem. Oh, do you ſo, Sir?
Do you find it current?
Polyd. Yes, yes; excellent.
Mem. I told you.
Polyd. I was fooliſh: I have here too
The rareſt way to find the truth out. Hark you!
You ſhall be rul'd by me.
Mem. I will be: But——
Polyd. I reach it;
If the worſt fall, have at the worſt; we'll both go.
But two days, and 'tis thus. Ha?
Mem. 'Twill do well ſo.
Polyd. Then is't not excellent? do you conceive it?
Mem. 'Twill work for certain.
Polyd. Oh, 'twill tickle her;
And you ſhall know then by a line.
Mem. I like it;
But let me not be fool'd again.
Polyd. Doubt nothing;
You do me wrong then. Get you in there private,
As I have taught you. Baſta[46]!
Mem. Work. [*Exit.*
Polyd. I will do.
Eum. Have you found the cauſe?
Polyd. Yes, and the ſtrangeſt, gentlemen,
That e'er I heard of; anon I'll tell you. Stremon,
Be you ſtill near him to affect his fancy,
And keep his thoughts off: Let the Fool and Boy
Stay him, they may do ſome pleaſure too. Eumenes,
What if he had a wench, a handſome whore brought,
Rarely dreſs'd up, and taught to ſtate it[47]——

[46] *As I have taught ye.* Baſta.
Mem. *Work.*] *Baſta*, in Italian, or Spaniſh, *ſufficit*, or *it's enough*, from whence our ſailors term, *avaſt*. But I have given the word to *Memnon*, and not to *Polydor*, it being plainly his anſwer.
Seward.
Why take *baſta* from Polydor? It deſtroys Memnon's ſpeech, which is more humorous, conſiſting of the ſingle monoſyllable *work*.

[47] *To* ſtate *it.*] i. e. *to take ſtate upon her.*
Eum.

Eum. Well, Sir.

Polyd. His cauſe is merely heat—And made believe
It were the princeſs mad for him?

Eum. I think
'Twere not amiſs.

1 *Capt.* And let him kiſs her?

Polyd. What elſe?

2 *Capt.* I'll be his bawd, an't pleaſe you; young and wholeſome,
I can aſſure you, he ſhall have.

Eum. Faith, let him.

Polyd. He ſhall; I hope 'twill help him. Walk a little;
I'll tell you how his caſe ſtands, and my project,
In which you muſt be mourners; but, by all means,
Stir not you from him, Stremon.

Stre. On our lives, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſteſs and Chilax.

Prieſt. Oh, you're a precious man! two days in town,
And never ſee your old friend.

Chi. Prithee, pardon me!

Prieſt. And, in my conſcience, if I had not ſent—

Chi. No more; I would ha' come; I muſt.

Prieſt. I find you;
God-a-mercy Want! You never care for me,
But when your ſlops are empty.

Chi. Ne'er fear that, wench;
'Shall find good current coin ſtill. Is this the old houſe?

Prieſt. Have you forgot it?

Chi. And the door ſtill ſtanding
That goes into the temple?

Prieſt. Still.

Chi. The robes too,
That I was wont to ſhift in here?

Prieſt. All here ſtill.

Chi. Oh, you tough rogue, what troubles have I trotted thro'?
What fears and frights? Ev'ry poor mouſe a monſter
That I heard ſtir, and every ſtick I trod on

A ſharp ſting to my conſcience.
Prieſt. 'Las, poor conſcience!
Chi. And all to liquor thy old boots, wench.
Prieſt. Out, beaſt!
Chi. To new-carine thy carcaſe[48]; that's the truth on't.
How does thy keel? does it need nailing? a tether
When all thy linen's up, and a more yare?
Prieſt. Fy, fy, Sir!
Chi. Ne'er ſtemm'd the ſtraights?
Prieſt. How you talk?
Chi. I am old, wench,
And talking to an old man is like a ſtomacher;
It keeps his blood warm.
Prieſt. But, pray tell me——
Chi. Any thing.
Prieſt. Where did the boy meet with you? At a wench ſure?
At one end of a wench, a cup of wine, ſure?
Chi. Thou know'ſt I am too honeſt.
Prieſt. That's your fault;
And that the ſurgeon knows.
Chi. Then, farewell!
I will not fail you ſoon.
Prieſt. You ſhall ſtay ſupper;
I have ſworn you ſhall; by this, you ſhall!
Chi. I will, wench;
But after ſupper, for an hour, my buſineſs——
Prieſt. And but an hour?
Chi. No, by this kiſs; that ended,
I will return, and all night in thine arms, wench—
Prieſt. No more; I take your meaning. Come, 'tis ſupper time. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Calis, Cleanthe, and Lucippe.

Calis. Thou art not well.
Cle. Your grace ſees more a great deal

[48] *Chi. To new-carine*, &c.] This and the four following lines appear in no edition but the firſt.

Than

Than I feel.—Yet I lie. Oh, brother!

Calis. Mark her;
Is not the quickneſs of her eye conſum'd, wench?
The lively red and white?

Lucip. Nay, ſhe is much alter'd,
That on my underſtanding; all her ſleeps, lady,
Which were as ſound and ſweet——

Cle. Pray, do not force me,
Good madam, where I am not, to be ill.
Conceit's a double ſickneſs; on my faith, your highneſs
Is mere miſtaken in me.

[*A dead march within, of drum and ſackbuts.*

Calis. I am glad on't.
Yet this I've ever noted, when thou waſt thus,
It ſtill fore-run ſome ſtrange event: My ſiſter
Died when thou waſt thus laſt!—Hark, hark, ho!
What mournful noiſe is this comes creeping forward?
Still it grows nearer, nearer; do ye hear it?

Enter Polydor, Eumenes, and Captains, mourning.

Lucip. It ſeems ſome ſoldier's funeral: See, it enters.

Calis. What may it mean?

Polyd. The gods keep you, fair Calis!

Calis. This man can ſpeak, and well. He ſtands and views us;
'Would I were ne'er worſe look'd upon. How humbly
His eyes are caſt now to the earth! Pray mark him,
And mark how rarely he has rank'd his troubles.
See, now he weeps; they all weep; a ſweeter ſorrow
I never look'd upon, nor one that braver
Became his grief. Your will with us?

Polyd. Great lady—— [*Plucks out the cup.*
Excellent beauty!

Calis. He ſpeaks handſomely.
What a rare rhetorician his grief plays!
That ſtop was admirable.

Polyd. See, ſee, thou princeſs,
Thou great commander of all hearts——

Calis. I have found it.

Oh, how my ſoul ſhakes!
Polyd. See, ſee the noble heart
Of him that was the nobleſt! See, and glory
(Like the proud god himſelf) in what thou'ſt purchas'd:
Behold the heart of Memnon! Does it ſtart you?
Calis. Good gods, what has his wildneſs done?
Polyd. Look boldly;
You boldly ſaid you durſt. Look, wretched woman!
Nay, fly not back, fair folly, 'tis too late now.
Virtue and blooming honour bleed to death here:
Take it; the legacy of love bequeath'd you,
Of cruel love, a cruel legacy.
What was the will that wrought it then? Can you weep?
Embalm it in your trueſt tears (if women
Can weep a truth, or ever ſorrow ſunk yet
Into the ſoul of your ſex); for 'tis a jewel
The world's worth cannot weigh down: Take it, lady;
And with it all (I dare not curſe) my ſorrows,
And may they turn to ſerpents!
Eum. How ſhe looks
Still upon him! See, now a tear ſteals from her.
2 *Capt.* But ſtill ſhe keeps her eye firm.
Polyd. Next, read this.
But, ſince I ſee your ſpirit ſomewhat troubled,
I'll do it for you.
2 *Capt.* Still ſhe eyes him mainly.

Polyd. Go, happy heart! for thou ſhalt lie
Intomb'd in her for whom I die,
Example of her cruelty.

Tell her, if ſhe chance to chide
Me for ſlowneſs, in her pride,
That it was for her I died.

If a tear eſcape her eye,
'Tis not for my memory,
But thy rites of obſequy.

The

The altar was my loving breaſt,
My heart the ſacrificed beaſt,
And I was myſelf the prieſt.

Your body was the ſacred ſhrine,
Your cruel mind the power divine,
Pleas'd with hearts of men, not kine.

Eum. Now it pours down.
Polyd. I like it rarely.—Lady!
Eum. How greedily ſhe ſwallows up his language!
2 *Capt.* Her eye inhabits on him.
Polyd. Cruel lady,
Great as your beauty ſcornful[49]! had your pow'r
But equal poiſe on all hearts, all hearts periſh'd;
But Cupid has more ſhafts than one, more flames too;
And now he muſt be open-ey'd, 'tis juſtice:
Live to enjoy your longing; live and laugh at
The loſſes and the miſeries we ſuffer;
Live to be ſpoken when your cruelty
Has cut off all the virtue from this kingdom,
Turn'd honour into earth, and faithful ſervice——
Calis. I ſwear his anger's excellent.
Polyd. Truth, and moſt tried love,
Into diſdain and downfall.
Calis. Still more pleaſing.
Polyd. Live then, I ſay, famous for civil ſlaughters,
Live and lay out your triumphs, gild your glories,
Live and be ſpoken, 'This is ſhe, this lady,
'This goodly lady, yet moſt-killing beauty,
'This with the two-edg'd eyes, the heart for hardneſs
'Outdoing rocks; and coldneſs, rocks of cryſtal;
'This with the ſwelling ſoul, more coy of courtſhip
'Than the proud ſea is when the ſhores embrace him.'
Live 'till the mothers find you, read your ſtory,
And ſow their barren curſes on your beauty;
'Till thoſe that have enjoy'd their loves deſpiſe you,

[49] *Great as your beauty ſcornful.*] This expreſſion is obſcure, but means, 'As remarkable for your *ſcorn* and cruelty, as for your 'beauty.' *J. N.*

'Till

'Till virgins pray againſt you, old age find you[50],
And, ev'n as waſted coals glow in their dying,
So may the gods reward you in your aſhes!
But, you're the ſiſter of my king; more prophecies
Elſe I ſhould utter of you; true loves and loyal
Bleſs themſelves ever from you! So I leave you.

Calis. Prithee be angry ſtill, young man: good fair Sir,
Chide me again. What would this man do pleas'd,
That in his paſſion can bewitch ſouls?—Stay.

Eum. Upon my life ſhe loves him.

Calis. Pray ſtay.

Polyd. No.

Calis. I do command you.

Polyd. No, you cannot, lady,
I have a ſpell againſt you, Faith and Reaſon.
You are too weak to reach me: I have a heart too,
But not for hawk's meat, lady.

Calis. Even for charity,
Leave me not thus afflicted: You can teach me——

Polyd. How can you preach that charity to others
That in your own ſoul are an atheiſt,
Believing neither pow'r nor fear? I trouble you.
The gods be good unto you!

Calis. Amen! [*She ſwoons.*

Lucip. Lady!

Cle. Oh, royal madam! Gentlemen, for Heav'n ſake!
[*They come back.*

Polyd. Give her freſh air; ſhe comes again: away, Sirs,

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[50] *Old age* find ye.] He had a little before ſaid, *Live till the mothers find ye*, i. e. know and are acquainted with your character. But here, *old age find ye*, if it be genuine, muſt ſignify, 'May old age 'overtake you, and then may your aſhes be kindled into unavailing 'flames of love.' It is very unuſual in one ſentence to uſe the ſame expreſſion in two ſuch very different ſenſes, although it will bear both. I think it therefore corrupt, and have ventured to change it for a word that adds, I think, much ſpirit and ſtrength to the paſſage, and might therefore probably have been the true one. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, *Old age* FIRE *you.* We choſe to follow the old books. *Old age* FIRE *you*, is a ſtrange reading. *Old age* rather *extinguiſhes* fires than *kindles* them, and even here is exemplified by *waſted coals* and *aſhes.*

And

And here ſtand cloſe till we perceive the working.
Eum. You have undone all.
Polyd. So I fear.
2 Capt. She loves you.
Eum. And then all hope's loſt this way.
Polyd. Peace! She riſes.
Cle. Now for my purpoſe, Fortune!
Calis. Where's the gentleman?
Lucip. Gone, madam.
Calis. Why gone?
Lucip. H' has diſpatch'd his buſineſs.
Calis. He came to ſpeak with me[51],
Lucip. He did.
Calis. He did not.
For I had many queſtions.
Lucip. On my faith, madam,
He talk'd a great while to you.
Calis. Thou conceiv'ſt not;
He talk'd not as he ſhould do. Oh, my heart!
Away with that ſad ſight. Didſt thou e'er love me?
Lucip. Why do you make that queſtion?
Calis. If thou didſt,
Run, run, wench, run. Nay, ſee how thou ſtirr'ſt!
Lucip. Whither?
Calis. If 'twere for any thing to pleaſe thyſelf,
Thou wouldſt run to th' devil: But I am grown——
Cle. Fy, lady!
Calis. I aſk none of your fortunes, nor your loves,
None of your bent deſires I ſlack; ye are not
In love with all men, are ye? one, for ſhame,

---

51. Cal. *He came to ſpeak with me.*
He did.
Cle. *He did not.*
Cal. *For I had many queſtions.*] Mr. Sympſon ſays, that the princeſs contradicts both herſelf as well as her maids ſo ridiculouſly, that ſhe is grown childiſh of a ſudden; but he happened not to obſerve that this abſurdity is entirely owing to the miſtakes of the preſs. Where the dialogue is very ſhort, nothing is ſo common as to miſplace the ſpeakers: This is I believe the fifth time it has already happened in this play only, and which I hope I have reſtored. *Seward.*

You'll

You'll leave your honour'd miſtreſs. Why do ye ſtare ſo?
What is that you ſee about me? tell me.
Lord, what am I become? I am not wild, ſure;
Heav'n keep that from me! Oh, Cleanthe, help me,
Or I am ſunk to death!

Cle. You have offended,
And mightily; Love is incens'd againſt you,
And therefore take my counſel: To the temple,
For that's the ſpeedieſt phyſic; before the goddeſs
Give your repentant prayers; aſk her will,
And from the oracle attend your ſentence:
She's mild and merciful.

Calis. I will. Oh, Venus,
Even as thou lov'ſt thyſelf——

Cle. Now for my fortune. [*Exe. Calis and Women.*

Polyd. What ſhall I do?

2 *Capt.* Why, make yourſelf.

Polyd. I dare not;
No, gentlemen, I dare not be a villain,
Tho' her bright beauty would entice an angel.
I will to th' king, my laſt hope. Get him a woman,
As we before concluded; and, as ye paſs,
Give out the Spartans are in arms, and terrible;
And let ſome letters to that end be feign'd too,
And ſent to you; ſome poſts too to the general;
And let me work. Be near him ſtill.

Eum. We will, Sir.

Polyd. Farewell, and pray for all! Whate'er I will ye,
Do it, and hope a fair end.

Eum. The gods ſpeed ye! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Stremon, Fool, Page, and Servants.

Serv. He lies quiet.

Stre. Let him lie; and, as I told ye,
Make ready for this ſhow. H' has divers times
Been calling upon Orpheus to appear,
And ſhew the joys—Now I will be that Orpheus;
And, as I play and ſing, like beaſts and trees

I'd

I'd have you ſhap'd and enter: Thou a dog, Fool,
(I have ſent about your ſuits) the Boy a buſh,
An aſs you, you a lion.
Fool. I a dog?
I'll fit you for a dog. Bow wow!
Stre. 'Tis excellent.
Steal in, and make no noiſe.
Fool. Bow wow!
Stre. Away, rogue! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Prieſteſs and Chilax.

Prieſt. Good ſweet friend, be not long.
Chi. Thou think'ſt each hour ten
'Till I be ferreting.
Prieſt. You know I love you.
Chi. I will not be above an hour: Let thy robe
Be ready, and the door be kept.
[*Cleanthe knocks within.*
Prieſt. Who knocks there?
Yet more buſineſs?

Enter Cleanthe.

Chi. Have you more penſioners? The princeſs' woman!
Nay then, I'll ſtay a little: What game's a-foot now?
Cle. Now is the time.
Chi. A rank bawd by this hand too;
She grinds o' both ſides: Hey, boys!
Prieſt. How, your brother Siphax?
Loves he the princeſs?
Cle. Deadly; and you know
He is a gentleman, deſcended nobly.
Chi. But a rank knave as ever piſs'd. [*Aſide.*
Cle. Hold, mother;
Here's more gold, and ſome jewels.
Chi. Here's no villainy [52]!

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[52] Chi. *Here's villainy!*] The old folio reads, *here's* no *villainy*, but that is falſe in fact. My reading both compleats the ſenſe and the antitheſis to the foregoing ſentence. *Sympſon.*

Mr. Sympſon reads, *Here's* MORE *villainy!* but the old reading, we

I'm glad I came to th' hearing.

Prieſt. Alas, daughter,
What would you have me do?

Chi. Hold off, you old whore!
There's more gold coming; all's mine, all.

Cle. Do you ſhrink now?
Did you not promiſe faithfully? and told me,
Thro' any danger——

Prieſt. Any I can wade thro'.

Cle. You ſhall and eaſily; the ſin not ſeen neither.
Here's for a better ſtole [53], and a new vail, mother:
Come, you ſhall be my friend [54]. If all hit——

---

we think, is right; the negative being uſed ironically. Upon this mode of ſpeech, the reader will find a note in Wit without Money, vol. II. p. 360, upon the words,

You know not *how to grace yourſelf*;

in which ſentence Mr. Seward diſcarded the negative.

In the Firſt Part of Henry IV. act v. ſcene iii. Falſtaff, ſeeing Sir Walter Blunt, exclaims, 'here's *no* vanity!' upon which paſſage Biſhop Warburton comments thus: 'In our Author's time, the negative, in a common ſpeech, was uſed to deſign ironically the exceſs of a thing. Thus Ben Jonſon, in Every Man in his Humour, ſays,

'O here's *no* foppery!
'Death, I can endure the ſtocks better;'

'meaning, as the paſſage ſhews, that the *foppery* was exceſſive. And 'ſo in many other places.'

Mr. Steevens has produced another inſtance of the ſame mode of expreſſion from the Tale of a Tub, by the ſame Author:

'Here was *no* ſubtile device to get a wench.' *R.*

[53] *A better* ſtole.] *Stole*, from the Latin *ſtola*, we think, means A ROBE; and ſo, at this day, 'Groom of the *ſtole*,' an officer of the *wardrobe*.

[54] *Come, ye ſhall be my friend:*
Chi. *If all hit, hang me,*
I'll make ye richer than the goddeſs.] Here again the ſpeakers are ſtrangely jumbled, and it is the only place in the play where all the editions don't blindly follow one another in the ſame falſe track. In this the firſt folio reads,

Come, ye ſhall be my friend; if all hit.
Chi. *Hang me,*
I'll make you richer than the goddeſs.

The two following editions endeavouring to correct the miſtake only made it greater. Mr. Sympſon too ſaw the miſtake in the laſt line. *Seward.*

Chi.

Chi. Hang me!
Cle. I'll make you richer than the goddeſs.
Prieſt. Say then;
I'm yours. What muſt I do?
Cle. I'th' morning,
But very early, will the princeſs viſit
The temple of the goddeſs, being troubled
With ſtrange things that diſtract her: From the oracle
(Being ſtrongly too in love) ſhe will demand
The goddeſs' pleaſure, and a man to cure her.
That oracle you give: Deſcribe my brother;
You know him perfectly.
Prieſt. I have ſeen him often.
Cle. And charge her take the next man ſhe ſhall meet with,
When ſhe comes out: You underſtand me?
Prieſt. Well!
Cle. Which ſhall be he attending. This is all,
And eaſily without ſuſpicion ended;
Nor none dare diſobey [55]; 'tis Heav'n that does it,
And who dares croſs it then, or once ſuſpect it?
The venture is moſt eaſy.
Prieſt. I will do it.
Cle. As you ſhall proſper?
Prieſt. As I ſhall proſper!
Cle. Take this too, and farewell! But firſt, hark hither.
Chi. What a young whore's this to betray her miſtreſs!
A thouſand cuckolds ſhall that huſband be
That marries thee, thou art ſo miſchievous.
I'll put a ſpoke among your wheels.
Cle. Be conſtant!
Prieſt. 'Tis done.
Chi. I'll do no more at drop-ſhot then. [*Exit.*
Prieſt. Farewell, wench! [*Exeunt.*

55 *Nor none dare diſobey.*] The uſe of two negatives in this manner (which we now eſteem very incorrect) is ſo common in Spenſer, Shakeſpeare, and our Authors, that it cannot be looked on as an error of the preſs, although Shakeſpeare himſelf mentions the rule of two negatives making an affirmative. *Seward.*

ACT IV.

Enter a Servant and Stremon, at the door.

Serv. HE ſtirs, he ſtirs.
Stre. Let him; I'm ready for him;
He ſhall not this day periſh, if his paſſions
May be fed with muſick. Are they ready?

Enter Memnon.

Serv. All, all. See where he comes.
Stre. I'll be ſtraight for him. [*Exit.*

Enter Eumenes and Captains.

Serv. How ſad he looks, and ſullen! Here are the Captains: *Stand cloſe.*
My fear's paſt now.
Mem. Put caſe, i' th' other world
She do not love me neither? I am old, 'tis certain—
Eum. His ſpirit is a little quieter.
Mem. My blood loſt, and my limbs ſtiff; my embraces,
Like the cold ſtubborn bark's, hoary and heatleſs;
My words worſe: My fame only, and atchievements,
(Which are my ſtrength, my blood, my youth, my faſhion)
Muſt wooe her, win her, wed her; that's but wind,
And women are not brought to-bed with ſhadows.
I do her wrong, much wrong; ſhe's young and bleſſed,
Sweet as the ſpring, and as his bloſſoms tender,
And I a nipping North-wind, my head hung
With hails, and froſty iſicles: Are the ſouls ſo too,
When they depart hence, lame and old, and loveleſs?
No ſure; 'tis ever youth there; Time and Death
Follow our fleſh no more; and that forc'd opinion
That ſpirits have no ſexes, I believe not.

Enter

Enter Stremon, like Orpheus.

There muſt be love, there is love. What art thou?

SONG.

Orph. Orpheus I am, come from the deeps below,
To thee, fond man, the plagues of love to ſhew:
To the fair fields where loves eternal dwell
There's none that come, but firſt they paſs thro' hell:
Hark, and beware! unleſs thou haſt lov'd, ever
Belov'd again, thou ſhalt ſee thoſe joys never.
Hark, how they groan that died deſpairing!
Oh, take heed then!
Hark, how they howl for over-daring!
All theſe were men.
They that be fools, and die for fame,
They loſe their name;
And they that bleed
Hark how they ſpeed.
Now in cold froſts, now ſcorching fires
They ſit, and curſe their loſt deſires:
Nor ſhall theſe ſouls be free from pains and fears,
'Till women waft them over in their tears.

Mem. How! ſhould I know my paſſage is denied me[56],
Or which of all the devils dare——
Eum. This ſong
Was rarely form'd to fit him.

SONG.

Orph. Charon, oh, Charon,
Thou wafter of the ſouls to bleſs or bane!
Cha. Who calls the ferrymen of hell?
Orph. Come near,

[56] *How ſhould* I *know.*] The Editors of 1750 change *I* to *he*; but the old reading is certainly right; for as Memnon imagined Stremon to be Orpheus, he would not aſk how ſhould *he* know. The meaning is, 'What is it you tell me? If I ſhould know my paſſage was 'denied, or which of the devils durſt——oppoſe my entrance to 'Elyzium,' &c.

And ſay who lives in joy, and who in fear.

Cha. Thoſe that die well, eternal joy ſhall follow;
Thoſe that die ill, their own foul fate ſhall ſwallow.

Orph. Shall thy black bark thoſe guilty ſpirits ſtow
That kill themſelves for love?

Cha. Oh, no, no, no.
My cordage cracks when ſuch great ſins are near;
No wind blows fair, nor I myſelf can ſteer.

Orph. What lovers paſs, and in Elyzium reign?

Cha. Thoſe gentle loves that are belov'd again.

Orph. This ſoldier loves, and fain would die to win;
Shall he go on?

Cha. No, 'tis too foul a ſin.
He muſt not come aboard; I dare not row;
Storms of deſpair and guilty blood will blow.

Orph. Shall time releaſe him, ſay?

Cha. No, no, no, no.
Nor time nor death can alter us, nor pray'r:
My boat is Deſtiny; and who then dare,
But thoſe appointed, come aboard? Live ſtill,
And love by reaſon, mortal, not by will.

Orph. And when thy miſtreſs ſhall cloſe up thine eyes——

Cha. Then come aboard, and paſs.

Orph. 'Till when, be wiſe.

Cha. 'Till when, be wiſe.

Eum. How ſtill he ſits! I hope this ſong has ſettled him.

1 *Capt.* He bites his lip, and rolls his fiery eyes yet.
I fear, for all this——

2 *Capt.* Stremon, ſtill apply to him.

Stre. Give me more room then. Sweetly ſtrike, divinely,
Such ſtrains as old earth moves at!

Orph. The power I have o'er both beaſt and plant;
Thou man alone feel'ſt miſerable want[57]. [*Muſic.*
Strike, ye rare ſpirits that attend my will,
And loſe your ſavage wildneſs by my ſkill.

57 Orph. *The pow'r I have both over beaſt and plant,*
Thou man alone feel'ſt miſerable want.] This appeared quite unintelligible

Enter a maſque of beaſts.

This lion was a man of war that died,
As thou wouldſt do, to gild his lady's pride:
This dog, a fool, that hung himſelf for love:
This ape, with daily hugging of a glove,
Forgot to eat, and died: This goodly tree,
An uſher that ſtill grew before his lady,
Wither'd at root: This, for he could not wooe,
A grumbling lawyer: This py'd bird, a page,
That melted out becauſe he wanted age.
Still theſe lie howling on the Stygian ſhore,
Oh, love no more, oh, love no more! [*Exit Memnon.*

Eum. He ſteals off ſilently, as tho' he'd ſleep.
No more; but all be near him; feed his fancy,
Good Stremon, ſtill: This may lock up his folly;
Yet Heav'n knows I much fear him. Away, ſoftly!
[*Exeunt Captains.*

Fool. Did I not do moſt doggedly?

Stre. Moſt rarely.

Fool. He's a brave man; when ſhall we dog again?

Page. Untie me firſt, for God's ſake.

Fool. Help the boy;
He's in a wood, poor child! Good honey Stremon,
Let's have a bear-baiting; you ſhall ſee me play
The rareſt for a ſingle dog! at head all;
And if I do not win immortal glory,
Play dog play devil.

Stre. Peace for this time!

Fool. Prithee
Let's ſing him a black ſantis; then let's all howl
In our own beaſtly voices. Tree, keep your time.
Untie there. Bow, wow, wow!

Stre. Away, ye aſs, away!

Fool. Why, let us do ſomething

unintelligible to Mr. Sympſon. I think there is nothing but an *of* wanting to make it clear, which I have therefore added. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads, OF THE *pow'r*; but his alteration is hard, and the old reading (with the uſual licence of conſtruction) conveys the ſame ſenſe.

To ſatisfy the gentleman; he's mad,
(A gentleman-like humour, and in faſhion [58])
And muſt have men as mad about him.
Stre. Peace,
And come in quickly; 'tis ten to one elſe
He'll find a ſtaff to beat a dog. No more words;
I'll get you all employment. Soft, ſoft! in, all! [*Exit.*

Enter Chilax and Cloe.

Chi. When cam'ſt thou over, wench?
Cloe. But now this evening,
And have been ever ſince looking out Siphax;
I'th' wars, he would have look'd me. Sure h'has gotten
Some other miſtreſs?
Chi. A thouſand, wench, a thouſand;
They are as common here as caterpillars
Among the corn; they eat up all the ſoldiers.
Cloe. Are they ſo hungry? Yet, by their leave, Chilax,
I'll have a ſnatch too.
Chi. Doſt thou love him ſtill, wench?
Cloe. Why ſhould I not? He had my maidenhead,
And all my youth.
Chi. Thou art come the happieſt,
In the moſt bleſſed time, ſweet wench, the fitteſt,
If thou dar'ſt make thy fortune! By this light, Cloe—
And ſo I'll kiſs thee: And if thou wilt but let me—
For 'tis well worth a kindneſs——
Cloe. What ſhould I let you?
Chi. Enjoy thy minikin.
Cloe. Thou art ſtill old Chilax.

[58] *A gentleman-like humour, and in faſhion.*] In Ben Jonſon's Every Man in his Humour, Maſter Stephen ſays, 'I am mightily 'given to melancholy,' and Maſter Matthew replies, 'Oh, its your 'only fine humour, Sir; your true melancholy breeds your perfect 'fine wit.' This Mr. Whalley obſerves, 'was deſigned as a ſneer 'upon the fantaſtic behaviour of the gallants in that age, who affected 'the appearing melancholy, and abſtracted from common objects.' This paſſage of our Authors ſeems intended to ridicule the ſame, or the like folly. *R.*

Chi.

Chi. Still, ſtill, and ever ſhall be. If, I ſay,
Thou wo't ſtrike the ſtroke—I cannot do much harm, wench.

Cloe. Nor much good.

Chi. Siphax ſhall be thy huſband,
Thy very huſband, woman; thy fool, thy cuckold,
Or what thou'lt make him.

Cloe. I am over-joy'd [59],
Raviſh'd, clean raviſh'd with this fortune! Kiſs me,
Or I ſhall loſe myſelf. My huſband, ſaid you?

Chi. Said I? and will ſay, Cloe; nay, and do it,
And do it home too; peg thee as cloſe to him
As birds [60] are with a pin to one another:
I have it, I can do it. Thou want'ſt cloaths too;
And he'll be hang'd, unleſs he marry thee,
Ere he maintain thee: Now he has ladies, courtiers,
More than his back can bend at, multitudes;
We're taken up for threſhers. Will you bite?

Cloe. Yes.

Chi. And let me——

Cloe. Yes, and let you——

Chi. What?

Cloe. Why, that you wot of.

Chi. The turn [61], the good turn?

Cloe. Any turn; the roach turn.

Chi. That's the right turn; for that turns up the belly.
I cannot ſtay; take your inſtructions,
And ſomething toward houſhold. Come! whatever
I ſhall adviſe you, follow it exactly,
And keep your times I point you; for, I'll tell you,

[59] *I am overjoy'd, &c.*] Theſe words, to the end of the ſpeech, have hitherto been given to *Chilax*. We have no doubt of their belonging to *Cloe*.

[60] *As* birds *are with a pin.*] The Editors of 1750 read, *As* boards *are with a pin.*

[61] Chi. *The turn*, &c.] This, and the two following lines, appear only in the firſt folio. Fidelity obliges us to reſtore them to the text. They ſeem to be the effuſion of one of Fletcher's unguarded moments.

A ſtrange way you muſt wade thro'.

Cloe. Fear not me, Sir.

Chi. Come then, and let's diſpatch this modicum,
For I have but an hour to ſtay, a ſhort one;
Beſides, more water for another mill,
An old weak over-ſhot I muſt provide for.
There's an old nunnery at hand.

Cloe. What's that?

Chi. A bawdy-houſe.

Cloe. A pox conſume it!

Chi. If the ſtones 'tis built on
Were but as brittle as the fleſh lives in it,
Your curſe came handſomely! Fear not; there's ladies,
And other good ſad people[62], your pink'd citizens,
That think no ſhame to ſhake a ſheet there: Come, wench! [*Exeunt.*

Enter Cleanthe and Siphax.

Cle. A ſoldier, and ſo fearful?

Sip. Can you blame me,
When ſuch a weight lies on me?

Cle. Fy upon you!
I tell you, you ſhall have her, have her ſafely,
And for your wife; with her own will.

Sip. Good ſiſter——

Cle. What a diſtruſtful man are you! To-morrow,
To-morrow morning——

Sip. Is it poſſible?
Can there be ſuch a happineſs?

Cle. Why, hang me
If then you be not married! If to-morrow night
You do not——

Sip. Oh, dear ſiſter——

Cle. What you would do,
What you deſire to do—lie with her—devil!
What a dull man are you!

---

[62] *And other good* ſad *people.*] *Sad* here ſignifies the ſame with *ſage, wiſe* or *ſober.* *Seward.*

We believe Mr. Seward is the firſt divine who ever diſcovered, that *ſage, wiſe, ſober* people were to be met with at a *bawdy-houſe.*

Sip.

Sip. Nay, I believe now.
And ſhall ſhe love me?
Cle. As her life, and ſtroke you.
Sip. Oh, I will be her ſervant.
Cle. 'Tis your duty.
Sip. And ſhe ſhall have her whole will.
Cle. Yes, 'tis reaſon;
She is a princeſs, and by that rule boundleſs.
Sip. What would you be? for I would have you, ſiſter,
Chuſe ſome great place about us: As her woman
Is not ſo fit.
Cle. No, no, I ſhall find places.
Sip. And yet to be a lady of her bed-chamber,
I hold not ſo fit neither. Some great title,
Believe it, ſhall be look'd out.
Cle. You may; a ducheſs,
Or ſuch a toy; a ſmall thing pleaſes me, Sir.
Sip. What you will, ſiſter. If a neighbour prince,
When we ſhall come to reign——
Cle. We ſhall think on't.
Be ready at the time, and in that place too,
And let me work the reſt; within this half-hour
The princeſs will be going; 'tis almoſt morning.
Away, and mind your buſineſs!
Sip. Fortune bleſs us! [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Polydor, and Lords.

Polyd. I do beſeech your grace to baniſh me!
King. Why, gentleman, is ſhe not worthy marriage?
Polyd. Moſt worthy, Sir, where worth again ſhall meet her;
But I, like thick clouds, ſailing low and heavy [63],
Altho' by her drawn higher, yet ſhall hide her.

[63] *Sailing* flow *and heavy.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *low*, to make the antitheſis ſtronger to the next line. But I rather prefer the old text, or at leaſt think it too good to need any change. *Seward.*

We think Mr. Sympſon's conjecture happy; nay, believe his reading to be the true.

I dare not be a traitor; and 'tis treaſon
But to imagine—As you love your honour——
King. 'Tis her firſt maiden doting, and, if croſs'd,
I know it kills her.
1 *Lord*. How knows your grace ſhe loves him?
King. Her woman told me all, (beſide his ſtory)
Her maid Lucippe; on what reaſon too,
And 'tis beyond all, but enjoying.
Polyd. Sir,
Ev'n by your wiſdom, by that great diſcretion
You owe to rule and order——
2 *Lord*. This man's mad ſure,
To plead againſt his fortune!
1 *Lord*. And the king too,
Willing to have it ſo.
Polyd. By thoſe dead princes,
From whoſe deſcents you ſtand a ſtar admir'd at,
Lay not ſo baſe allay upon your virtues!
Take heed, for honour's ſake, take heed! The bramble
No wiſe man ever planted by the roſe,
It cankers all her beauty; nor the vine,
When her full bluſhes court the ſun, dares any
Choke up with wanton ivy. Good my lords,
Who builds a monument, the baſis jaſper,
And the main body brick?
2 *Lord*. You wrong your worth;
You are a gentleman deſcended nobly.
1 *Lord*. In both bloods truly noble.
King. Say you were not,
My will can make you ſo.
Polyd. No, never, never!
'Tis not deſcent, nor will of princes does it;
'Tis virtue which I want, 'tis temperance;
Man, honeſt man! Is't fit your majeſty
Should call my drunkenneſs, my raſhneſs, brother?
Or ſuch a bleſſed maid my breach of faith,
(For I am moſt lascivious) and fell angers
(In which I'm alſo miſchievous) her huſband?

Oh,

Oh, gods preſerve her! I am wild as winter,
Ambitious as the devil; out upon me!
I hate myſelf, Sir. If you dare beſtow her
Upon a ſubject, you have one deſerves her.

King. But him ſhe does not love: I know your meaning.
This young man's love unto his noble brother
Appears a mirror. What muſt now be done, lords?
For I am gravel'd: If ſhe have not him,
She dies for certain; if his brother miſs her,
Farewell to him, and all our honours!

1 *Lord.* He is dead, Sir,
(Your grace has heard of that?) and ſtrangely.

King. No,
I can aſſure you, no; there was a trick in't:
Read that, and then know all. What ails the gentleman? [*Polydor is ſick on the ſudden.*
Hold him! How do you, Sir?

Polyd. Sick on the ſudden,
Extremely ill, wondrous ill.

King. Where did it take you?

Polyd. Here in my head, Sir, and my heart. For Heav'n's ſake——

King. Conduct him to his chamber preſently,
And bid my doctors——

Polyd. No, I ſhall be well, Sir.
I do beſeech your grace, even for the gods' ſake,
Remember my poor brother! I ſhall pray then——

King. Away! he grows more weak ſtill. I will do it,
Or Heav'n forget me ever! Now your counſels, [*Exit Polyd.*
For I am at my wit's end. What with you, Sir?

Enter Meſſenger, with a letter.

Meſſ. Letters from warlike Pelius.

King. Yet more troubles?——
The Spartans are in arms[64], and like to win all;

[64] *The* Spartans *are in arms.*] Mr. Sympſon would have theſe two lines ſpoke by the Meſſenger, as thinking that the King had not time to

Supplies are ſent for, and the general.
This is more croſs than t'other! Come, let's to him;
For he muſt have her ('tis neceſſity)
Or we muſt loſe our honours. Let's plead all,
(For more than all is needful) ſhew all reaſon,
If love can hear o' that ſide: If ſhe yield,
We have fought beſt, and won the nobleſt field. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eumenes, Captains, and Stremon.

2 *Capt.* I have brought the wench; a luſty wench,
And ſomewhat like the princeſs.

Eum. 'Tis the better; let's ſee her;
And go you in and tell him, that her grace
Is come to viſit him. How ſleeps he, Stremon?

Stre. He cannot, only thinks, and calls on Polydor;
Swears he will not be fool'd; ſometimes he rages,
And ſometimes ſits and muſes. [*Exit Stremon.*

Enter Courtezan[65] *and Captain.*

Eum. He's paſt all help ſure.
How do you like her?

1 *Capt.* By th' maſs, a good round virgin;
And, at firſt ſight, reſembling. She's well cloath'd too.

Eum.

---

to inſpect his letters: But as a ſmall pauſe was ſufficient to ſee the general purport of them, and as meſſengers who bring letters ſeldom are to deliver the full contents of them before-hand, I make no change here. The two lines may be even ſuppos'd to be the beginning of the letter. *Seward.*

We agree with Mr. Seward, that a common pauſe would be ſufficient to diſcover the contents of the letters, and we believe ſuch pauſe to have been intended by our Poets; but the two lines rather ſeem to convey the purport of the letters, than to be the beginning of them.

65 *Enter* Whore *and Captain.*] When the *Whore* goes out it is ſaid, *Exit Cloe*, and *Cloe* was certainly deſigned by the Author, as the filthy deſcription of her in this ſcene makes the fate of *Siphax*, in marrying her inſtead of the Princeſs, much more comic. *Seward.*

If the *Wench* is *Cloe*, the Captain ſhould be *Chilax*; but their plot was not on Memnon, but Siphax, and is afterwards put in execution. Eumenes and the Captains are here alſo purſuing the device they had meditated in the laſt act (p. 260.) And the Authors ſeems to have intended this Wench and Cloe as two different women, though perhaps

Eum. But is ſhe found?
2 *Capt.* Of wind and limb, I warrant her.
Eum. You are inſtructed, lady?
Court. Yes; and know, Sir,
How to behave myſelf, ne'er fear.
Eum. Polybius,
Where did he get this vermin?
1 *Capt.* Hang him, badger!
There's not a hole free from him; whores and whore's mates
Do all pay him obedience.
Eum. Indeed, i'th' war
His quarter was all whore, whore upon whore,
And lin'd with whore. Beſhrew me, 'tis a fair whore.
1 *Capt.* She has ſmock'd away her blood; but, fair or foul,

haps the players, from the thinneſs of their troop, might have aſſigned both parts to one performer. There is not a word in the play to countenance the idea that 'Cloe (as Mr. Seward aſſerts) was certainly 'deſigned by the Author,' in this place.

To theſe obſervations it may be added, that Cloe ſeems a very different character from the abandoned ſtrumpet Mr. Seward underſtands her to be; ſhe ſeems to have been wholly attached to Siphax, from the words,

Chi. *Doſt love him ſtill, wench?*
Cloe. *Why ſhould I not? He had my maidenhead,*
And all *my youth.*

And her ſubmiſſion to Chilax's addreſſes proceeds entirely from that appearing the purchaſe of Siphax for her huſband. It is alſo paying Chilax a very ill compliment, to ſuppoſe him ſo eager after a woman who *ſtinks like a poiſon'd rat, or a rotten cabbage.* As to the words *Exit Cloe.* they are no authority at all, ſince we find *Enter Whore* at her introduction; *one* muſt therefore be erroneous. But there is a kind of proof that the Authors meant two ſeparate characters, in the firſt folio; where, towards the cataſtrophe, we read, *Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe,* COURTEZAN, *and Lords.* We therefore conſider the perſon brought to Memnon as a diſtinct character; but ſhall call her *Courtezan,* in preference to *Whore.*

The Players in their attempts to reduce the number of characters, were very heedleſs. In this ſame ſcene, the *Firſt Captain* ſays, *I have brought the Wench*; and afterwards is very ſatirical upon the perſon who has brought her; from whence it is natural to ſuppoſe, that our Poets introduced more aſſiſtant *Captains.* We have attempted, we hope with ſucceſs, to place the ſpeeches of the *Captains* more conſiſtently than has been hitherto done.

Or

Or blind or lame, that can but lift her leg up,
Comes not amiſs to him; he rides like a night-mare,
All ages, all religions.

Eum. Can you ſtate it?

Court. I'll make a ſhift.

Eum. He muſt lie with you, lady.

Court. Let him; he's not the firſt man I have lain with,
Nor ſhall not be the laſt.

Enter Memnon.

2 *Capt.* He comes; no more words;
She has her leſſon throughly. How he views her!

Eum. Go forward now; ſo! bravely; ſtand!

Mem. Great lady,
How humbly I am bound——

Court. You ſhall not kneel, Sir.
Come, I have done you wrong. Stand, my ſoldier;
And thus I make amends. [*Kiſſes him.*

Eum. A plague confound you!
Is this your ſtate?

2 *Capt.* 'Tis well enough.

Mem. Oh, lady,
Your royal hand, your hand, my deareſt beauty,
Is more than I muſt purchaſe! Here, divine one,
I dare revenge my wrongs.—Ha!

1 *Capt.* A damn'd foul one.

Eum. The lees of bawdy prunes[66], mourning gloves!
All

[66] *The lees of bawdy* prewns.] This reading obtained till 1750; when the modeſt and judicious Editors of that æra choſe to ſubſtitute *brewis* for *prewns*. Though they may ſtand excuſed for not underſtanding the expreſſion, *bawdy* PREWNS, whence had they the right of introducing *brewis*, without the leaſt notice given to their readers? That *prunes* is the right word (while *brewis* is devoid of meaning) appears beyond a doubt. Memnon, taking the hand of the counterfeit princeſs, expreſſes a ſurprize; which Eumenes explains the cauſe of, by ſuppoſing he had diſcovered the lees of *bawdy* PREWNS upon it. *Stewed prewns* were the conſtant appendages of a brothel in our Authors' time: The laſt Editor of Shakeſpeare, in his notes on the Firſt Part of Henry IV. act iii. ſcene iii. furniſhes the following proofs of this fact:

'Dr. Lodge, in his pamphlet called Wit's Miſerie, or the World's 'Madneſſe, 1596, deſcribes a bawd thus: 'This is ſhee that laies "wait

All ſpoil'd, by Heav'n.

Mem. Ha! who art thou?

1 *Capt.* A ſhame on you,

You clawing ſcabby whore!

Mem. I ſay, who art thou?

Eum. Why, 'tis the princeſs, Sir.

" wait at all the carriers for wenches new come up to London; and " you ſhall know her dwelling by a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes* in the " window, and two or three fleering wenches ſit knitting or ſowing " in her ſhop.'

' In Meaſure for Meaſure, act ii. the male bawd excuſes himſelf ' for having admitted Elbow's wife into his houſe, by ſaying, ' that " ſhe came in great with child, and longing for *ſtew'd prunes*, which " ſtood in a diſh,' &c.

' Slender, who apparently wiſhes to recommend himſelf to his mi- ' ſtreſs by a ſeeming propenſity to love as well as war, talks of having ' meaſured weapons with a fencing-maſter for a *diſh of ſtew'd prunes*.'

' In another old dramatic piece, entitled, If this be not a Good ' Play the Divel is in it, 1612, a bravo enters with money, and ſays, " This is the penſion of the ſtews, you need not untie it; 'tis ſtew- " money, Sir, *ſtew'd prune* caſh, Sir.'

' Among the other ſins laid to the charge of the once celebrated ' Gabriel Harvey, by his antagoniſt Naſh, ' to be drunk with the " ſirrop or liquor of *ſtew'd prunes*,' is not the leaſt inſiſted on.

' In The Knave of Hearts, a collection of ſatirical poems, 1612, ' a whoring knave is mentioned, as taking

" Burnt wine, *ſtew'd prunes*, a punk to ſolace him.'

' In The Knave of Spades, another collection of the ſame kind, ' 1611, is the following deſcription of a wanton inveigling a young ' man into her houſe;

" ———He to his liquor falls,
" While ſhe unto her maids for cakes,
" *Stew'd prunes*, and pippins, calls.'

' So, in Every Woman in her Humour, a comedy, 1619, ' To " ſearch my houſe! I have no varlets, no *ſtew'd prunes*, no ſhe " fiery,' &c.

' The paſſages already quoted are ſufficient to ſhew that *a diſh of* ' *ſtew'd prunes* was not only the ancient deſignation of a brothel, but ' the conſtant appendage to it.

' From A Treatiſe on the Lues Venerea, written by W. Clowes, ' one of her majeſty's ſurgeons, 1596, and other books of the ſame ' kind, it appears that *prunes* were directed to be boiled in broth for ' thoſe perſons already infected, and that both *ſtew'd prunes* and ' roaſted apples were commonly, though unſucceſsfully, taken by ' way of prevention.'

Mr. Steevens's note is upon the words, ' There's no more faith in ' thee than in a *ſtew'd prune*.' *R.*

Mem.

Mem. The devil, Sir!
'Tis ſome rogue thing.
Court. If this abuſe be love, Sir,
Or I, that laid aſide my modeſty——
Eum. So far thou'lt never find it.
Mem. Do not weep;
For, if you be the princeſs, I will love you,
Indeed I will, and honour you, fight for you:
Come, wipe your eyes. By Heav'n, ſhe ſtinks! Who art thou?
Stinks like a poiſon'd rat behind a hanging.
Woman, who art?—Like a rotten cabbage.
2 *Capt.* You're much to blame, Sir; 'tis the princeſs.
Mem. How!
She the princeſs?
Eum. And the loving princeſs.
1 *Capt.* Indeed, the doting princeſs.
Mem. Come hither once more;
The princeſs ſmells like morning's breath, pure amber,
Beyond the courted India in her ſpices.——
Still a dead rat, by Heaven! Thou a princeſs?
Eum. What a dull whore is this?
Mem. I'll tell you preſently;
For, if ſhe be a princeſs, as ſhe may be
And yet ſtink too, and ſtrongly, I ſhall find her.
Fetch the Numidian lion I brought over:
If ſhe be ſprung from th' royal blood—the lion!
He'll do you reverence; elſe——
Court. I beſeech your lordſhip——
Eum. He'll tear her all to pieces[67].
Court. I am no princeſs, Sir.
Mem. Who brought thee hither?
2 *Capt.* If you confeſs, we'll hang you.
Court. Good my lord——
Mem. Who art thou then?

[67] Eum. *He'll tear* her *all to pieces.*] This is given to *Eumenes* in all the editions, when it is evidently the concluſion of Memnon's ſpeech. *Seward.*

The ſpeech belongs to Eumenes; had it been Memnon's, it would run, *He'll tear* you *all to pieces.*

Court.

Court. A poor retaining whore, Sir,
To one of your lordſhip's captains.
Mem. Alas, poor whore!
Go; be a whore ſtill, and ſtink worſe. Ha, ha, ha!
[*Exit Courtezan.*
What fools are theſe, and coxcombs! [*Exit Memnon.*
Eum. I am right glad yet,
He takes it with ſuch lightneſs.
1 *Capt.* Methinks his face too
Is not ſo clouded as it was. How he looks!
Eum. Where's your dead rat?
2 *Capt.* The devil dine upon her!
Lions? Why, what a medicine had he gotten
To try a whore!

Enter Stremon.

Stre. Here's one from Polydor ſtays to ſpeak with ye.
Eum. With whom?
Stre. With all. Where has the general been?
He's laughing to himſelf extremely.
Eum. Come,
I'll tell thee how; I'm glad yet he's ſo merry. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

Enter Chilax and Prieſteſs.

Chi. WHAT lights are thoſe that enter there?
Still nearer?
Plague o' your rotten itch! do you draw me hither
Into the temple, to betray me? Was there no place
To ſatisfy your ſin in—Gods forgive me!
Still they come forward.
Prieſt. Peace, you fool! I have found it:
'Tis the young princeſs Calis.
Chi. 'Tis the devil,
To claw us for our catterwauling.

Prieſt.

Prieſt. Retire ſoftly.
I did not look for you theſe two hours, lady.
Beſhrew your haſte!—That way. [*To Chilax.*
Chi. That goes to th' altar,
You old blind beaſt!
Prieſt. I know not; any way.
Still they come nearer. I'll in to th' oracle.
Chi. That's well remember'd; I'll in with you.
Prieſt. Do. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Calis and her train, with lights, ſinging: Lucippe and Cleanthe.

SONG.

Oh, fair ſweet goddeſs, queen of loves,
Soft and gentle as thy doves,
Humble-ey'd, and ever ruing
Thoſe poor hearts, their loves purſuing!
Oh, thou mother of delights,
Crowner of all happy nights,
Star of dear content and pleaſure,
Of mutual loves the endleſs treaſure!
Accept this ſacrifice we bring,
Thou continual youth and ſpring,
Grant this lady her deſires,
And ev'ry hour we'll crown thy fires.

Enter a Nun.

Nun. You about her, all retire,
Whilſt the princeſs feeds the fire.
When your devotions ended be
To th' oracle I will attend ye.
[*Exit Nun, and draws the curtain cloſe to Calis.*

Enter Stremon and Eumenes.

Stre. He will abroad.
Eum. How does his humour hold him?
Stre. He's now grown wondrous ſad, weeps often too,
Talks of his brother to himſelf, ſtarts ſtrangely.
Eum. Does he not curſe?

Stre.

Stre. No.
Eum. Nor break out in fury,
Off'ring ſome new attempt?
Stre. Neither. 'To th' temple,'
Is all we hear of now: What there he will do——
Eum. I hope repent his folly; let's be near him.
Stre. Where are the reſt?
Eum. About a buſineſs
Concerns him mainly; if Heav'n cure this madneſs,
He's man for ever, Stremon.
Stre. Does the king know it?
Eum. Yes, and much troubled with it, he's now gone
To ſeek his ſiſter out.
Stre. Come, let's away then. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Nun, ſhe opens the curtain to Calis. Calis at the oracle.

Nun. Peace to your prayers, lady! Will it pleaſe you
To paſs on to the oracle?
Calis. Moſt humbly. [*Chilax and Prieſteſs in the oracle.*
Chi. Do you hear that?
Prieſt. Yes; lie cloſe.
Chi. A wildfire take you!
What ſhall become of me? I ſhall be hang'd now!
Is this a time to ſhake? a halter ſhake you!
Come up and juggle, come.
Prieſt. I'm monſtrous fearful!
Chi. Up, you old gaping oyſter, up and anſwer!
A mouldy mange upon your chaps! You told me
I was ſafe here till the bell rung.
Prieſt. I was prevented,
And did not look theſe three hours for the princeſs.
Chi. Shall we be taken?
Prieſt. Speak, for love's ſake, Chilax!
I cannot, nor I dare not.
Chi. I'll ſpeak treaſon,
For I had as lieve be hang'd for that——
Prieſt. Good Chilax!
Chi. Muſt it be ſung or ſaid? What ſhall I tell 'em?

They're here; here now, preparing.

Prieſt. Oh, my conſcience!

Chi. Plague o', your ſpur-gall'd conſcience! does it tire now,
Now when it ſhould be tougheſt? I could make thee—

Prieſt. Save us! we're both undone elſe.

Chi. Down, you dog then!
Be quiet, and be ſtanch too; no inundations.

Nun. Here kneel again; and Venus grant your wiſhes!

Calis. Oh, divineſt [68] ſtar of Heaven,
Thou in pow'r above the ſeven:
Thou ſweet kindler of deſires,
'Till they grow to mutual fires:
Thou, oh, gentle queen, that art
Curer of each wounded heart:
Thou the fuel, and the flame;
Thou in Heav'n, and here the ſame:
Thou the wooer, and the woo'd:
Thou the hunger, and the food:
Thou the prayer, and the pray'd;
Thou what is, or ſhall be ſaid:
Thou ſtill young, and golden treſſed,
Make me by thy anſwer bleſſed!

Chi. When?

Prieſt. Now ſpeak handſomely, and finall by all means;
I have told you what. [*Thunder.*

Chi. But I'll tell you a new tale.
Now for my neck-verſe [69]. I have heard thy pray'rs,
And mark me well.

Muſic. Venus deſcends.

Nun. The goddeſs is diſpleaſed much;

[68] *O divine ſtar of Heav'n.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[69] *Now for my* neck-verſe.] When a perſon formerly had the benefit of clergy allowed him, he was obliged to read, and one verſe was always ſelected for that purpoſe. It was that containing the words *miſerere mei Deus*, which, from that circumſtance, obtained the name of the *neck-verſe*. *R.*

The

The temple ſhakes and totters: She appears.
Bow, lady, bow!

Venus. Purge me the temple round,
And live by this example henceforth ſound.
Virgin, I have ſeen thy tears,
Heard thy wiſhes, and thy fears;
Thy holy incenſe flew above,
Hark, therefore, to thy doom in love:
Had thy heart been ſoft at firſt,
Now thou hadſt allay'd thy thirſt;
Had thy ſtubborn will but bended,
All thy ſorrows here had ended;
Therefore to be juſt in love,
A ſtrange fortune thou muſt prove;
And, for thou'ſt been ſtern and coy,
A dead love thou ſhalt enjoy.

Calis. Oh, gentle goddeſs!
Venus. Riſe, thy doom is ſaid,
And fear not; I ſhall pleaſe thee with the dead. [*Aſcends.*
Nun. Go up into the temple, and there end
Your holy rites; the goddeſs ſmiles upon you.
[*Exeunt Calis and Nun.*

Enter Chilax in his robe.

Chi. I'll no more oracles, nor miracles,
Nor no more church-work; I'll be drawn and hang'd firſt.
Am not I torn a-pieçes with the thunder?
Death, I can ſcarce believe I live yet!
It gave me on the buttocks a cruel, a huge bang!
I had as lieve ha' had 'em ſcratch'd with dog-whips.
Be quiet henceforth, now ye feel the end on't,
I would adviſe ye, my old friends; the good gentlewoman
Is ſtrucken dumb, and there her grace ſits mumping
Like an old ape eating brawn. Sure the good goddeſs
Knew my intent was honeſt, to ſave the princeſs,
And how we young men are entic'd to wickedneſs

By theſe lewd women; I had paid for't elſe too.
I'm monſtrous holy now, and cruel fearful.
Oh,'twas a plaguy thump, charg'd with a vengeance!

Enter Siphax, walks ſoftly over the ſtage, and goes in.

'Would I were well at home! The beſt is, 'tis not day.
Who's that? ha! Siphax? I'll be with you anon, Sir.
You ſhall be oracled, I warrant you,
And thunder'd too, as well as I; your lordſhip

Enter Memnon, Eumenes, Stremon, and two ſervants carrying torches:

Muſt needs enjoy the princeſs? yes. Ha! torches?
And Memnon coming this way? He's dog-mad,
And ten to one appearing thus unto him,
He worries me. I muſt go by him.

Eum. Sir?

Mem. Aſk me no further queſtions. What art thou?
How doſt thou ſtare? Stand off! Nay, look upon me,
I do not ſhake, nor fear thee. [*Draws his ſword.*

Chi. He will kill me:
This is for church-work.

Mem. Why doſt thou appear now?
Thou wert fairly ſlain. I know thee, Diocles,
And know thine envy to mine honour: But——

Chi. Stay, Memnon,
I am a ſpirit, and thou canſt not hurt me.

Eum. This is the voice of Chilax.

Stre. What makes he thus?

Chi. 'Tis true that I was ſlain in field, but foully,
By multitudes, not manhood: Therefore, mark me,
I do appear again to quit mine honour,
And on thee ſingle.

Mem. I accept the challenge.
Where?

Chi. On the Stygian banks.

Mem. When?

Chi. Four days hence.

Mem. Go, noble ghoſt, I will attend.

Chi.

Chi. I thank you.

Stre. You've ſav'd your throat, and handſomely:
Farewell, Sir. [*Exit Chilax.*

Mem. Sing me the battle of Peluſium,
In which this worthy died.

Eum. This will ſpoil all,
And make him worſe than e'er he was. Sit down, Sir,
And give yourſelf to reſt.

SONG.

Arm, arm, arm, arm! the ſcouts are all come in.
Keep your ranks cloſe, and now your honours win.
Behold from yonder hill the foe appears;
Bows, bills, glaves, arrows, ſhields, and ſpears;
Like a dark wood he comes, or tempeſt pouring [70];
Oh, view the wings of horſe the meadows ſcouring.
The van-guard marches bravely. Hark, the drums!
Duh, dub.
They meet, they meet, and now the battle comes.
See how the arrows fly,
That darken all the ſky;
Hark how the trumpets ſound,
Hark how the hills rebound!
Tara, tara, tara, tara, tara.
Hark how the horſes charge! in boys, boys in!
The battle totters; now the wounds begin;
Oh, how they cry,
Oh, how they die!
Room for the valiant Memnon arm'd with thunder!
See how he breaks the ranks aſunder.
They fly, they fly! Eumenes has the chaſe,
And brave Polybius makes good his place.
To the plains, to the woods,
To the rocks, to the floods,

70 *Like a dark* wood *he comes, or tempeſt pouring.*] Mr. Sympſon would read *cloud* for *wood*; but I much prefer the old reading. The cloſeneſs and firmneſs of an army, the groves of ſpears, and the dark horror of the ſoldiers' looks, are all finely imaged in this ſimile of a *dark wood moving*. One might indeed quote ſeveral authors, Greek, Roman, and Engliſh, in ſupport of both readings, but that is not at preſent my province. *Seward.*

They fly for ſuccour. Follow, follow, follow!
Hark how the ſoldiers hollow! *Hey, hey!*
Brave Diocles is dead,
And all his ſoldiers fled,
The battle's won, and loſt,
That many a life has coſt.

Mem. Now forward to the temple. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Chilax.

Chi. Are you gone?
How have I 'ſcap'd this morning? By what miracle?
Sure I am ordain'd for ſome brave end.

Enter Cloe.

Cloe. How is it?
Chi. Come; 'tis as well as can be.
Cloe. But is it poſſible
This ſhould be true you tell me?
Chi. 'Tis moſt certain.
Cloe. Such a groſs aſs to love the princeſs?
Chi. Peace;
Pull your robe cloſe about you. You are perfect
In all I taught you?
Cloe. Sure.
Chi. Gods give thee good luck!
'Tis ſtrange my brains ſhould ſtill be beating knavery,
For all theſe dangers; but they're needful miſchiefs,
And ſuch are nuts to me, and I muſt do 'em.
You will remember me?
Cloe. By this kiſs, Chilax!
Chi. No more of that; I fear another thunder.
Cloe. We are not i'th' temple, man.

Enter Siphax.

Chi. Peace; here he comes.
Now to our buſineſs handſomely. Away now!
[*Exit, with Cloe.*
Sip. 'Twas ſure the princeſs, for he kneel'd unto her,
And ſhe look'd every way: I hope the oracle
Has made me happy; me I hope ſhe look'd for.

Enter

Enter Chilax and Cloe, at the other door.

Fortune, I will ſo honour thee! Love, ſo adore thee!
She's here again; looks round about her, again too;
'Tis done, I know 'tis done! 'Tis Chilax with her,
And I ſhall know of him. Who's that?

Chi. Speak ſoftly:
The princeſs from the oracle.

Sip. She views me;
By Heav'n ſhe beckons me!

Chi. Come near, ſhe would have you.

Sip. Oh, royal lady! [*Kiſſes her hand.*

Chi. She wills you read that; for belike ſhe's bound to ſilence
For ſuch a time. She's wondrous gracious to you.

Sip. Heav'n make me thankful!

Chi. She would have you read it. [*He reads.*

Sip. Siphax, the will of Heav'n hath caſt me on thee
To be thy wife, whoſe will muſt be obey'd:
Uſe me with honour, I ſhall love thee dearly,
And make thee underſtand thy worths hereafter.
Convey me to a ſecret ceremony,
That both our hearts and loves may be united;
And uſe no language, till before my brother
We both appear, where I will ſhew the oracle;
For till that time I'm bound, I muſt not anſwer.

Sip. Oh, happy I!

Chi. You're a made man.

Sip. But, Chilax,
Where are her women?

Chi. None but your grace's ſiſter
(Becauſe ſhe would have it private to the world yet)
Knows of this buſineſs.

Sip. I ſhall thank thee, Chilax;
Thou art a careful man.

Chi. Your grace's ſervant.

Sip. I'll find a fit place for thee.

Chi. If you will not,
There's a good lady will. She points you forward;

Away, and take your fortune; not a word Sir.—
So; you are greas'd, I hope.

[*Exeunt Siphax and Cloe, manet Chilax.*

Enter Stremon, Fool, and Page.

Stremon, Fool, Picus!
Where have you left your lord?

Stre. I'th' temple, Chilax.

Chi. Why are you from him?

Stre. Why, the king is with him,
And all the lords.

Chi. Is not the princeſs there too?

Stre. Yes.
And the ſtrangeſt coil amongſt'em—She weeps bitterly;
The king entreats, and frowns; my lord, like autumn,
Drops off his hopes by handfuls; all the temple
Sweats with this agony.

Chi. Where's young Polydor?

Stre. Dead, as they ſaid, o' th' ſudden,

Chi. Dead?

Stre. For certain;
But not yet known abroad.

Chi. There's a new trouble.
A brave young man he was; but we muſt all die.

Stre. Did not the general meet you this morning
Like a tall ſtallion nun?

Chi. No more o' that, boy.

Stre. You had been ferreting.

Chi That's all one. Fool!
My maſter Fool, that taught my wits to traffick,
What has your wiſdom done? How have you profited?
Out with your audit: Come, you are not empty;
Put out mine eye with twelve-pence, do, you ſhaker[71].
What think you of this ſhaking? Here's wit, coxcomb!

[71] *Do you* ſhaker?]. As I know no ſuch word as this, I believe it an accidental corruption from a junction of two words which ſhould have been ſeparate. *Seward.*

Mr Seward reads, *Do you* SHAKE? HERE, *what think you*, &c but as it is moſt probable, Chilax means to call the Fool *ſhaker*, we have followed the old books, only inſerting a *comma*.

Ha, boys? ha, my fine raſcals? here's a ring[72];
How right they go! [*Pulls out a purſe.*
Fool. Oh, let me ring the fore bell.
Chi. And here are thumpers, chequins, golden rogues:
Wit, wit, ye raſcals!
Fool. I have a ſty here[73], Chilax.
Chi. I have no gold to cure it, not a penny,
Not one croſs, cavalier: We are dull ſoldiers,
Groſs heavy-headed fellows; fight for victuals!
Fool. Why, you art the ſpirits of the time.
Chi. By no means.
Fool. The valiant, fiery[74]!
Chi. Fy, fy! no.
Fool. Be-lee me, Sir——
Chi. I would I could, Sir.
Fool. I will ſatisfy you.
Chi. But I will not content you. Alas, poor boy,
Thou ſhew'ſt an honeſt nature; weep'ſt for thy maſter?
There's a red, rogue[75], to buy thee handkerchiefs.
Fool. He was an honeſt gentleman, I have loſt too—
Chi. You have indeed, your labour, Fool. But, Stremon,
Doſt thou want money too? No virtue living?
No firking out at fingers' ends?
Stre. It ſeems ſo.

---

72 *Here's a* ring.] Meaning the *ringing* of the money. So Shakeſpeare compares a voice to a piece of uncurrent gold, crack'd in the *ring*.

73 *I have a* ſty *here.*] A *ſty* on his eye, deſiring to have it ſtroked with money; ſo Chilax before,

* *Put out mine* eye *with twelve-pence.*

74 *The valiant* firie.] I have ventured to change this for what I think the true word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward for *firie* ſubſtitutes *frie*. The word we have adopted is with ſcarce any violence to the old text.

75 ——————*weep'ſt for thy maſter?*
There's a red rogue *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*] We can't explain this; yet think we ſhould ſeparate *red rogue*, and read,
There's a red, rogue, *to buy thee handkerchiefs.*

Chi.

Chi. Will ye all ſerve me?

Stre. Yes, when you are lord-general;
For leſs I will not go.

Chi. There's gold for thee then;
Thou haſt a ſoldier's mind. Fool!

Fool. Here, your firſt man.

Chi. I will give thee for thy wit, (for 'tis a fine wit,
A dainty diving wit) hold up!—juſt nothing.
Go, graze i' th' commons; yet I am merciful——
There's ſixpence: Buy a ſaucer, ſteal an old gown,
And beg i' th' temple for a prophet. Come away, boys!
Let's ſee how things are carried. Fool! up, ſirrah;
You may chance get a dinner. Boy, your preferment
I'll undertake; for your brave maſter's ſake,
You ſhall not periſh.

Fool. Chilax!

Chi. Pleaſe me well, Fool,
And you ſhall light my pipes. Away to th' temple.
But ſtay; the king's here: Sport upon ſport, boys.

Enter King, Lords, Siphax kneeling, Cloe with a veil.

King. What would you have, captain?
Speak ſuddenly, for I am wondrous buſy.

Sip. A pardon, royal Sir.

King. For what?

Sip. For that
Which was Heav'n's will, ſhould not be mine alone, Sir;
My marrying with this lady.

King. It needs no pardon,
For marriage is no ſin.

Sip. Not in itſelf, Sir;
But in preſuming too much: Yet, Heav'n knows,
So does the oracle that caſt it on me,
And——the princeſs, royal Sir.

King. What princeſs?

Sip. Oh, be not angry, my dread king! your ſiſter.

King. My ſiſter? ſhe's i'th' temple, man.

Sip. She is here, Sir.

Lord. The captain's mad! ſhe's kneeling at the altar.

King.

King. I know ſhe is.—With all my heart, good captain,
I do forgive ye both: Be unveil'd, lady.
[*Puts off her veil.*
Will you have more forgiveneſs? The man's frantic.
Come, let's go bring her out. God give you joy, Sir!
Sip. How! Cloe? my old Cloe? [*Exe. King, Lords.*
Cloe. Even the ſame, Sir.
Chi. Gods give your manhood much content!
Stre. The princeſs
Looks ſomething muſty ſince her coming over.
Fool. 'Twere good you'd bruſh her over.
Sip. Fools and fiddlers
Make ſport at my abuſe too!
Fool. Oh, 'tis the nature
Of us fools to make bold with one another;
But you are wiſe, brave Sir.
Chi. Cheer up your princeſs.
Believe it, Sir, the king will not be angry;
Or, ſay he were; why, 'twas the oracle:
The oracle, an't like your grace; the oracle.
Stre. And who, moſt mighty Siphax——
Sip. With mine own whore?
Cloe. With whom elſe ſhould you marry? ſpeak your conſcience.
Will you tranſgreſs the law of arms, that ever
Rewards the ſoldier with his own ſins?
Sip. Devils——
Cloe. You had my maidenhead, my youth, my ſweetneſs;
Is it not juſtice then?
Sip. I ſee it muſt be;
But, by this hand, I'll hang a lock upon thee.
Cloe. You ſhall not need; my honeſty ſhall do it.
Sip. If there be wars in all the world——
Cloe. I'll with you;
For you know I have been a ſoldier.
Come, curſe on!
Sip. When I need another oracle [76]——
Chi. Send for me, Siphax; I'll fit you with a princeſs.

[76] *Come, curſe on: When I need another oracle.*] This line was miſplaced

And ſo, to both your honours——

Fool. And your graces——

Sip. The devil grace you all!

Cloe. God-a-mercy, Chilax!

Chi. Shall we laugh half an hour now?

Stre. No, the king comes,
And all the train.

Chi. Away then; our act's ended. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, Calis, Memnon, Cleanthe, and Lords.

King. You know he does deſerve you, loves you dearly;
You know what bloody violence h' had us'd
Upon himſelf, but that his brother croſs'd it;
You know the ſame thoughts ſtill inhabit in him,
And covet to take birth: Look on him, lady;
The wars have not ſo far conſum'd him yet,
Cold age diſabled him, or ſickneſs ſunk him,
To be abhorr'd: Look on his honour, ſiſter;
That bears no ſtamp of time, no wrinkles on it;
No ſad demoliſhment, nor death can reach it:
Look with the eyes of Heav'n, that nightly waken
To view the wonders of the glorious Maker[77],
And not the weakneſs: Look with your virtuous eyes;
And then clad royalty in all his conqueſts,

placed to Cloe. Mr. Symſon concurred with me in reſtoring it, and correcting the pointing. *Seward.*

The firſt half of the line we think is *Cloe's:* then *Siphax, When I need another oracle* ——

[77] *To view the wonders of the glorious Maker,*
And not the weakneſs.] This paſſage ſeems very abſurd. Does it mean, *to ſee the beauties of the creation, and not the weakneſs of it, though it daily verges towards its diſſolution?* But according to the grammatical conſtruction, the *weakneſs* is the *weakneſs of the glorious Maker*, and not of the creation. The only tolerable reading which I can ſuggeſt, to avoid this abſurdity, is,

And ſee no *weakneſs.*

But I don't like this well enough to admit it into the text. *Seward.*

The meaning, we think, is obvious, and is, 'Look on Memnon's 'virtues, *and not* his faults; as Heaven contemplates the wonders, 'not the weakneſs, of the Creator.'

The firſt folio reads, *To view the wonders of* my *glorious Maker.*

His

His matchleſs love hung with a thouſand merits,
Eternal youth attending, fame and fortune;
Time and oblivion vexing at his virtues,
He ſhall appear a miracle: Look on our dangers,
Look on the publick ruin.

Calis. Oh, dear brother!

King. Fy! let us not, like proud and greedy waters,
Gain to give off again: This is our ſea,
And you, his Cynthia, govern him; take heed:
His floods have been as high and full as any [78],
And glorioufly he's now got up to girdle
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd. Noble ſiſter,
Take not your virtue from him; oh, take heed
We ebb not now to nothing; take heed, Calis!

Calis. The will of Heav'n (not mine) which muſt not alter,
And my eternal doom, for aught I know,
Is fix'd upon me. Alas, I muſt love nothing;
Nothing that loves again muſt I be bleſs'd with!
The gentle vine climbs up the oak and clips him,
And when the ſtroke comes, yet they fall together.

[78] *His floods have been as high and full as any,*
And glorioufly now is got up to the girdle,
The kingdoms he hath purchas'd.] The emendation of this paſſage gave me greater pleaſure than uſual, as it retrieved a fine poetical image, which by the corruption of the preſs appeared utter obſcurity to Mr. Sympſon, and was left untouched by Mr. Theobald. By obſerving the tendency of the metaphor, the two following paſſages occurred. Cymbeline, act iii. ſcene i. ſpeaking of the iſland of Britain,

'——which ſtands
'Like Neptune's park, *ribbed* and *paled* in
'With rocks unſcaleable, and roaring waters.'

I thought therefore that waters *girdling* a kingdom was a ſimilar metaphor; and then recollected, that in the Two Noble Kinſmen (which was wrote by Shakeſpeare and Fletcher in conjunction) act v. ſcene i. walls are called *The ſtony* girths *of cities*. I therefore was fully ſatisfy'd that I had hit upon the true reading; and long afterwards I met in the Captain with the very expreſſion, act ii. ſcene i. ſpeaking of ſoldiers,

That whilſt the wars were, ſerv'd like walls and ribs
To girdle *in the kingdom.* *Seward.*

We have adopted Mr. Seward's variation; though it would be nearer the old text to read,

And glorioufly now is *got up to girdle.*

Death,

Death, death muſt I enjoy, and live to love him!
Oh, noble Sir!
Mem. Thoſe tears are ſome reward yet:
Pray, let me wed your ſorrows.
Calis. Take 'em, ſoldier;
They're fruitful ones; lay but a ſigh upon 'em,
And ſtraight they will conceive to infinites:
I told you what you'd find 'em.
Eum. [*within.*] Room before there [79]!

Enter a funeral, Captains following, and Eumenes.

King. How now? what's this? more drops to th' ocean?
Whoſe body's this?
Eum. The noble Polydor;
This ſpeaks his death.
Mem. My brother dead?
Calis. Oh, goddeſs!
Oh, cruel, cruel Venus! here's my fortune.
King. Read, captain.
Mem. Read aloud. Farewell, my follies!
Eum. [*reading.*] 'To the excellent princeſs Calis.
Be wiſe as you are beauteous; love with judgment,
And look with clear eyes on my noble brother;
Value deſert and virtue, they are jewels
Fit for your worth and wearing. Take heed, lady;
The gods reward ingratitude moſt grievous.
Remember me no more; or, if you muſt,
Seek me in noble Memnon's love; I dwell there.
I durſt not live, becauſe I durſt not wrong him.
I can no more; make me eternal happy
With looking down upon your loves. Farewell!'
Mem. And didſt thou die for me——
King. Excellent virtue!
What will you now do?
Calis. Dwell for ever here, Sir.

79 *Room before there.*] Theſe words (which complete the verſe) are only in the firſt folio. They are there made a continuation of Calis's ſpeech.

Mem.

Mem. For me, dear Polydor? oh, worthy young man!
Oh, love, love, love! Love above recompence!
Infinite love, infinite honeſty!
Good lady, leave; you muſt have no ſhare here;
Take home your ſorrows: Here's enough to ſtore me,
Brave glorious griefs! Was ever ſuch a brother?
Turn all the ſtories over in the world yet,
And ſearch thro' all the memories of mankind,
And find me ſuch a friend! H' has out-done all,
Outſtripp'd 'em ſheerly; all, all, thou haſt, Polydor!
To die for me? Why, as I hope for happineſs,
'Twas one o' th' rareſt-thought-on things, the braveſt,
And carried beyond compaſs of our actions.
I wonder how he hit it; a young man too,
In all the bloſſoms of his youth and beauty,
In all the fullneſs of his veins and wiſhes,
Woo'd by that paradiſe, that would catch Heav'n!
It ſtartles me extremely [80]. Thou bleſs'd aſhes,
Thou faithful monument, where love and friendſhip
Shall, while the world is, work new miracles!

Calis. Oh, let me ſpeak too!

Mem. No, not yet. Thou man,
(For we are but man's ſhadows) only man——
I have not words to utter him. Speak, lady;
I'll think a while.

Calis. The goddeſs grants me this yet,
I ſhall enjoy thee dead [81]: No tomb ſhall hold thee
But theſe two arms, no trickments but my tears:
Over thy hearſe my ſorrows, like ſad arms,
Shall hang for ever: On the tougheſt marble
Mine eyes ſhall weep thee out an epitaph:
Love at thy feet ſhall kneel, his ſmart bow broken;
Faith at thy head, Youth and the Graces mourners.
Oh, ſweet young man!

King. Now I begin to melt too.

Mem. Have you enough yet, lady? Room for a gameſter!

[80] *It* ſtarts *me extremely.*] Former editions. *Seward.*

[81] *I ſhall enjoy* the *dead.*] The context, we think, authorizes the alteration we have made.

To

To my fond love, and all thoſe idle fancies,
A long farewell! Thou diedſt for me, dear Polydor;
To give me peace, thou haſt eternal glory!
I ſtay and talk here! I will kiſs thee firſt,
And now I'll follow thee. [*Offers to kill himſelf.*

Polyd. Hold, for Heaven's ſake! [*Polydor riſes.*

Mem. Ha! does he live? Doſt thou deceive me?

Polyd. Thus far;
Yet, for your good and honour.

King. Now, dear ſiſter——

Calis. The oracle is ended, noble Sir;
Diſpoſe me now as you pleaſe.

Polyd. You are mine then?

Calis. With all the joys that may be!

Polyd. Your conſent, Sir!

King. You have it freely.

Polyd. Walk along with me then,
And, as you love me, love my will.

Calis. I will ſo.

Polyd. Here, worthy brother, take this virtuous princeſs;
You have deſerv'd her nobly; ſhe will love you:
And when my life ſhall bring you peace, as ſhe does,
Command it, you ſhall have it.

Mem. Sir, I thank you.

King. I never found ſuch goodneſs in ſuch years.

Mem. Thou ſhalt not over-do me, tho' I die for't.
Oh, how I love thy goodneſs, my beſt brother!
You've giv'n me here a treaſure to enrich me,
Would make the worthieſt king alive a beggar:
What may I give you back again?

Polyd. Your love, Sir.

Mem. And you ſhall have it, ev'n my deareſt love,
My firſt, my nobleſt love: Take her again, Sir;
She's yours, your honeſty has over-run me.
She loves you; lov'ſt her not?—Excellent princeſs,
Enjoy thy wiſh; and now, get generals.

Polyd. As you love Heav'n, love him. She's only yours, Sir.

Mem.

Mem. As you love Heav'n, love him. She's only yours, Sir.
My lord the king——
Polyd. He will undo himſelf, Sir,
And muſt without her periſh: Who ſhall fight then?
Who ſhall protect your kingdom?
Mem. Give me hearing,
And, after that, belief. Were ſhe my ſoul,
(As I do love her equal) all my victories,
And all the living names I've gain'd by war,
And loving him, that good, that virtuous man,
That only worthy of the name of Brother,
I would reſign all freely. 'Tis all love
To me, all marriage rites, the joy of iſſues,
To know him fruitful, that has been ſo faithful!
King. This is the nobleſt difference—Take your choice, ſiſter.
Calis. I ſee they are ſo brave, and noble both,
I know not which to look on.
Polyd. Chuſe diſcreetly,
And Virtue guide you! There all the world, in one man,
Stands at the mark.
Mem. There all man's honeſty,
The ſweetneſs of all youth.
Calis. Oh, gods!
Mem. My armour!
By all the gods, ſhe's yours! My arms, I ſay!
And, I beſeech your grace, give me employment:
That ſhall be now my miſtreſs, there my courtſhip.
King. You ſhall have any thing.
Mem. Virtuous lady,
Remember me, your ſervant now. Young man,
You cannot over-reach me in your goodneſs.
Oh, Love! how ſweet thou look'ſt now, and how gentle!
I ſhould have ſlubber'd thee, and ſtain'd thy beauty.
Your hand, your hand, Sir!
King. Take her, and Heav'n bleſs her!
Mem. So.
Polyd. 'Tis your will, Sir, nothing of my merit;

And, as your royal gift, I take this bleſſing.

Calis. And I from Heav'n this gentleman. Thanks, goddeſs!

Mem. So, you are pleas'd now, lady?

Calis. Now or never.

Mem. My cold ſtiff carcaſe would have frozen you. Wars, wars!

King. You ſhall have wars.

Mem. My next brave battle
I dedicate to your bright honour, ſiſter:
Give me a favour, that the world may know
I am your ſoldier.

Calis. This, and all fair fortunes!

Mem. And he that bears this from me, muſt ſtrike boldly. [*Cleanthe kneeling.*

Calis. I do forgive thee. Be honeſt; no more, wench.

King. Come, now to revels. This bleſt day ſhall prove
The happy crown of noble faith and love. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

HERE lies the doubt now; let our plays be good,
Our own care failing equal in this flood,
Our preparations new, new our attire,
Yet here we are becalm'd ſtill, ſtill i' th' mire,
Here we ſtick faſt: Is there no way to clear
This paſſage of your judgment, and our fear?
No mitigation of that law? Brave friends,
Conſider we are yours, made for your ends;
And every thing preſerves itſelf (each will,
If not perverſe and crooked, utters ſtill
The beſt of that it ventures in[82]). Have care,
Ev'n for your pleaſures' ſake, of what we are,
And do not ruin all; you may frown ſtill,
But 'tis the nobler way to check the will.

[82] ——— *each will,*
If not perverſe and crooked, utters ſtill
The beſt of that it ventures in.] *i. e.* 'It is the inclination of all 'fair dealers to ſell their cuſtomers the beſt of their wares.'

THE

THE
COMPANY
OF
FOREIGN
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ASIATIC

THE

LOYAL SUBJECT.

A TRAGI-COMEDY.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills and Gardiner give to Fletcher the ſole honour of this Play. The Prologue alſo (written ſoon after his demiſe, and conſequently long after Beaumont's) ſpeaks of him ſingly. It was firſt printed in the folio of 1647. *In the year* 1706, *a Tragedy, entitled 'The Faithful General, written by a young lady,' was acted at the Queen's Theatre in the Hay-Market; but the writer in her preface declares, though her firſt intention had been to revive this Play, yet that, in the progreſs of it, ſhe made ſo many alterations, that a very ſmall part of it belonged to our Author. We have alſo heard of an alteration by Mr. Sheridan ſen. but this we imagine was never printed; and it was probably acted, if at all, only in Ireland.*

PROLOGUE.

WE need not, noble gentlemen, to invite
Attention, pre-inſtruct you who did write
This worthy ſtory, being confident
The mirth join'd with grave matter, and intent
To yield the hearers profit with delight,
Will ſpeak the maker: And to do him right
Would aſk a genius like to his; the age
Mourning his loſs, and our now-widowed ſtage
In vain lamenting. I could add, ſo far
Behind him the moſt modern writers are,
That when they would commend him, their beſt praiſe
Ruins the buildings which they ſtrive to raiſe
To his beſt memory[1]. So much a friend
Preſumes to write, ſecure 'twill not offend
The living, that are modeſt; with the reſt,
That may repine, he cares not to conteſt.
This debt to Fletcher paid; it is profeſs'd
By us the actors, we will do our beſt
To ſend ſuch favouring friends, as hither come
To grace the ſcene, pleas'd and contented home.

[1] ——— *their* beſt *praiſe*
Ruins the buildings which they ſtrive to raiſe
To his beſt *memory.*] Mr. Seward thinks we ſhould read, BLEST *memory*; but, from the context, the Author ſeems undoubtedly to have written BEST.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Great Duke *of Moſcovia.*
Archas, *the Loyal Subject, general of the Moſcovites.*
Theodore, *ſon to Archas; valorous, but impatient.*
Putſkie, *alias* Briſkie, *a captain, brother to Archas.*
Alinda, *alias* Archas, *ſon to Archas.*
Burris, *an honeſt lord, the duke's favourite.*
Boroſkie, *a malicious ſeducing counſellor to the Duke.*
Ancient *to Archas*[2], *a ſtout merry ſoldier,*
Soldiers.
Gentlemen.
Guard.
Servants.
Meſſengers, *or* Poſts.

WOMEN.

Olympia, *ſiſter to the duke.*
Honora, Viola, } *daughters of Archas.*
Peteſca, Ladies, } *ſervants to Olympia.*

SCENE, MOSCO.

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[2] Enſign *to Archas.*] As this character is called *Ancient* all through the play, we know not any reaſon for calling him *Enſign* in the drama.

Ancient is the ſame as *Enſign*; and is always uſed in this ſenſe in Shakeſpeare and other contemporary writers. *R.*

[3] In this drama the Editors of the ſecond folio inſert *Bawd, a court lady.* If there ever was ſuch a character, it muſt have been omitted before the play was printed.

THE

THE LOYAL SUBJECT

ACT I. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore and Putſkie.

Theodore. CAPTAIN, your friend's preferr'd;
the princeſs has her;
Who, I aſſure myſelf, will uſe her nobly.
A pretty ſweet one 'tis, indeed.

Putſ. Well bred, Sir,
I do deliver that upon my credit,
And of an honeſt ſtock.

Theod. It ſeems ſo, captain,
And no doubt will do well.

Putſ. Thanks to your care, Sir.
But tell me, noble colonel, why this habit
Of diſcontent is put on thro' the army?
And why your valiant father, our great general,
The hand that taught to ſtrike, the love that led all,
Why he, that was the father of the war,
He that begot, and bred the ſoldier,
Why he ſits ſhaking of his arms, like autumn,
His colours folded, and his drums cas'd up?
The tongue of war for ever tied within us?

Theod. It muſt be ſo. Captain, you are a ſtranger,
But of a ſmall time here a ſoldier,
Yet that time ſhews you a right good and great one,
Elſe I could tell you, hours are ſtrangely alter'd:
The young duke has too many eyes upon him,

Too many fears 'tis thought too; and, to nouriſh thoſe,
Maintains too many inſtruments.

Putſ. Turn their hearts,
Or turn their heels up, Heav'n! 'Tis ſtrange it ſhould be;
The old duke lov'd him dearly.

Theod. He deſerv'd it;
And, were he not my father, I durſt tell you,
The memorable hazards he has run thro'
Deſerv'd of this man too; highly deſerv'd too:
Had they been leſs, they had been ſafer[3], Putſkie,
And ſooner reach'd regard.

Putſ. There you ſtruck ſure, Sir.

Theod. Did I never tell thee of a vow he made,
Some years before the old duke died?

Putſ. I have heard you
Speak often of that vow; but how it was,
Or to what end, I never underſtood yet.

Theod. I'll tell thee then, and then thou'lt find the reaſon.
The laſt great muſter, ('twas before you ſerv'd here,
Before the laſt duke's death, whoſe honour'd bones
Now reſt in peace) this young prince had the ord'ring
(To crown his father's hopes) of all the army:
Who, to be ſhort, put all his pow'rs to practice[4],
Faſhion'd, and drew 'em up: But, alas, ſo poorly,
So raggedly and looſely, ſo unſoldier'd,
The good duke bluſh'd, and call'd unto my father,
Who then was general: 'Go, Archas, ſpeedily,
'And chide the boy, before the ſoldiers find him;
'Stand thou between his ignorance and them;
'Faſhion their bodies new to thy direction;

[3] *Had they been leſs, they had been* ſafe, *Putſkie.*] Former editions. The change neceſſary to the metre. *Seward.*

The meaning of this paſſage (which is liable to miſconſtruction) is, 'Had his military proweſs been leſs, he would have been leſs an object 'of envy and jealouſy, and ſooner have been rewarded.' So afterwards, Archas ſaying, *That voluntary I ſit down*, Theodore replies, *You are forc'd, Sir; forc'd for your* ſafety.

[4] *Put all his* power *to practice.*] The context requires the ſmall variation we have made. The latter editions read, *pow'r* in *practice.*

'Then

'Then draw thou up, and ſhew the prince his errors!'
My ſire obey'd, and did ſo; with all duty
Inform'd the prince, and read him all directions:
This bred diſtaſte, diſtaſte grew up to anger,
And anger into wild words broke out thus:
'Well, Archas, if I live but to command here,
'To be but duke once, I ſhall then remember.
'I ſhall remember truly (truſt me, I ſhall)
'And, by my father's hand'—the reſt his eyes ſpoke.
To which my father anſwer'd, ſomewhat mov'd too,
And with a vow he ſeal'd it: 'Royal Sir,
'Since, for my faith and fights, your ſcorn and anger
'Only purſue me; if I live to that day,
'That day ſo long expected to reward me,
'By his ſo-ever-noble hand you ſwore by,
'And by the hand of juſtice, never arms more
'Shall rib this body in, nor ſword hang here, Sir.
'The conflicts I will do you ſervice then in,
'Shall be repentant prayers.' So they parted.
The time is come; and now you know the wonder.

Putſ. I find a fear too, which begins to tell me,
The duke will have but poor and ſlight defences,
If his hot humour reign, and not his honour.
How ſtand you with him, Sir?

Theod. A perdue captain,
Full of my father's danger.

Putſ. He has rais'd a young man,
They ſay a ſlight young man (I know him not)
For what deſert?

Theod. Believe it, a brave gentleman,
Worthy the duke's reſpect[5], a clear ſweet gentleman,
And of a noble ſoul. Come, let's retire us,
And wait upon my father, who within this hour
You'll find an alter'd man.

Putſ. I'm ſorry for't, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

5 Worth *the duke's reſpect.*] This change plainly neceſſary to the metre. *Seward.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Peteſca, and Gentlewoman.

Olym. Is't not a handſome wench?

Gent. She is well enough, madam:
I've ſeen a better face, and a ſtraighter body;
And yet ſhe is a pretty gentlewoman[6].

Olym. What thinkeſt thou Peteſca?

Pet. Alas, madam, I've no ſkill; ſhe has a black eye;
Which is o' th' leaſt too, and the dulleſt water:
And when her mouth was made, for certain, madam,
Nature intended her a right good ſtomach.

Olym. She has a good hand.

Gent. 'Tis good enough to hold faſt,
And ſtrong enough to ſtrangle the neck of a lute.

Olym. What think you of her colour?

Pet. If it be her own,
'Tis good black blood; right weather-proof, I warrant it.

Gent. What a ſtrange pace ſh' has got?

Olym. That's but her breeding.

Pet. And what a manly body? methinks ſhe looks
As tho' ſhe'd pitch the bar, or go to buffets.

Gent. Yet her behaviour's utterly againſt it;
For methinks ſhe's too baſhful.

Olym. Is that hurtful?

Gent. Ev'n equal to too bold; either of 'em, madam,
May do her injury when time ſhall ſerve her.

Olym. You diſcourſe learnedly. Call in the wench.
[*Exit Gent.*
What envious fools are you? Is the rule general,
That women can ſpeak handſomely of none,
But thoſe they're bred withal?

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[6] *I've ſeen a better face, and a ſtraighter body;*
And yet ſhe is a pretty gentlewoman.] This laſt line ſeems candid, and by no means of a piece with the reſt of what this ſecond woman utters of Alinda; I have therefore given it to *Olympia*, to whom, I believe, it of right belongs. *Seward.*

We ſee no reaſon for the variation; and think the former editions right.

Pet.

Pet. Scarce well of thoſe, madam,
If they believe they may out-ſhine 'em any way:
Our natures are like oil, compound us with anything,
Yet ſtill we ſtrive to ſwim o' th' top. Suppoſe there were here now,
Now in this court of Moſco, a ſtranger-princeſs,
Of blood and beauty equal to your Excellence,
As many eyes and ſervices ſtuck on her;
What would you think?

Olym. I'd think ſhe might deſerve it.

Pet. Your grace ſhall give me leave not to believe you;
I know you are a woman, and ſo humour'd.
I'll tell you, madam; I could then get more gowns on you,
More caps and feathers, more ſcarfs, and more ſilk ſtockings,
With ſocking you aſleep with nightly railings
Upon that woman, than if I had nine lives
I could wear out. By this hand, you would ſcratch her eyes out.

Olym. Thou'rt deceiv'd, fool. Now let your own eyes mock you.

Enter Gentlewoman and Alinda.

Come hither, girl. Hang me, an ſhe be not
A handſome one.

Pet. I fear 'twill prove indeed ſo.

Olym. Did you e'er ſerve yet in any place of worth?

Alin. No, royal lady.

Pet. Hold up your head; fy!

Olym. Let her alone; ſtand from her!

Alin. It ſhall be now,
Of all the bleſſings my poor youth has pray'd for,
The greateſt and the happieſt to ſerve you;
And, might my promiſe carry but that credit
To be believ'd, becauſe I am yet a ſtranger,
Excellent lady, when I fall from duty,

From

From all the ſervice that my life can lend me[7],
May everlaſting miſery then find me!
Olym. What think ye now?—I do believe, and thank you;
And ſure I ſhall not be ſo far forgetful,
To ſee that honeſt faith die unrewarded.
What muſt I call your name?
Alin. Alinda, madam.
Olym. Can you ſing?
Alin. A little, when my grief will give me leave, lady.
Olym. What grief canſt thou have, wench? Thou'rt not in love?
Alin. If I be, madam, 'tis only with your goodneſs;
For yet I never ſaw that man I ſigh'd for.
Olym. Of what years are you?
Alin. My mother oft has told me,
That very day and hour this land was bleſs'd
With your moſt happy birth, I firſt ſaluted
This world's fair light. Nature was then ſo buſy,
And all the graces, to adorn your goodneſs,
I ſtole into the world poor and neglected.
Olym. Something there was, when I firſt look'd upon thee,
Made me both like and love thee; now I know it,
And you ſhall find that knowledge ſhall not hurt you.
I hope you are a maid?
Alin. I hope ſo too, madam;
I'm ſure for any man. And were I otherwiſe,
Of all the ſervices my hopes could point at,
I durſt not touch at yours.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Pet. The great duke, madam.
Duke. Good morrow, ſiſter!
Olym. A good day to your highneſs!
Duke. I'm come to pray you uſe no more perſuaſions
For this old ſtubborn man; nay, to command you:

[7] *Life can lend* me.] Mr. Seward reads, *Can lend* ye.

His

His ſail is ſwell'd too full; he's grown too inſolent,
Too ſelf-affected, proud: Thoſe poor ſlight ſervices
H' has done my father, and myſelf, have blown him
To ſuch a pitch, he flies to ſtoop our favours [8].

Olym. I'm ſorry, Sir: I ever thought thoſe ſervices
Both great and noble.

Bur. However, may it pleaſe you
But to conſider 'em a true heart's ſervants,
Done out of faith to you, and not ſelf-fame;
But to conſider, royal Sir, the dangers,
When you have ſlept ſecure, the midnight tempeſts,
That, as he march'd, ſung thro' his aged locks;
When you have fed at full, the wants and famines;
The fires of Heav'n, when you have found all temperate;
Death, with his thouſand doors——

Duke. I have conſider'd;

[8] *He flies* to ſtoop *our favours.*] *To ſtoop* is a term of *falconry*. Latham, who wrote a Treatiſe on this art, printed in the year 1633, explains it thus: 'Stooping is, when a hawke, being upon her wings, 'at the height of her pitch, bendeth violently downe to ſtrike the 'fowle or any other prey.' That the word was not obſolete when Milton wrote his Paradiſe Loſt, and even later, will appear from the following examples:

'——he then ſurvey'd
'Hell and the gulf between, and Satan there
'Coaſting the wall of Heav'n on this ſide night
'In the dun air ſublime, and ready now
'To *ſtoop* with wearied wings and willing feet
'On the bare outſide of this world, that ſeem'd
'Firm land imboſom'd, &c.' Par. Loſt, b. iii. l. 69.

'So ſpake, ſo wiſh'd much-humbled Eve, but fate
'Subſcrib'd not; Nature firſt gave ſigns, impreſs'd
'On bird, beaſt, air, air ſuddenly eclips'd
'After ſhort bluſh of morn; nigh in her ſight
'The bird of Jove, *ſtoop'd* from his aery tour,
'Two birds of gayeſt plume before him drove.'
Par. Loſt, b. xi. l. 181.

'Twelve ſwans behold in beauteous order move,
'And *ſtoop* with cloſing pinions from above;
'Whom late the bird of Jove had driv'n along,
'And thro' the clouds purſued the ſcatt'ring throng.'
Dryden's Tranſ. of Virgil's Æn. i. 393. R.

No

No more! And that I will have, ſhall be.
Olym. For the beſt,
I hope all ſtill.
Duke. What handſome wench is that there?
Olym. My ſervant, Sir.
Duke. Prithee obſerve her, Burris;
Is ſhe not wondrous handſome? ſpeak thy freedom.
Bur. She appears no leſs to me, Sir.
Duke. Of whence is ſhe?
Olym. Her father, I am told, is a good gentleman,
But far off dwelling: Her deſire to ſerve me,
Brought her to th' court, and here her friends have left her.
Duke. She may find better friends. You're welcome, fair one!
I have not ſeen a ſweeter. By your lady's leave:
Nay, ſtand up, ſweet; we'll have no ſuperſtition.
You've got a ſervant; you may uſe him kindly,
And he may honour you. Good morrow, ſiſter.
[*Exeunt Duke and Burris.*
Olym. Good morrow to your grace! How the wench' bluſhes!
How like an angel now ſhe looks!
Cent. At firſt jump,
Jump into the duke's arms? We muſt look to you,
Indeed we muſt; the next jump we are journeymen.
Pet. I ſee the ruin of our hopes already;
'Would ſhe were at home again, milking her father's cows.
Gent. I fear ſhe'll milk all the great courtiers firſt.
Olym. This has not made you proud?
Alin. No, certain, madam.
Olym. It was the duke that kiſs'd you.
Alin. 'Twas your brother,
And therefore nothing can be meant but honour.
Olym. But, ſay he love you?
Alin. That he may with ſafety:
A prince's love extends to all his ſubjects.
Olym. But, ſay in more particular?

Alin.

Alin. Pray fear not:
For Virtue's ſake deliver me from doubts, lady.
'Tis not the name of king, nor all his promiſes,
His glories, and his greatneſs, ſtuck about me,
Can make me prove a traitor to your ſervice:
You are my miſtreſs and my noble maſter,
Your virtues my ambition, and your favour
The end of all my love, and all my fortune:
And, when I fail in that faith——
Olym. I believe thee—
Come, wipe your eyes—I do: Take you example!
Pet. I would her eyes were out.
Gent. If the wind ſtand in this door,
We ſhall have but cold cuſtom: Some trick or other,
And ſpeedily!
Pet. Let me alone to think on't.
Olym. Come, be you near me ſtill.
Alin. With all my duty. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Putſkie, Ancient, and Soldiers, carrying his armour piece-meal, his colours wound up, and his drums in caſes.

Theod. This is the heavieſt march we e'er trod, captain.
Putſ. This was not wont to be: Theſe honour'd pieces,
The fiery god of war himſelf would ſmile at
Buckled upon that body, were not wont thus,
Like relicks, to be offer'd to long ruſt,
And heavy-ey'd oblivion brood upon 'em.
Archas. There ſet 'em down: And, glorious war, farewell!
Thou child of honour and ambitious thoughts,
Begot in blood, and nurs'd with kingdoms' ruins;
Thou golden danger, courted by thy followers
Thro' fires and famines; for one title from thee,
Prodigal mankind ſpending all his fortunes;

A long

A long farewell I give thee! Noble arms,
You ribs for mighty minds, you iron houſes,
Made to defy the thunder-claps of fortune,
Ruſt and conſuming time muſt now dwell with ye!
And thou, good ſword, that knew'ſt the way to conqueſt,
Upon whoſe fatal edge deſpair and death dwelt,
That, when I ſhook thee thus, fore-ſhew'd deſtruction,
Sleep now from blood, and grace my monument:
Farewell, my eagle[9]! when thou flew'ſt, whole armies
Have ſtoop'd below thee: At paſſage I have ſeen thee
Ruffle the Tartars, as they fled thy fury;
And bang 'em up together, as a taſſel,
Upon the ſtretch, a flock of fearful pigeons.
I yet remember when the Volga curl'd,
The aged Volga, when he heav'd his head up,
And rais'd his waters high, to ſee the ruins,
The ruins our ſwords made, the bloody ruins;
Then flew this bird of honour bravely, gentlemen,
But theſe muſt be forgotten: So muſt theſe too,
And all that tend to arms, by me for ever,
Take 'em, you holy men; my vow take with 'em,
Never to wear 'em more: Trophies I give 'em,
And ſacred rites of war, t' adorn the temple:
There let 'em hang, to tell the world their maſter
Is now devotion's ſoldier, fit for pray'r.
Why do ye hang your heads? Why look ye ſad, friends?
I am not dying yet.

9 *Farewell, my* eagle] All the terms in this ſpeech are taken from the art of *falconry*, as any perſon who will be at the pains to read the books on this ſcience will readily diſcover.

Our Author, in the latter part, ſeems to have had Shakeſpeare's deſcription of the Severn, in the Firſt Part of Henry IV. act i. before him:

'Three times they breath'd, and three times did they drink,
'Upon agreement, of ſweet Severn's flood;
'Who then affrighted with their bloody looks,
'Ran fearfully among the trembling reeds,
'And hid his criſp head in the hollow bank,
'Blood-ſtained with theſe valiant combatants.' R.

Theod.

Theod. You are indeed to us, Sir.
Putſ. Dead to our fortunes, general.
Archas. You'll find a better,
A greater, and a ſtronger man to lead you,
And to a ſtronger fortune. I am old, friends,
Time and the wars together make me ſtoop, gentlemen,
Stoop to my grave: My mind unfurniſh'd too;
Empty and weak as I am. My poor body,
Able for nothing now but contemplation,
And that will be a taſk too to a ſoldier.
Yet, had they but encourag'd me, or thought well
Of what I've done, I think I ſhould have ventur'd
For one knock more; I ſhould have made a ſhift yet
To've broke one ſtaff more handſomely, and have died
Like a good fellow, and an honeſt ſoldier,
I' th' head of ye all, with my ſword in my hand,
And ſo have made an end of all with credit.
Theod. Well, there will come an hour, when all theſe injuries,
Theſe ſecure ſlights——
Archas. Ha! no more of that, ſirrah;
Not one word more of that, I charge you!
Theod. I muſt ſpeak, Sir:
And may that tongue forget to ſound your ſervice,
That's dumb to your abuſes!
Archas. Underſtand, fool,
That voluntary I ſit down.
Theod. You are forc'd, Sir,
Forc'd for your ſafety: I too well remember
The time and cauſe, and I may live to curſe 'em,
You made this vow; and whoſe unnobleneſs,
Indeed forgetfulneſs of good——
Archas. No more!
As thou art mine, no more!
Theod. Whoſe doubts and envies——
But th' devil will have his due.
Putſ. Good gentle colonel!
Theod. And tho' diſgraces, and contempt of honour
Reign now, the wheel muſt turn again.

Archas. Peace, ſirrah!
Your tongue's too ſaucy. Do you ſtare upon me?
Down with that heart, down ſuddenly, down with it;
Down with that diſobedience; tie that tongue up!
Theod. Tongue?
Archas. Do not provoke me to forget my vow, ſirrah,
And draw that fatal ſword again in anger.
Putſ. For Heav'n's ſake, colonel!
Archas. Do not let me doubt
Whoſe ſon thou art, becauſe thou canſt not ſuffer;
Do not play with mine anger; if thou doſt,
By all the loyalty my heart holds——
Theod. I have done, Sir;
Pray pardon me.
Archas. I pray you be worthy of it,
Beſhrew your heart, you've vex'd me.
Theod. I am ſorry, Sir.
Archas. Go to; no more of this; be true and honeſt!
I know you're man enough; mould it to juſt ends,
And let not my diſgraces. Then I'm miſerable [10],
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.

Flouriſh. Enter Duke, Burris, Boroſkie, Attendants and Gentlemen.

Putſ. An't pleaſe you, Sir, the duke.
Duke. Now, what's all this?
The meaning of this ceremonious emblem?

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[10] *And* let *not my diſgraces, then I am miſerable,*
When I have nothing left me but thy angers.] The firſt part of this muſt either be a broken ſentence, as I have made it, or *let* muſt be wrong. The ſenſe might be, *Do not* increaſe *my diſgraces, by what will make me moſt miſerable, your lawleſs angers.* The only reading that occurs in this ſenſe is, *And* whet *not my diſgraces*; but I don't think it a very natural word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward prints,

And let not my diſgraces—— Then, &c.

but the word *let* is probably uſed here in its ancient ſenſe; *i. e.* 'attempt not to *prevent* my diſgraces.' So in Hamlet,

'I'll make a ghoſt of him that *lets* me.'

The inſtances in which the word is applied in this ſenſe are innumerable. It is ſtill uſed in the ſame manner as a law term.

Archas.

Archas. Your Grace ſhould firſt remember——
Bor. There's his nature.
Duke. I do, and ſhall remember ſtill that injury,
That at the muſter; where it pleas'd your greatneſs
To laugh at my poor ſoldierſhip, to ſcorn it;
And, more to make me ſeem ridiculous,
Took from my hands my charge.
Burris. Oh, think not ſo, Sir.
Duke. And in my father's ſight.
Archas. Heav'n be my witneſs,
I did no more (and that with modeſty,
With love and faith to you) than was my warrant,
And from your father ſeal'd: Nor durſt that rudeneſs,
And impudence of ſcorn fall from my 'haviour;
I ever yet knew duty.
Duke. We ſhall teach you!
I well remember too, upon ſome words I told you,
Then at that time, ſome angry words you anſwer'd,
If ever I were duke, you were no ſoldier.
You've kept your word, and ſo it ſhall be to you;
From henceforth I diſmiſs you; take your eaſe, Sir.
Archas. I humbly thank your Grace; this waſted body,
Beaten and bruis'd with arms, dried up with troubles,
Is good for nothing elſe but quiet now, Sir,
And holy pray'rs; in which, when I forget
To thank high Heav'n for all your bounteous favours,
May that be deaf, and my petitions periſh!
Bor. What a ſmooth humble cloak h'has cas'd his pride in,
And how h'has pull'd his claws in? there's no truſting—
Burris. Speak for the beſt.
Bor. Believe I ſhall do ever.
Duke. To make you underſtand, we feel not yet
Such dearth of valour and experience,
Such a declining age of doing ſpirits,
That all ſhould be confin'd within your excellence,
And you, or none, be honour'd; take, Boroſkie,
The place he has commanded, lead the ſoldier;

A little time will bring thee to his honour,
Which has been nothing but the world's opinion,
The ſoldiers' fondneſs, and a little fortune,
Which I believe his ſword had the leaſt ſhare in.
Theod. Oh, that I durſt but anſwer now!
Putſ. Good colonel!
Theod. My heart will break elſe.—Royal Sir, I know not
What you eſteem mens' lives, whoſe hourly labours,
And loſs of blood, conſumptions in your ſervice,
Whoſe bodies are acquainted with more miſeries
(And all to keep you ſafe) than dogs or ſlaves are—
His ſword the leaſt ſhare gain'd?
Duke. You will not fight with me?
Theod. No, Sir, I dare not;
You are my prince, but I dare ſpeak to you,
And dare ſpeak truth, which none of their ambitions
That be informers to you, dare once think of;
Yet truth will now but anger you; I'm ſorry for't,
And ſo I take my leave. [*Exit.*
Duke. Ev'n when you pleaſe, Sir.
Archas. Sirrah, ſee me no more!
Duke. And ſo may you too:
You have a houſe i'th' country; keep you there, Sir,
And, when you've rul'd yourſelf, teach your ſon manners:
For this time I forgive him.
Archas. Heav'n forgive all;
And to your Grace a happy and long rule here!
And you, lord gen'ral, may your fights be proſperous!
In all your courſe may Fame and Fortune court you!
Fight for your country, and your prince's ſafety;
Boldly, and bravely face your enemy,
And when you ſtrike, ſtrike with that killing virtue,
As if a general plague had ſeiz'd before you;
Danger, and doubt, and labour caſt behind you;
And then come home an old and noble ſtory!
Burris. A little comfort, Sir.
Duke. As little as may be.
Farewell!

Farewell! you know your limit. [*Exeunt Duke, &c.*

Burris. Alas, brave gentleman!

Archas. I do, and will obſerve it ſuddenly.
My grave; ay, that's my limit; 'tis no new thing,
Nor that can make me ſtart, or tremble at it,
To buckle with that old grim ſoldier now:
I've ſeen him in his ſoureſt ſhapes, and dreadfull'ſt;
Ay, and I thank my honeſty, have ſtood him:
That audit's caſt. Farewell, my honeſt ſoldiers!
Give me your hands. Farewell! fare well, good Ancient!
(A ſtout man, and a true) thou'rt come in ſorrow[11].
Bleſſings upon your ſwords, may they ne'er fail ye!
You do but change a man; your fortune's conſtant;
That by your ancient valours is tied faſt ſtill;
Be valiant ſtill, and good: And when ye fight next,
When flame and fury make but one face of horror,
When the great reſt of all your honour's up,
When you would think a ſpell to ſhake the enemy,
Remember me; my prayers ſhall be with ye:
So, once again, farewell!

Putſ. Let's wait upon you.

Archas. No, no, it muſt not be; I have now left me
A ſingle fortune to myſelf, no more,
Which needs no train, nor compliment. Good captain,
You are an honeſt and a ſober gentleman,
And one I think has lov'd me.

Putſ. I am ſure on't.

Archas. Look to my boy; he's grown too head-
ſtrong for me;
And if they think him fit to carry arms ſtill,
His life is theirs. I have a houſe i'th' country,
And when your better hours will give you liberty,

[11] *Thou art* come *in ſorrow.*] As this is ſenſe I don't change it; but, as it appears flat, think it probable the original might have been,

——— *thou'rt* drown'd *in ſorrow.*

The Ancient's ſpeech afterwards plainly ſhews that he was then ſhedding tears, *I'll cry no more.* *Seward.*

We think the paſſage means ſimply, 'Thou art come *in a time* of 'ſorrow.'

See me: You ſhall be welcome. Fortune to ye! [*Exit.*
Anc. I'll cry no more, that will do him no good,
And 'twill but make me dry, and I've no money.
I'll fight no more, and that will do them harm;
And if I can do that, I care not for money.
I could have curs'd reaſonable well, and I have had the luck too
To have 'em hit ſometimes. Whoſoe'er thou art,
That, like a devil, didſt poſſeſs the duke
With theſe malicious thoughts, mark what I ſay to thee;
A plague upon thee! that's but the preamble.
Sold. Oh, take the pox too.
Anc. They'll cure one another:
I muſt have none but kills, and thoſe kill ſtinking.
Or, look ye, let the ſingle pox poſſeſs them,
Or pox upon pox.
Putf. That's but ill i'th' arms, Sir.
Anc. 'Tis worſe i'th' legs; I wou'd not wiſh it elſe:
And may thoſe grow to ſcabs as big as mole-hills,
And twice a-day, the devil with a curry-comb
Scratch 'em, and ſcrub 'em! I warrant him he has 'em.
Sold. May he be ever louſy!
Anc. That's a pleaſure,
The beggar's lechery; ſometimes the ſoldier's:
May he be ever lazy, ſtink where he ſtands,
And maggots breed in's brains!
2 *Sold.* Ay, marry, Sir,
May he fall mad in love with his grandmother,
And kiſſing her, may her teeth drop into his mouth,
And one fall croſs his throat; then let him gargle!

Enter a Poſt.

Putf. Now, what's the matter?
Poſt. Where's the duke, pray, gentlemen?
Putf. Keep on your way, you cannot miſs.
Poſt. I thank you. [*Exit.*
Anc. If he be married, may he dream he's cuckold,
And when he wakes believe, and ſwear he ſaw it,

Sue

Sue a divorce, and after find her honeſt;
Then in a pleaſant pigſty, with his own garters,
And a fine running knot, ride to the devil!
Putſ. If theſe would do——
Anc. I'll never truſt my mind more,
If all theſe fail.
1 *Sold.* What ſhall we do now, captain?
For by this honeſt hand I'll be torn in pieces,
Unleſs my old general go, or ſome that love him,
And love us equal too, before I fight more.
I can make a ſhoe yet, and draw it on too,
If I like the leg well.
Anc. Fight? 'tis likely!
No, there will be the ſport, boys, when there's need on's.
They think the other crown will do, will carry us,
And the brave golden coat of captain Cankro
Boroſkie! What a noiſe his very name carries!
'Tis gun enough to fright a nation,
He needs no ſoldiers; if he do, for my part
I promiſe ye he's like to ſeek 'em; ſo I think you think too,
And all the army. No, honeſt, brave old Archas,
We cannot ſo ſoon leave thy memory,
So ſoon forget thy goodneſs: He that does,
The ſcandal and the ſcum of arms be counted!
Putſ. You much rejoice me; now you have hit my meaning.
I durſt not preſs ye till I found your ſpirits:
Continue thus!
Anc. I'll go and tell the duke on't.

Enter Second Poſt.

Putſ. No, no, he'll find it ſoon enough, and fear it
When once occaſion comes. Another packet!
From whence, friend, come you?
2 *Poſt.* From the borders, Sir.
Putſ. What news, Sir, I beſeech you?
2 *Poſt.* Fire and ſword, gentlemen;
The Tartar's up, and with a mighty force

Comes forward, like a tempeſt; all before him
Burning and killing.

Anc. Brave, boys! brave news, boys!

2 *Poſt.* Either we muſt have preſent help——

Anc. Still braver!

2 *Poſt.* Where lies the duke?

Sold. He's there.

2 *Poſt.* 'Save ye, gentlemen! [*Exit.*

Anc. We are ſafe enough, I warrant thee.
Now the time's come.

Putſ. Ay, now 'tis come indeed;
And now ſtand firm, boys, and let 'em burn on merrily.

Anc. This city would make a marvelous fine bonfire:
'Tis old dry timber, and ſuch wood has no fellow.

2 *Sold.* Here will be trim piping anon and whining,
Like ſo many pigs in a ſtorm, when they hear the news once.

Enter Boroſkie and a Servant.

Putſ. Here's one has heard it already. Room for the general!

Bor. Say I am fall'n exceeding ſick o'th' ſudden,
And am not like to live.

Putſ. If you go on, Sir;
For they will kill you certainly; they look for you.

Anc. I ſee your lordſhip's bound; take a ſuppoſitory.
'Tis I, Sir; a poor caſt flag of yours. The fooliſh Tartars,
They burn and kill, an't like your honour; kill us,
Kill with guns, with guns, my lord; with guns, Sir!
What ſays your lordſhip to a chick in ſorrel ſops?

Putſ. Go, go thy ways, old True-penny! thou haſt but one fault;
Thou'rt ev'n too valiant. Come, to th' army, gentlemen,
And let's make them acquainted.

Sold. Away; we are for you. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Alinda, Peteſca, and Gentlewoman.

Alin. Why, whether run ye, fools? will ye leave my lady?

Pet. The Tartar comes, the Tartar comes!

Alin. Why, let him;
I thought ye had fear'd no men. Upon my conſcience,
You have tried their ſtrengths already; ſtay, for ſhame!

Pet. Shift for thyſelf, Alinda. [*Exit with Gent.*

Alin. Beauty bleſs ye!
Into what groom's feather-bed will ye creep now,
And there miſtake the enemy? Sweet youths ye are,
And of a conſtant courage: Are you afraid of foining?

Enter Olympia.

Olym. Oh, my good wench, what ſhall become of us?
The poſts come hourly in, and bring new danger;
The enemy is paſt the Volga, and [11] bears hither
With all the blood and cruelty he carries:
My brother now will find his fault.

Alin. I doubt me,
Somewhat too late, madam. But pray fear not;
All will be well, I hope. Sweet madam, ſhake not.

Olym. How cam'ſt thou by this ſpirit? our ſex trembles.

Alin. I am not unacquainted with theſe dangers,
And you ſhall know my truth; for, ere you periſh,
A hundred ſwords ſhall paſs thro' me; 'tis but dying,
And, madam, we muſt do't; the manner's all.
You have a princely birth, take princely thoughts to you,
And take my counſel too: Go preſently,
With all the haſte you have (I will attend you)
With all the poſſible ſpeed, to old lord Archas;
He honours you; with all your art perſuade him,

[11] Bears *hither.*] *i. e. Comes this way.* So in Othello, 'bears 'tow'rds Cyprus.'

('Twill

('Twill be a diſmal time elſe) wooe him hither,
But hither, madam; make him ſee the danger;
For your new general looks like an aſs;
There's nothing in his face but lofs.
Olym. I'll do it:
And thank thee, ſweet Alinda! Oh, my jewel,
How much I'm bound to love thee! By this hand, wench,
If thou wert a man——
Alin. I would I were, to fight for you.
But haſte, dear madam.
Olym. I need no ſpurs, Alinda. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, two Poſts, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. The lord-general ſick now? Is this a time
For men to creep into their beds? What's become, Poſt,
Of my lieutenant?
Poſt. Beaten, an't pleaſe your grace,
And all his forces ſparkled [12].

Enter a Gentleman.

Duke. That's but cold news.
How now? what good news? are the ſoldiers ready?
Gent. Yes, Sir; but fight they will not, nor ſtir from that place
They ſtand in now, unleſs they have lord Archas
To lead 'em out: They rail upon this general,
And ſing ſongs of him, ſcurvy ſongs, to worſe tunes:
And much they ſpare not you, Sir. Here, they ſwear,
They'll ſtand and ſee the city burnt, and dance about it,
Unleſs lord Archas come, before they fight for't:
It muſt be ſo, Sir.
Duke. I could wiſh it ſo too;
And to that end I have ſent lord Burris to him:
But all I fear will fail; we muſt die, gentlemen,

12 *Sparkled.*] i. e. *Diſperſed.* See Humorous Lieutenant, p. 13.

And

And one ſtroke we'll have for't.

Enter Burris.

What bring'ſt thou, Burris?

Burris. That I am loth to tell; he will not come, Sir.
I found him at his prayers; there, he tells me,
The enemy ſhall take him, fit for Heav'n:
I urg'd to him all our dangers, his own worths,
The country's ruin; nay, I kneel'd and pray'd him;
He ſhook his head, let fall a tear, and pointed
Thus with his finger to the ground; a grave
I think he meant; and this was all he anſwer'd.
Your grace was much to blame. Where's the new general?

Duke. He's ſick, poor man.

Burris. He's a poor man indeed, Sir.
Your grace muſt needs go to the ſoldier.

Duke. They
Have ſent me word they will not ſtir; they rail at me,
And all the ſpite they have—[*Shout within.*] What ſhout is that there?
Is th' enemy come ſo near?

Enter Archas, Olympia, and Alinda.

Olym. I've brought him, Sir;
At length I've woo'd him thus far.

Duke. Happy ſiſter!
Oh, bleſſed woman!

Olym. Uſe him nobly, brother;
You never had more need. And, gentlemen,
All the beſt pow'rs ye have to tongues turn preſently,
To winning and perſuading tongues: All my art,
Only to bring him hither, I have utter'd;
Let it be yours to arm him. And, good my lord,
Tho' I exceed the limit you allow'd me,
Which was the happineſs to bring you hither,
And not to urge you further; yet, ſee your country,
Out of your own ſweet ſpirit now behold it:
Turn round, and look upon the miſeries

On

On every ſide, the fears; oh, ſee the dangers;
We find 'em ſooneſt, therefore hear me firſt, Sir.
Duke. Next, hear your prince; You've ſaid you lov'd him, Archas,
And thought your life too little for his ſervice.
Think not your vow too great now, now the time is;
And now you're brought to th' teſt; touch right now, ſoldier,
Now ſhew the manly pureneſs of thy mettle;
Now, if thou be'ſt that valued man, that virtue[13],
That great obedience, teaching all, now ſtand it.
What I have ſaid forgive, my youth was haſty;
And what you ſaid yourſelf forget[14], you were angry.
If men could live without their faults, they were gods, Archas.
He weeps, and holds his hands up: To him, Burris!
Burris. You've ſhew'd the prince his faults;
And, like a good chirurgeon, you have laid
That to 'em makes 'em ſmart; he feels it,
Let 'em not feſter now, Sir; your own honour,
The bounty of that mind, and your allegiance,
('Gainſt which, I take it, Heav'n gives no command, Sir,
Nor ſeals no vow) can better teach you now
What you've to do, than I, or this neceſſity;
Only this little's left; would you do nobly,
And in the eye of honour truly triumph?
Conquer that mind firſt, and then men are nothing.
Alin. Laſt, a poor virgin kneels: For love's ſake, general;
If ever you have lov'd, for her ſake, Sir;
For your own honeſty, which is a virgin;
Look up, and pity us! Be bold and fortunate.
You are a knight, a good and noble ſoldier,

[13] ——— *that virtue,*
That great obedience teaching, &c.] Mr. Seward reads, *obedience-teaching*, but the old reading is certainly the moſt elegant.

[14] *What I have ſaid* forget, *my youth was haſty,*
And what you ſaid yourſelf forgive, *you were angry.*] This very proper tranſpoſition was made by Mr. Seward.

And

And when your ſpurs were giv'n you, your ſword buckled,
Then were you ſworn for virtue's cauſe, for beauty's,
For chaſtity, to ſtrike: Strike now, they ſuffer;
Now draw your ſword, or elſe you're recreant,
Only a knight i' th' heels, i' th' heart a coward:
Your firſt vow Honour made, your laſt but Anger.

Archas. How like my virtuous wife this thing looks, ſpeaks too?
So would ſhe chide my dullneſs. Fair one, I thank you.
My gracious Sir, your pardon, next your hand;
Madam, your favour, and your prayers; gentlemen,
Your wiſhes, and your loves; and, pretty ſweet one,
A favour for your ſoldier!

Olym. Give him this, wench.

Alin. Thus do I tie on victory.

Archas. My armour,
My horſe, my ſword, my tough ſtaff, and my fortune!
And, Olin, now I come to ſhake thy glory.

Duke. Go, brave and proſperous; our loves go with thee!

Olym. Full of thy virtue, and our pray'rs attend thee!

Burris, &c. Loaden with victory, and we to honour thee!

Alin. Come home the ſon of honour, and I'll ſerve you. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and two Gentlemen.

Duke. NO news of Archas yet?

Burris. But now, an't pleaſe you,
A poſt came in; letters he brought none with him,
But this deliver'd: He ſaw the armies join,
The game of blood begun; and by our general,

Who

Who never was acquainted but with conqueſt,
So bravely fought, he ſaw the Tartars ſhaken,
And there he ſaid he left 'em.
Duke. Where's Boroſkie?
1 *Gent.* He's up again, an't pleaſe you;
Burris. Sir, methinks
This news ſhould make you lightſome, bring joy to you;
It ſtrikes our hearts with general comfort. Gone?
[*Exit Duke.*
What ſhould this mean? ſo ſuddenly? He's well?
2 *Gent.* We ſee no other.
1 *Gent.* 'Would the reſt were well too,
That put theſe ſtarts into him!
Burris. I'll go after him.
2 *Gent.* 'Twill not be fit, Sir; h' has ſome ſecret in him,
He would not be diſturb'd in. Know you any thing
Has croſs'd him ſince the general went?
Burris. Not any;
If there had been, I am ſure I ſhould have found it;
Only I have heard him oft complain for money;
Money he ſays he wants.
1 *Gent.* It may be that then.
Burris. To him that has ſo many ways to raiſe it,
And thoſe ſo honeſt, it can't be.

Enter Duke and Boroſkie.

1 *Gent.* He comes back,
And lord Boroſkie with him.
Burris. There the game goes.
I fear ſome new thing hatching.
Duke. Come hither, Burris.
Go, ſee my ſiſter, and commend me to her,
And to my little miſtreſs give this token;
Tell her I'll ſee her ſhortly.
Burris. Yes, I ſhall, Sir. [*Exeunt Burris and Gent.*
Duke. Wait you without.—I would yet try him further.

Bor.

Bor. 'Twill not be much amiſs, Has your Grace heard yet
Of what he has done i' th' field?
Duke. A Poſt but now
Came in, who ſaw 'em join, and has deliver'd,
The enemy gave ground before he parted.
Bor. 'Tis well.
Duke. Come, ſpeak thy mind, man. 'Tis not for fighting,
And noiſe of war, I keep thee in my boſom;
Thy ends are nearer to me; from my childhood
Thou brought'ſt me up, and, like another nature,
Made good all my neceſſities. Speak boldly.
Bor. Sir, what I utter will be thought but envy,
(Tho' I intend, high Heav'n knows, but your honour)
When vain and empty people ſhall proclaim me——
Good Sir, excuſe me,
Duke. Do you fear me for your enemy?
Speak, on your duty.
Bor. Then I muſt, and dare, Sir.
When he comes home, take heed the court receive him not,
Take heed he meet not with their loves and praiſes;
That glaſs will ſhew him ten times greater, Sir,
(And make him ſtrive to make good that proportion)
Than e'er his fortune bred him; he is honourable,
At leaſt I ſtrive to underſtand him ſo,
And of a nature, if not this way poiſon'd,
Perfect enough, eaſy, and ſweet; but thoſe are ſoon ſeduc'd, Sir.
He's a great man, and what that pill may work,
Prepar'd by general voices of the people,
Is th' end of all my counſel. Only this, Sir;
Let him retire a while, there's more hangs by it
Than you know yet: There if he ſtand a while well,
But till the ſoldier cool (whom, for their ſervice
You muſt pay now moſt liberally, moſt freely,
And ſhower yourſelf into 'em; 'tis the bounty
They follow with their loves, and not the bravery)——

Enter

Enter two Gentlemen.

Duke. But where's the money?—How now?

2 *Gent.* Sir, the colonel,
Son to the lord Archas, with moſt happy news
Of the Tartar's overthrow, without here
Attends your Grace's pleaſure.

Bor. Be not ſeen, Sir.
He's a bold fellow; let me ſtand his thunders;
To th' court he muſt not come. No bleſſing here, Sir,
No face of favour, if you love your honour!

Enter Theodore.

Duke. Do what you think is meeteſt; I'll retire, Sir.
[*Exit.*

Bor. Conduct him in, Sir.—Welcome, noble colonel.

Theod. That's much from your lordſhip: Pray where is the duke?

Bor. We hear you've beat the Tartar.

Theod. Is he buſy, Sir?

Bor. Have ye ta'en Olin yet?

Theod. I would fain ſpeak with him.

Bor. How many men have ye loſt?

Theod. Does he lie this way?

Bor. I'm ſure you fought it bravely.

Theod. I muſt ſee him.

Bor. You cannot yet, you muſt not; what's your commiſſion?

Theod. No gentleman o' th' chamber here?

Bor. Why, pray you, Sir,
Am not I fit to entertain your buſineſs?

Theod. I think you are not, Sir; I'm ſure you ſhall not.
I bring no tales nor flatteries: In my tongue, Sir,
I carry no fork'd ſtings.

Bor. You keep your bluntneſs.

Theod. You are deceiv'd; it keeps me: I had felt elſe
Some of your plagues ere this. But, good Sir, trifle not;
I've

I've buſineſs to the duke.
Bor. He's not well, Sir,
And cannot now be ſpoke withal.
Theod. Not well, Sir?
How would he ha' been, if we had loſt? Not well, Sir?
I bring him news to make him well: His enemy,
That would have burnt his city here, and your houſe too,
Your brave gilt houſe, my lord, your honour's hangings,
Where all your anceſtors, and all their battles,
Their ſilk and golden battles, are decipher'd;
That would not only have abus'd your buildings,
Your goodly buildings, Sir, and have drunk dry your butteries,
Purloin'd your lordſhip's plate, the duke beſtow'd on you,
For turning handſomely o' th' toe, and trimm'd your virgins,
Trimm'd 'em of a new cut, an't like your lordſhip,
'Tis ten to one, your wife too, and the curſe is
You'd had no remedy againſt theſe raſcals,
No law, an't like your honour; would have kill'd you too,
And roaſted you, and eaten you, ere this time:
Notable knaves, my lord, unruly raſcals;
Theſe youths have we tied up, put muzzles on 'em,
And par'd their nails, that honeſt civil gentlemen,
And ſuch moſt noble perſons as yourſelf is,
May live in peace, and rule the land with a twine thread.
Theſe news I bring.
Bor. And were they thus deliver'd you?
Theod. My lord, I am no pen-man, nor no orator;
My tongue was never oil'd, with 'Here, an't like ye;'
'There, I beſeech you:' Weigh, I am a ſoldier,
And truth I covet only, no fine terms, Sir;
I come not to ſtand treating here; my buſineſs
Is with the duke, and of ſuch general bleſſing——
Bor. You have overthrown the enemy; we know it,

And we rejoice in't; ye've done like honeſt ſubjects,
You have done handſomely and well.
Theod. But well, Sir?
But handſomely and well? What, are we jugglers?
I'll do all that in cutting up a capon.
But handſomely and well? Does your lordſhip take us
For the duke's tumblers? We have done bravely, Sir,
Ventur'd our lives like men.
Bor. Then bravely be it.
Theod. And for as brave rewards we look, and graces;
We've ſweat and bled for't, Sir.
Bor. And you may have it,
If you will ſtay the giving. Men that thank themſelves firſt
For any good they do, take off the luſtre,
And blot the benefit.
Theod. Are theſe the welcomes,
The bells that ring out our rewards? Pray heartily,
Early and late, there may be no more enemies;
Do, my good lord, pray ſeriouſly, and ſigh too;
For, if there be——
Bor. They muſt be met, and fought with.
Theod. By whom? by you? they muſt be met and flatter'd.
Why, what a devil ails you to do theſe things?
With what aſſurance dare you mock men thus?
You have but ſingle lives, and thoſe I take it
A ſword may find too: Why do you dam the duke up?
And choke that courſe of love, that like a river
Should fill our empty veins again with comforts?
But if you uſe theſe knick-knacks,
This faſt and looſe, with faithful men and honeſt,
You'll be the firſt will find it.

Enter Archas, Soldiers, Putſkie, Ancient and others.

Bor. You're too untemperate.
Theod. Better be ſo, and thief too, than unthankful:
Pray uſe this old man ſo, and then we're paid all.

The

The duke thanks you for your ſervice, and the court thanks you,
And wonderful deſirous they're to ſee you.
Pray Heav'n we've room enough to march for may-games.
Pageants, and bonfires, for your welcome home, Sir.
Here your moſt noble friend the lord Boroſkie,
A gentleman too tender of your credit,
And ever in the duke's ear, for your good, Sir,
Crazy and ſickly, yet, to be your ſervant,
Has leap'd into the open air to meet you.
Bor. The beſt is, your words wound not. You are welcome home, Sir,
Heartily welcome home; and for your ſervice,
The noble overthrow you gave the enemy,
The duke ſalutes you too with all his thanks, Sir.
Anc. Sure they will now regard us.
Putſ. There's a reaſon:
But, by the changing of the colonel's countenance,
The rolling of his eyes like angry billows,
I fear the wind's not down yet, Ancient.
Archas. Is the duke well, Sir?
Bor. Not much unhealthy,
Only a little grudging of an ague,
Which cannot laſt. H' has heard, which makes him fearful,
And loth as yet to give your worth due welcome,
The ſickneſs hath been ſomewhat hot i' th' army,
Which happily may prove more doubt than danger,
And more his fear than faith [15]; yet, howſoever,
An honeſt care——
Archas. You ſay right, and it ſhall be;
For tho', upon my life, 'tis but a rumour,

[15] *And more his fear than* fate.] Mr. Sympſon calls this abſolute nonſenſe, and reads *faith*, which is prov'd by Archas's anſwer, who ſays it is,

A meer opinion, without faith *or fear in it.*

I admit the conjecture, but cannot think the old reading abſolute nonſenſe. *Seward.*

A mere opinion, without faith or fear in't;
(For, Sir, I thank Heav'n, we never ſtood more healthy,
Never more high and luſty) yet to ſatisfy,
We cannot be too curious, or too careful
Of what concerns his ſtate, we'll draw away, Sir,
And lodge at further diſtance, and leſs danger.
Bor. It will be well.
Anc. It will be very ſcurvy:
I ſmell it out, it ſtinks abominably;
Stir it no more.
Bor. The duke, Sir, would have you too,
For a ſhort day or two, retire to your own houſe,
Whither himſelf will come to viſit you,
And give you thanks.
Archas. I ſhall attend his pleaſure.
Anc. A trick, a loufy trick! So ho, a trick, boys!
Archas. How now? what's that?
Anc. I thought I had found a hare, Sir,
But 'tis a fox, an old fox; ſhall we hunt him?
Archas. No more ſuch words!
Bor. The ſoldier's grown too ſaucy;
You muſt tie him ſtraiter up.
Archas. I do my beſt, Sir;
But men of free-born minds ſometimes will fly out.
Anc. May not we ſee the duke?
Bor. Not at this time, gentlemen;
Your general knows the cauſe.
Anc. We have no plague, Sir,
Unleſs it be in our pay, nor no pox neither;
Or, if we had, I hope that good old courtier
Will not deny us place there.
Putſ. Certain, my lord,
Conſidering what we are, and what we have done,
(If not, what need you may have) 'twould be better,
A great deal nobler, and taſte honeſter,
To uſe us with more ſweetneſs. Men that dig,
And laſh away their lives at the cart's tail,
Double our comforts; meat, and their maſters' thanks too,

When

When they work well, they have; men of our quality,
When they do well, and venture for't with valour,
Fight hard, lie hard, feed hard, when they come home, Sir,
And know theſe are deſerving things, things worthy,
Can you then blame 'em if their minds a little
Be ſtirr'd with glory? 'Tis a pride becomes 'em,
A little ſeaſon'd with ambition,
To be reſpected, reckon'd well, and honour'd,
For what they have done: When to come home thus poorly,
And met with ſuch unjointed joy, ſo look'd on
As if we had done no more but dreſs'd a horſe well,
So entertain'd as if 'I thank ye, gentlemen,
'Take that to drink,' had pow'r to pleaſe a ſoldier!
Where be the ſhouts, the bells rung out, the people?
The prince himſelf?

Archas. Peace!—I perceive your eye, Sir,
Is fix'd upon this captain for his freedom;
And happily you find his tongue too forward:
As I am maſter of the place I carry,
'Tis fit I think ſo too; but were I this man,
No ſtronger tie upon me, than the truth
And tongue to tell it, I ſhould ſpeak as he does,
And think, with modeſty enough, ſuch ſaints
That daily thruſt their loves and lives thro' hazards,
And fearleſs, for their country's peace, march hourly
Thro' all the doors of death, and know the darkeſt,
Should better be canoniz'd for their ſervice:
What labour would theſe men neglect, what danger,
Where honour is? tho' ſeated in a billow
Riſing as high as Heav'n, would not theſe ſoldiers,
Like to ſo many ſea-gods, charge up to it?
D'you ſee theſe ſwords? Time's ſcythe was ne'er ſo ſharp, Sir,
Nor ever at one harveſt mow'd ſuch handfuls;
Thoughts ne'er ſo ſudden, nor belief ſo ſure,
When they are drawn; and were it not ſometimes
I ſwim upon their angers to allay 'em,

And, like a calm, depreſs their fell intentions,
They are ſo deadly ſure, Nature would ſuffer.
And whoſe are all theſe glories? why, their prince's,
Their country's, and their friends'! Alas, of all theſe,
And all the happy ends they bring, the bleſſings,
They only ſhare the labours: A little joy then,
And outſide of a welcome, at an upſhot,
Would not have done amiſs, Sir; but, howſoever,
Between me and my duty no crack, Sir,
Shall dare appear: I hope, by my example,
No diſcontent in them.—Without doubt, gentlemen,
The duke will both look ſuddenly and truly
On your deſerts.—Methinks, 'twere good they were paid, Sir.

Bor. They ſhall be immediately; I ſtay for money;
And any favour elſe——

Archas. We are all bound to you;
And ſo I take my leave, Sir. When the duke pleaſes
To make me worthy of his eyes——

Bor. Which will be ſuddenly;
I know his good thoughts to you.

Archas. With all duty,
And all humility, I ſhall attend, Sir.

Bor. Once more, you're welcome home! Theſe ſhall be ſatisfied.

Theod. Be ſure we be; and handſomely——

Archas. Wait you on me, Sir.

Theod. And honeſtly: No juggling!

Archas. Will you come, Sir? [*Exit.*

Bor. Pray do not doubt.

Theod. We are no boys! [*Exit.*

Enter a Gentleman, and two or three with money.

Bor. Well, Sir?

Gent. Here's money from the duke, an't pleaſe your lordſhip.

Bor. 'Tis well.

Gent. How four the ſoldiers look!

Bor. Is't told?

Gent.

Gent. Yes; and for ev'ry company a double pay,
And the duke's love to all.
Anc. That's worth a ducat.
Bor. You that be officers, ſee it diſcharg'd then.
Why don't you take it up?
Anc. 'Tis too heavy:
'Body o'me, I have ſtrain'd mine arm.
Bor. Do you ſcorn it?
Anc. Has your lordſhip any dice about you? Sit round, gentlemen,
And come on ſeven for my ſhare.
Put. Do you think, Sir,
This is the end we fight for? can this dirt draw us
To ſuch a ſtupid tameneſs, that our ſervice,
Neglected and look'd lamely on, and ſkew'd at,
With a few honourable words, and this, is righted?
Have not we eyes and ears, to hear and ſee, Sir,
And minds to underſtand, the ſlights we carry?
I come home old, and full of hurts; men look on me
As if I had got 'em from a whore, and ſhun me;
I tell my griefs, and fear my wants; I am anſwer'd,
'Alas, 'tis pity! pray dine with me on Sunday.'
Theſe are the ſores we're ſick of, the mind's maladies,
And can this cure 'em? You ſhould have us'd us nobly,
And for our doing well, as well proclaim'd us
To the world's eye, have ſhew'd and ſainted us,
Then you had paid us bravely; then we had ſhin'd, Sir,
Not in this gilded ſtuff, but in our glory!
You may take back your money.
Gent. This I fear'd ſtill.
Bor. Conſider better, gentlemen.
Anc. Thank your lordſhip;
And now I'll put on my conſidering cap.
My lord, that I'm no courtier, you may gueſs it
By having no ſuit to you for this money;
For tho' I want, I want not this, nor ſhall not,
While you want that civility to rank it
With thoſe rights we expected; money grows, Sir,
And men muſt gather it; all is not put in one purſe:

And that I'm no carter [16], I cou'd ne'er whiſtle yet;
But that I am a ſoldier, and a gentleman,
And a fine gentleman, an't like your honour,
And a moſt pleaſant companion, 'All you that are witty,
Come, liſt to my ditty!' Come, ſet in, boys!
With your lordſhip's patience.—[*Song.*]—How d'ye like my ſong, my lord?

Bor. Ev'n as I like yourſelf; 'But 'twould be a great deal better,
'You would prove a great deal wiſer,'—[*Song.*]—and take this money;
In your own phraſe I ſpeak now, Sir: And 'tis very well
You've learn'd to ſing; for ſince you prove ſo liberal,
To refuſe ſuch means as this, maintain your voice ſtill;
'Twill prove your beſt friend,

Anc. 'Tis a ſinging age, Sir,
A merry moon here now; I'll follow it:
Fidling, and fooling, now gain more than fighting.

Bor. What is't you blench at [17]? What would you aſk? Speak freely.

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[16] *And* that *I am no* carter, *I could never whiſtle yet.*] I take the word *that* to have crept in from the line beneath, for it ſeems to hurt both ſenſe and meaſure. His ſaying, he was no *carter*, ſeems to relate to the weight of the money, which required a cart to carry it. *Seward.*

His ſaying, *that I'm no* CARTER, is explained by his adding, *I could ne'er* whiſtle *yet*; but he ſoon after *ſings*.

The context proves the neceſſity of the word *that* being retained. The ſenſe of the whole ſpeech is, 'That I'm no courtier, you may 'gueſs by not aſking for money; *that* I'm no carter, by not being 'able to whiſtle; but *that* I'm a ſoldier, a gentleman, a *fine* gen-'tleman, and a *pleaſant companion*, I'll ſhew you immediately: 'All '' you that are witty,'' &c. ſinging.

[17] Blench.] i. e. *Shrink, ſtart.*

'————if he but *blench*,
'I know my courſe. Hamlet.

Again, in Chaucer's Knyghte's Tale;

'He caſt his eye upon Emilia,
'And therewithal he *bleynt*, and criede, A!
'As thow he ſtongen were unto the herte.'

Morell's Chaucer, p. 86.

Sold.

Sold. And ſo we dare. A triumph for the general!
Putſ. And then an honour ſpecial to his virtue!
Anc. That we may be preferr'd that have ſerv'd for it,
And cram'd up into favour like the worſhipful;
At leaſt upon the city's charge made drunk
For one whole year; we've done 'em ten years' ſervice;
That we may enjoy our lechery without grudging,
And mine or thine be nothing, all things equal,
And catch as catch may be proclaim'd; that when we borrow,
And have no will to pay again, no law
Lay hold upon us, nor no court controul us!
Bor. Some of theſe may come to paſs; the duke may do 'em,
And no doubt will: The general will find too,
And ſo will you, if you but ſtay with patience—I have no pow'r.
Putſ. Nor will. Come, fellow-ſoldiers!
Bor. Pray be not ſo diſtruſtful.
Putſ. There are ways yet,
And honeſt ways; we are not brought up ſtatues.
Anc. If your lordſhip
Have any ſilk ſtockings that have holes i' th' heels,
Or ever an honourable caſſock that wants buttons,
I could have cur'd ſuch maladies: Your lordſhip's cuſtom,
And my good lady's, if the bones want ſetting
In her old bodice——
Bor. This is diſobedience.
Anc. Eight-pence a-day, and hard eggs!
Putſ. Troop off, gentlemen!
Some coin we have; while this laſts, or our credits,
We'll never ſell our general's worth for ſix-pence.
You are beholden to us.
Anc. Fare you well, Sir,
And buy a pipe with that. Do you ſee this ſcarf, Sir?
By this hand I'll cry brooms in't, birchen brooms, Sir,
Before I eat one bit from your benevolence.
Now to our old occupations again. By your leave, lord! [*Exeunt.*

Bor.

Bor. You will bite when ye are ſharper; take up the money.
This love I muſt remove, this fondneſs to him,
This tenderneſs of heart; I have loſt my way elſe.
There is no ſending, man; they will not take it,
They're yet too full of pillage; they'll dance for't ere't be long.
Come, bring it after.

Enter Duke.

Duke. How now? refus'd their money?
Bor. Very bravely;
And ſtand upon ſuch terms, 'tis terrible,
Duke. Where's Archas?
Bor. He's retir'd, Sir, to his houſe,
According to your pleaſure, full of duty
To outward ſhow; but what within——
Duke. Refuſe it?
Bor. Moſt confidently: 'Tis not your revenues
Can feed them, Sir, and yet they have found a general
That knows no ebb of bounty; there they eat, Sir,
And loath your invitations.
Duke. 'Tis not poſſible;
He's poor as they.
Bor. You'll find it otherwiſe.
Pray make your journey thither preſently,
And, as you go, I'll open you a wonder,
Good Sir, this morning.
Duke. Follow me; I'll do it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Olympia, Alinda, Burris, Peteſca, and Gentlewoman.

Olym. But do you think my brother loves her?
Burris. Certain, madam;
He ſpeaks much of her, and ſometimes with wonder;
Oft wiſhes ſhe were nobler born.
Olym. Do you think him honeſt?
Burris. Your Grace is nearer to his heart than I am;
Upon

Upon my life, I hold him ſo.
Olym. 'Tis a poor wench,
I would not have her wrong'd: Methinks my brother——
But I muſt not give rules to his affections;
Yet, if he weigh her worth——
Burris. You need not fear,
Madam.
Olym. I hope I ſhall not. Lord Burris,
I love her well; I know not, there is ſomething
Makes me beſtow more than a care upon her.
I do not like that ring from him to her,
I mean to women of her way; ſuch tokens
Rather appear as baits, than royal bounties:
I would not have it ſo.
Burris. You will not find it;
Upon my troth, I think his moſt ambition
Is but to let the world know, h' has a handſome miſtreſs.
Will your Grace command me any ſervice to him?
Olym. Remember all my duty.
Burris. Bleſſings crown you!
What's your will, lady?
Alin. Any thing that's honeſt;
And, if you think it fit, ſo poor a ſervice,
Clad in a ragged virtue, may reach him,
I do beſeech your lordſhip ſpeak it humbly.
Burris. Fair one, I will; in the beſt phraſe I have too:
And ſo I kiſs your hand. [*Exit.*
Alin. Your lordſhip's ſervant.
Olym. Come hither, wench. What art thou doing with that ring?
Alin. I'm looking on the poſy, madam.
Olym. What is't?
Alin. 'The jewel's ſet within [18].'
Olym. But where the joy, wench,

[18] *The jewel's ſet within.*] This is the poſy of the ring, being a compliment to the wearer. *Seward.*

When

When that inviſible jewel's loſt? Why doſt thou
ſmile ſo?
What unhappy meaning haſt thou?
Alin. Nothing, madam;
But only thinking what ſtrange ſpells theſe rings have,
And how they work with ſome.
Pet. I fear with you too.
Alin. This could not coſt above a crown.
Pet. 'Twill coſt you
The ſhaving of your crown, if not the waſhing.
Olym. But he that ſent it, makes the virtue greater.
Alin. Ay, and the vice too, madam. Goodneſs
bleſs me,
How fit 'tis for my finger!
Gent. No doubt you'll find too,
A finger fit for you.
Alin. Sirrah, Peteſca,
What wilt thou give me for the good that follows this?
But thou haſt rings enough; thou art provided.
Heigh ho! what muſt I do now?
Pet. You'll be taught that,
The eaſieſt part that e'er you learnt, I warrant you,
Alin. Ah me, ah me!
Pet. You will divide too, ſhortly;
Your voice comes finely forward.
Olym. Come hither, wanton;
Thou art not ſurely as thou ſay'ſt,
Alin. I would not:
But ſure there is a witchcraft in this ring, lady;
Lord, how my heart leaps!
Pet. 'Twill go pit-a-pat ſhortly.
Alin. And now methinks a thouſand of the duke's
ſhapes——
Gent. Will no leſs ſerve you?
Alin. In ten thouſand ſmiles——
Olym. Heav'n bleſs the wench!
Alin. With eyes that will not be denied to enter;
And ſuch ſoft ſweet embraces—Take it from me:
I am undone elſe, madam, I am loſt elſe.

Olym.

Olym. What ails the girl?
Alin. How ſuddenly I'm alter'd,
And grown myſelf again! Do not you feel it?
Olym. Wear that, and I'll wear this: I'll try the ſtrength on't.
Alin. How cold my blood grows now! Here's ſacred virtue!
When I leave to honour this,
Ev'ry hour to pay a kiſs;
When each morning I ariſe,
I forget a ſacrifice[19];
When this figure in my faith,
And the pureneſs that it hath,
I purſue not with my will,
Nearer to arrive at ſtill;
When I loſe, or change this jewel;
Fly me, faith, and Heav'n be cruel!
Olym. You've half confirm'd me; keep but that way ſure,
And what this charm can do, let me endure. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Archas, Theodore, Honora, and Viola.

Archas. Carry yourſelf diſcreetly, it concerns me;
The duke's come in; none of your froward paſſions,
Nor no diſtaſtes to any. Prithee, Theodore!
By my life, boy, 'twill ruin me.
Theod. I have done, Sir,
So there be no foul play[20]. He brings along with him——
Archas. What's that to you? Let him bring what pleaſe him,
And whom, and how.

[19] Or *I forget a ſacrifice.*] Mr. Sympſon and I both ſtruck out the *or*, as injuring the meaſure, and utterly ſpoiling the ſenſe. *Seward.*

[20] *So there be no foul play he brings along with him.*] Mr. Sympſon has corrected the pointing here, and ſeems much to have improved the ſenſe. Theodore would ſay, that the duke brings Boroſkie along with him, but is interrupted by his father. *Seward.*

Theod.

Theod. So they mean well.
Archas. Is't fit you be a judge, ſirrah?
Theod. 'Tis fit I feel, Sir.
Archas. Get a banquet ready,
And trim yourſelves up handſomely.
Theod. To what end?
Do you mean to make 'em whores? Hang up a ſign then,
And ſet 'em out to livery.
Archas. Whoſe ſon art thou?
Theod. Yours, Sir, I hope; but not of your diſgraces.
Archas. Full twenty thouſand men I have commanded,
And all their minds, with this calm'd all their angers;
And ſhall a boy, of mine own breed too, of mine own blood,
One crooked ſtick——
Theod. Pray take your way, and thrive in't;
I'll quit your houſe. If taint or black diſhonour
Light on you, 'tis your own, I've no ſhare in't:
Yet if it do fall out ſo, as I fear it,
And partly find it too——
Archas. Haſt thou no reverence?
No duty in thee?
Theod. This ſhall ſhew I obey you;
I dare not ſtay: I would have ſhew'd my love too,
And that you aſk as duty, with my life, Sir,
Had you but thought me worthy of your hazards,
Which Heav'n preſerve you from, and keep the duke too:
And there's an end of my wiſhes; God be with you! [*Exit.*
Archas. Stubborn, yet full of, that we all love, honeſty.

Enter Burris.

Lord Burris, where's the duke?
Burris. In the great chamber, Sir,
And there ſtays 'till he ſee you. You've a fine houſe here.

Archas.

Archas. A poor contented lodge, unfit for his preſence;
Yet all the joy it hath——
Burris. I hope a great one,
And for your good, brave Sir.
Archas. I thank you, lord:
And now my ſervice to the duke.
Burris. I'll wait on you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Boroſkie, Gentlemen and Attendants.

Duke. May this be credited?
Bor. Diſgrace me elſe,
And never more with favour look upon me.
Duke. It ſeems impoſſible.
Bor. It cannot chuſe, Sir,
'Till your own eyes behold it; but that it is ſo,
And that by this means the too-haughty ſoldier
Has been ſo cramm'd and fed he cares not for you,
Believe, or let me periſh: Let your eye,
As you obſerve the houſe, but where I point it
Make ſtay, and take a view, and then you've found it.

Enter Archas, Burris, Honora, Viola, and Servant.

Duke. I'll follow your direction. Welcome, Archas,
You're welcome home, brave lord! We're come to viſit you,
And thank you for your ſervice.
Archas. 'Twas ſo poor, Sir,
In true reſpect of what I owe your highneſs,
It merits nothing.
Duke. Are theſe fair ones yours, lord?
Archas. Their mother made me think ſo, Sir.
Duke. Stand up, ladies.
Beſhrew my heart, they're fair ones; methinks fitter
The luſtre of the court, than thus live darken'd.
I'd ſee your houſe, lord Archas; it appears to me
A handſome pile.
Archas. 'Tis neat, but no great ſtructure;
I'll be your grace's guide. Give me the keys there.

Duke.

Duke. Lead on, we'll follow you: Begin with the gallery,
I think that's one.

Archas. 'Tis ſo, an't pleaſe you, Sir;
The reſt above are lodgings all.

Duke. Go on, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putſkie, and Ancient.

Putſ. The duke gone thither, do you ſay?

Theod. Yes, marry do I;
And all the ducklings too: But what they'll do there—

Putſ. I hope they'll crown his ſervice.

Theod. With a cuſtard[21]!
This is no weather for rewards. They crown his ſervice?
Rather they go to ſhave his crown. I was rated out of doors,
As if I'd been a dog had worried ſheep,
For making but a doubt.

Putſ. They muſt now grace him.

Theod. Mark but the end.

Anc. I'm ſure they ſhould reward him;
They can't want him.

Theod. They that want honeſty, want any thing.

Putſ. The duke's ſo noble in's own thoughts——

Theod. That I grant you,
If thoſe might only ſway him: But 'tis moſt certain,
So many new-born flies, his light gave life to,
Buz in his beams, fleſh-flies, and butterflies,
Hornets, and humming ſcarabs, that not one honey-bee,
That's loaden with true labour, and brings home
Encreaſe and credit, can 'ſcape rifling;
And what ſhe ſucks for ſweet, they turn to bitterneſs.

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[21] *With a* cuſtard.] So the former editions, inſtead of *coſtard*. *To crown a man with a coſtard*, is to break his head: *Coſtard* in this phraſe meaning a crab-tree ſtick. *Seward.*

The old reading is droll; and Mr. Seward's humour (if there is any) obſcure.

Anc.

Anc. Shall we go ſee what they do, and talk
Our mind to 'em?
Putſ. That we have done too much,
And to no purpoſe.
Anc. Shall we be hang'd for him?
I have a great mind to be hang'd now for doing
Some brave thing for him; a worſe end will take me,
And for an action of no worth. Not honour him?
Upon my conſcience, ev'n the devil, the very devil,
(Not to belie him) thinks him an honeſt man;
I am ſure h' has ſent him ſouls[22] any time theſe twenty years,
Able to furniſh all his fiſh-markets.
Theod. Leave thy talking;
And come, let's go to dinner, and drink to him:
We ſhall hear more ere ſupper time. If he be honour'd,
He has deſerv'd it well, and we ſhall fight for't;
If he be ruin'd, ſo; we know the worſt then,
And, for myſelf, I'll meet it.
Putſ. I ne'er fear it. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Duke, Archas, Boroſkie, Burris, Gentlemen, and Attendants.

Duke. They're handſome rooms all, well contriv'd and fitted,
Full of convenience; the proſpect's excellent.
Archas. Now will your Grace paſs down, and do me but the honour
To taſte a country banquet?
Duke. What room's that?
I would ſee all now; what conveyance has it?
I ſee you've kept the beſt part yet; pray open it.
Archas. Ha! I miſdoubted this.—'Tis of no receipt, Sir;
For your eyes moſt unfit.

[22] Souls *to furniſh his* fiſh-markets.] A poor pun upon *ſoals.*

Duke I long to ſee it,
Becauſe I'd judge of the whole piece: Some excellent painting,
Or ſome rare ſpoils, you'd keep to entertain me
Another time, I know.
Archas. In troth there is not,
Nor any thing worth your ſight. Below I have
Some fountains, and ſome ponds.
Duke. I would ſee this now.
Archas. Boroſkie, thou'rt a knave!—It contains nothing
But rubbiſh from the other rooms, and unneceſſaries:
Will't pleaſe you ſee a ſtrange clock?
Duke. This, or nothing.
Why ſhould you bar it up thus with defences
Above the reſt, unleſs it contain'd ſomething
More excellent, and curious of keeping?
Open't, for I will ſee it.
Archas. The keys are loſt, Sir.
Does your Grace think, if it were fit for you,
I could be ſo unmannerly?
Duke. I will ſee it;
And either ſhew it——
Archas. Good Sir——
Duke. Thank you, Archas;
You ſhew your love abundantly.
Do I uſe to entreat thus? Force it open.
Burris. That were inhoſpitable; you're his gueſt, Sir,
And 'tis [23] his greateſt joy to entertain you.
Duke. Hold thy peace, fool! Will you open it?
Archas. Sir, I cannot.
I muſt not, if I could.
Duke. Go, break it open.
Archas. I muſt withſtand that force. Be not too raſh, gentlemen!
Duke. Unarm him firſt; then, if he be not obſtinate,

[23] *And* with *his greateſt joy.*] Former editions, corrected by Mr. Sympſon. *Seward.*

Preſerve

Preſerve his life.

Archas. I thank your grace; I take it:
And now take you the keys; go in, and ſee, Sir;
There feed your eyes with wonder, and thank that traitor,
That thing that ſells his faith for favour! [*Exit Duke.*

Burris. Sir, what moves you?

Archas. I have kept mine pure. Lord Burris, there's a Judas,
That for a ſmile will ſell ye all. A gentleman?
The devil has more truth, and has maintain'd it;
A whore's heart more belief in't!

Enter Duke.

Duke. What's all this, Archas?
I cannot blame you to conceal it ſo,
This moſt ineſtimable treaſure.

Archas. Yours, Sir.

Duke. Nor do I wonder now the ſoldier ſlights me.

Archas. Be not deceiv'd; h' has had no favour here, Sir,
Nor had you known this now, but for that pick-thank,
That loſt man in his faith! he has reveal'd it;
To ſuck a little honey from you, has betray'd it.
I ſwear he ſmiles upon me, and forſworn too!
Thou crack'd, uncurrent lord!—I'll tell you all, Sir:
Your ſire, before his death, knowing your temper
To be as bounteous as the air, and open,
As flowing as the ſea to all that follow'd you,
Your great mind fit for war and glory, thriftily,
Like a great huſband, to preſerve your actions,
Collected all this treaſure; to our truſts,
To mine I mean, and to that long-tongu'd lord's there,
He gave the knowledge and the charge of all this;
Upon his death-bed too; and on the ſacrament
He ſwore us thus, never to let this treaſure
Part from our ſecret keepings, 'till no hope
Of ſubject could relieve you, all your own waſted,
No help of thoſe that lov'd you could ſupply you,

And then ſome great exploit afoot: My honeſty
I would have kept 'till I had made this uſeful,
(I ſhew'd it, and I ſtood it to the tempeſt)
And uſeful to the end 'twas left: I'm cozen'd,
And ſo are you too, if you ſpend this vainly.
This worm that crept into you has abus'd you,
Abus'd your father's care, abus'd his faith too;
Nor can this maſs of money make him man more!
A flay'd dog has more ſoul, an ape more honeſty!
All mine you have amongſt it; farewell that!
I cannot part with't nobler; my heart's clear,
My conſcience ſmooth as that, no rub upon't.
But, oh, thy hell!

Bor. I ſeek no Heav'n from you, Sir.

Archas Thy gnawing hell, Boroſkie! it will find thee.

Would you heap coals upon his head has wrong'd you,
Has ruin'd your eſtate? give him this money,
Melt it into his mouth.

Duke. What little trunk's that?
That there o' th' top, that's lock'd?

Bor. You'll find it rich, Sir;
Richer, I think, than all.

Archas. You were not covetous,
Nor wont to weave your thoughts with ſuch a coarſeneſs;
Pray rack not honeſty!

Bor. Be ſure you ſee it.

Duke. Bring out the trunk.

Enter Attendant, with a trunk.

Archas. You'll find that treaſure too;
All I have left me now.

Duke. What's this? a poor gown?
And this a piece of Seneca?

Archas. Yes, ſure, Sir,
More worth than all your gold (yet you've enough on't)
And of a mine far purer, and more precious;

This

This ſells no friends, nor ſearches into counſels,
And yet all counſel, and all friends live here, Sir;
Betrays no faith, yet handles all that's truſty.
Will't pleaſe you leave me this?

Duke. With all my heart, Sir.

Archas. What ſays your lordſhip to't?

Bor. I dare not rob you.

Archas. Poor miſerable men, you've robb'd your-
ſelves both!
This gown, and this unvalu'd treaſure, your brave
father
Found me a child at ſchool with, in his progreſs;
Where ſuch a love he took to ſome few anſwers
(Unhappy boyiſh toys, hit in my head then)
That ſuddenly I made him, thus as I was
(For here was all the wealth I brought his highneſs)
He carried me to court, there bred me up,
Beſtow'd his favours on me, taught me arms firſt,
With thoſe an honeſt mind: I ſerv'd him truly,
And where he gave me truſt, I think I fail'd not;
Let the world ſpeak. I humbly thank your highneſs;
You have done more, and nobler, eas'd mine age, Sir,
And to this care a fair *quietus* given.
Now to my book again!

Duke. You have your wiſh, Sir.

Let ſome bring off the treaſure.

Bor. Some is his, Sir.

Archas. None, none, my lord; a poor unworthy
reaper,
The harveſt is his grace's.

Duke. Thank you, Archas.

Archas. But will not you repent, lord? When this
is gone,
Where will your lordſhip——

Bor. Pray take you no care, Sir.

Archas. Does your Grace like my houſe?

Duke. Wondrous well, Archas;
You've made me richly welcome.

Archas. I did my beſt, Sir.

Is there any thing elſe may pleaſe your Grace?
Duke. Your daughters
I had forgot; ſend them to court.
Archas. How's that, Sir?
Duke. I ſaid, your daughters! ſee it done: I'll have 'em
Attend my ſiſter, Archas.
Archas. Thank your highneſs!
Duke. And ſuddenly. [*Exit with train.*
Archas. Thro' all the ways I dare,
I'll ſerve your temper, tho' you try me far. [*Exit.*

ACT III. SCENE I.

Enter Theodore, Putſkie, Ancient, and Servant.

Theod. I WONDER we hear no news.
Putſ. Here's your father's ſervant;
He comes in haſte too; now we ſhall know all, Sir.
Theod. How now?
Serv. I'm glad I've met you, Sir; your father
Entreats you preſently make haſte unto him.
Theod. What news?
Serv. None of the beſt, Sir; I'm aſham'd to tell it;
Pray aſk no more.
Theod. Did not I tell ye, gentlemen?
Did not I prophecy?—He's undone then?
Serv. Not ſo, Sir; but as near it——
Putſ. There's no help now;
The army's ſcatter'd all, thro' diſcontent,
Not to be rallied up in haſte to help this.
Anc. Plague of the devil, have ye watch'd your ſeaſons?
We ſhall watch you ere long.
Theod. Farewell! there's no cure;
We muſt endure all now. I know what I'll do.
[*Exeunt Theodore and Servant.*
Putſ.

Putſ. Nay, there's no ſtriving; they've a hand upon us,
A heavy and a hard one.
Anc. Now I have it;
We've yet ſome gentlemen, ſome boys of mettle,
(What, are we bobb'd thus ſtill, colted, and carted?)
And one mad trick we'll have to ſhame theſe vipers!
Shall I bleſs 'em?
Putſ. Farewell! I have thought my way too. [*Exit.*
Anc. Were never ſuch rare cries in Chriſtendom,
As Moſco ſhall afford! We'll live by fooling,
Now fighting's gone, and they ſhall find and feel it.
[*Exit.*

SCENE II.

Enter Archas, Honora, and Viola.

Archas. No more; it muſt be ſo. D'ye think I'd ſend ye,
Your father, and your friend——
Viola. Pray, Sir, be good to us!
Alas, we know no court, nor ſeek that knowledge;
We are content, like harmleſs things at home,
Children of your content, bred up in quiet,
Only to know ourſelves, to ſeek a wiſdom
From that we underſtand, eaſy and honeſt;
To make our actions worthy of your honour,
Their ends as innocent as we begot 'em.
What ſhall we look for, Sir, what ſhall we learn there,
That this more private ſweetneſs cannot teach us?
Virtue was never built upon ambition,
Nor the ſouls' beauties bred out of bravery:
What a terrible father would you ſeem to us,
Now you have moulded us, and wrought our tempers
To eaſy and obedient ways, uncrooked,
Where the fair mind can never loſe nor loiter,
Now to divert our natures, now to ſtem us
Roughly againſt the tide of all this treaſure?

Would y' have us proud ('tis ſooner bred than buried)
Wickedly proud? for ſuch things dwell at court, Sir.
Hon. Would y' have your children learn to forget their father,
And, when he dies, dance on his monument?
Shall we ſeek virtue in a ſatin gown,
Embroider'd virtue? Faith in a well-curl'd feather?
And ſet our credits to the tune of Green-ſleeves?
This may be done; and, if you like, it ſhall be.
You ſhould have ſent us thither when we were younger,
Our maidenheads at a higher rate, our innocence
Able to make a mart indeed: We're now too old, Sir;
Perhaps they'll think too cunning too, and ſlight us;
Beſides, we're altogether unprovided,
Unfurniſh'd utterly o' th' rules ſhould guide us:
This lord comes, licks his hand, and proteſts to me;
Compares my beauty to a thouſand fine things,
Mountains, and fountains, trees, and ſtars, and goblins [24];
Now have not I the faſhion to believe him;
He offers me the honourable courteſy
To lie with me all night; what a miſery is this?
I am bred up ſo fooliſhly, alas, I dare not;
And how madly theſe things will ſhew there!
Archas. I ſend ye not,
Like parts infected, to draw more corruption;
Like ſpiders, to grow great with growing evil:
With your own virtues ſeaſon'd, and my pray'rs,

[24] *Trees, and ſtars, and* goblins.] Mr. Sympſon thinks *goblins* ſo odd a thing for a courtier to compare a lady's beauty to, and ſo unfit to be joined to *fountains*, *ſtars* and the reſt, that he would ſtrike it out as corrupt, and read *godlins* or *little gods*. The conjecture is ingenious, if any inſtance could be produced of our Poets or any of their contemporaries uſing the word *godlins*, or if there was any neceſſity of a change. *Goblins* is ſometimes uſed for *fairies*, and may not improperly ſtand for ſuch *angels* as the lewd courtier often compares his miſtreſs to: But it more often ſtands for bugbears, or frightful apparitions, which courtiers often make their miſtreſſes like, when they talk of the *flames*, *darts*, and killing qualities of their eyes. Whatever the Poet's deſign was, it was certainly to convey a ludicrous idea. *Seward.*

The

The card of goodneſs in your minds, that ſhews ye
When ye ſail falſe; the needle touch'd with honour,
That thro' the blackeſt ſtorms ſtill points at happineſs;
Your bodies the tall barks ribb'd round with goodneſs,
Your heav'nly ſouls the pilots; thus I ſend you,
Thus I prepare your voyage, ſound before you,
And ever, as you ſail thro' this world's vanity,
Diſcover ſhoals, rocks, quickſands, cry out to you,
Like a good maſter, 'Tack about for honour!'
The court is virtue's ſchool, at leaſt it ſhould be;
Nearer the ſun the mine lies, the metal's purer.
Be it granted, if the ſpring be once infected,
Thoſe branches that flow from him muſt run muddy:
Say you find ſome ſins there, and thoſe no ſmall ones,
And they like lazy fits begin to ſhake ye;
Say they affect your ſtrengths, my happy children,
Great things thro' greateſt hazards are atchiev'd ſtill,
And then they ſhine, then goodneſs has his glory,
His crown faſt rivetted, then time moves under,
Where, thro' the miſt of errors[25], like the ſun
Thro' thick and pitchy clouds, he breaks out nobly.

Hon. I thank you, Sir, you have made me half a ſoldier;
I will to court moſt willingly, moſt fondly.
And, if there be ſuch ſtirring things amongſt 'em,
Such travellers into Virginia
As fame reports, if they can win me, take me.
I think I have a cloſe ward, and a ſure one,
An honeſt mind; I hope 'tis petticoat-proof,
Chain-proof, and jewel-proof; I know 'tis gold-proof,
A coach and four horſes cannot draw me from it.
As for your handſome faces and fil'd tongues,
Curl'd millers' heads, I have another ward for them[26].
And yet I'll flatter too, as faſt as they do,

[25] *Where, through the* midſt *of errors.*] The Editors of 1750 make a great merit of altering *midſt* to *miſt*; when no edition but that of 1711, reads *midſt*; the others concurring in the right word, *miſt*.

[26] *I have another* word *for them.*] Former editions. Mr. Sympſon and I concurred in the emendation. *Seward.*

And

And lie, but not as lewdly. Come; be valiant, ſiſter!
She that dares not ſtand the puſh o' th' court, dares nothing,
And yet come off ungraz'd[27]: Like you, we both, Sir,
Affect great dangers now, and th' world ſhall ſee
All glory lies not in man's victory.

Archas. Mine own Honora!

Viola. I am very fearful:
Would I were ſtronger built! You'd have me honeſt?

Archas. Or not at all, my Viola.

Viola. I'll think on't;
For 'tis no eaſy promiſe, and live there.
D'you think we ſhall do well?

Hon. Why, what ſhould ail us?

Viola. Certain, they'll tempt us ſtrongly. Beſide the glory
Which women may affect, they're handſome gentlemen;
Every part ſpeaks: Nor is it one denial,
Nor two, nor ten; from ev'ry look we give 'em
They'll frame a hope; ev'n from our pray'rs promiſes.

Hon. Let 'em feed ſo, and be fat; there is no fear, wench,
If thou be'ſt faſt to thyſelf.

Viola. I hope I ſhall be;
And your example will work more.

Enter Theodore.

Hon. Thou ſhalt not want it.

Theod. How do you, Sir? Can you lend a man an angel?
I hear you let out money.

Archas. Very well, Sir;
You're pleaſantly diſpos'd: I'm glad to ſee it.
Can you lend me your patience, and be rul'd by me?

Theod. Is't come to patience now?

---

[27] *And yet come off* ungraſed.] Firſt folio. Second, *ungraced.* In 1750, Mr. Seward (without, as it appears, having conſulted the oldeſt book) altered the word to '*unras'd*; i. e. *uncut*, *unſcratch'd*.' He conjectured (and rightly, as we think) that *ungraced* might be a corruption of *ungrazed*, but preferred *unraſed*.

Archas.

Archas. Is't not a virtue?
Theod. I know not; I ne'er found it ſo.
Archas. That's becauſe
Thy anger ever knows, and not thy judgment.
Theod. I know you have been rifled.
Archas. Nothing leſs, boy?
Lord, what opinions theſe vain people publiſh!
Rifled of what?
Theod. Study your virtue, patience;
It may get muſtard to your meat. Why in ſuch haſte, Sir,
Sent you for me?
Archas. For this end only, Theodore,
To wait upon your ſiſters to the court;
I am commanded they live there.
Theod. To th' court, Sir?
Archas. To th' court, I ſay.
Theod. And muſt I wait upon 'em?
Archas. Yes, 'tis moſt fit you ſhould; you are their brother.
Theod. Is this the buſineſs? I had thought your mind, Sir,
Had been ſet forward on ſome noble action,
Something had truly ſtirr'd you. To th' court with theſe?
Why, they're your daughters, Sir.
Archas. All this I know, Sir.
Theod. 'The good old woman on a bed he threw.'
To th' court? [*Singing.*
Archas. Thou art not mad?
Theod. Nor drunk, as you are;
Drunk with your duty, Sir: Do you call it duty?
A pox of duty! What can theſe do there?
What ſhould they do? Can ye look babies, ſiſters,
In the young gallants' eyes, and twirl their band-ſtrings?
Can ye ride out to air yourſelves? Pray, Sir,
Be ſerious with me, do you ſpeak this truly?
Archas. Why, didſt thou never hear of women yet
At court, boy?
Theod. Yes, and good women too, very good women, Excellent.

Excellent honeſt women: But are you ſure, Sir,
That theſe will prove ſo?
Hon. There's the danger, brother.
Theod. God-a-mercy, wench, thou haſt a grudging of it.
Archas. Now be you ſerious, Sir, and obſerve what I ſay;
Do it, and do it handſomely; go with 'em.
Theod. With all my heart, Sir; I am in no fault now,
If they be thought whores for being in my company.
Pray write upon their backs, they are my ſiſters,
And where I ſhall deliver 'em.
Archas. You're wondrous jocund;
But prithee tell me, art thou ſo lewd a fellow?
I never knew thee fail a truth.
Theod. I am a ſoldier;
And ſpell you what that means.
Archas. A ſoldier?
What doſt thou make of me?
Theod. Your palate's down, Sir.
Archas. I thank you, Sir.
Theod. Come, ſhall we to this matter?
You will to court?
Hon. If you will pleaſe to honour us.
Theod. I'll honour ye, I warrant; I'll ſet ye off.
With ſuch a luſtre, wenches! Alas, poor Viola,
Thou art a fool, thou crieſt for eating white bread:
Be a good huſwife of thy tears, and ſave 'em;
Thou wilt have time enough to ſhed 'em. Siſter,
Do you weep too? Nay, then I'll fool no more.
Come, worthy ſiſters, ſince it muſt be ſo,
And ſince he thinks it fit to try your virtues,
Be you as ſtrong to truth, as I to guard ye,
And this old gentleman ſhall have joy of ye. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Burris.

Duke. Burris, take you ten thouſand of thoſe crowns,
And thoſe two chains of pearl they hold the richeſt;
I give

I give 'em you.

Bur. I humbly thank your Grace;
And may your great example work in me
That noble charity to men more worthy,
And of more wants!

Duke. You bear a good mind, Burris;
Take twenty thouſand now. Be not ſo modeſt;
It ſhall be ſo, I give 'em: Go, there's my ring for't.

Bur. Heav'n bleſs your highneſs ever! [*Exit.*

Duke. You are honeſt.

Enter Alinda and Putſkie, at the door.

Putſ. They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue[28]:
Two brighter ſtars ne'er roſe here.

Alin. Peace, I have it,
And what my art can do—The duke!

Putſ. I'm gone; remember. [*Exit.*

Alin. I'm counſell'd to the full, Sir.

Duke. My pretty miſtreſs, whither lies your buſineſs?
How kindly I ſhould take this, were't to me now?

Alin. I muſt confeſs, immediately to your Grace,
At this time.

Duke. You have no addreſs, I do believe you;
I would you had.

---

[28] Put. *They're coming now to court, as fair as virtue:*
Two brighter ſtars ne'er roſe here.

Alin. *Peace, I have it.*] Putſkie is directing Alinda to make uſe of the influence her beauty has gain'd over the duke in favour of Archas, and ſhe tells him that ſhe is ſufficiently inſtructed. But how is this an anſwer to what Putſkie is made to ſay in the former editions? or what has the two ladies' introduction to court to do with the ſcheme that Putſkie has plann'd? It is to me evidently a ſoliloquy of the duke's, whoſe thoughts are all bent on his pleaſures. And it is very artful in our Poets to make him in the very height of his wickedneſs acknowledge the beauty of virtue. For *luſt* is fired by the oppoſition of *virtue*, as much as by the attractions of *beauty*. *Seward.*

There is ſomething ingenious and plauſible in this note; but we do not think it will warrant the arbitrary change in the text. If the duke had been ſpeaking of the women, either with deſire or remorſe, he would moſt probably have ſaid more on the ſubject. The ſequel, however, proves the old books right. See p. 375.

Alin.

Alin. 'Twere too much boldneſs, Sir,
Upon ſo little knowledge, leſs deſerving.
Duke. You'll make a perfect courtier,
Alin. A very poor one.
Duke. A very fair one, ſweet. Come hither to me.
What killing eyes this wench has! In his glory,
Not the bright ſun, when the Sirian ſtar reigns,
Shines half ſo fiery.
Alin. Why does your Grace ſo view me?
Nothing but common handſomeneſs dwells here, Sir;
Scarce that: Your Grace is pleas'd to mock my meanneſs.
Duke. Thou ſhalt not go: I do not lie unto thee;
In my eye thou appear'ſt——
Alin. Dim not the ſight, Sir;
I am too dull an object.
Duke. Canſt thou love me?
Canſt thou love him will honour thee?
Alin. I can love,
And love as you do too: But 'twill not ſhew well;
Or, if it do ſhew here, where all light luſtres,
Tinſel affections, make a glorious gliſt'ring,
'Twill halt i'th' handſome way.
Duke. Are you ſo cunning?
Doſt think I love not truly?
Alin. No, you cannot;
You never travell'd that way yet. Pray pardon me,
I prate ſo boldly to you.
Duke. There's no harm done:
But what's your reaſon, ſweet?
Alin. I'd tell your Grace,
But happily——
Duke. It ſhall be pleaſing to me.
Alin. I ſhould love you again, and then you would hate me.
With all my ſervice I ſhould follow you,
And thro' all dangers.
Duke. This would more provoke me,
More make me ſee thy worths, more make me meet 'em.

Alin.

Alin. You ſhould do ſo, if you did well and truly:
But, tho' you be a prince, and have pow'r in you,
Pow'r of example too, you have fail'd and falter'd.
Duke. Give me example where?
Alin. You had a miſtreſs,
Oh, Heav'n, ſo bright, ſo brave a dame, ſo lovely,
In all her life ſo true——
Duke. A miſtreſs?
Alin. That ſerv'd you with that conſtancy, that care,
That lov'd your will, and woo'd it too.
Duke. What miſtreſs?
Alin. That nurs'd your honour up, held faſt your virtue,
And when ſhe kiſs'd encreas'd, not ſtole your goodneſs.
Duke. And I neglected her?
Alin. Loſt her, forſook her,
Wantonly flung her off.
Duke. What was her name?
Alin. Her name as lovely as herſelf, as noble,
And in it all that's excellent.
Duke. What was it?
Alin. Her name was Beau-deſert: D'you know her now, Sir?
Duke. Beau-deſert? I don't remember——
Alin. I know you do not;
Yet ſh' has a plainer name; lord Archas' ſervice!
D'you yet remember her? There was a miſtreſs
Fairer than woman, and far fonder to you, Sir,
Than mothers to their firſt-born joys. Can you love?
Dare you profeſs that truth to me, a ſtranger,
A thing of no regard, no name, no luſtre,
When your moſt noble love you have neglected,
A beauty all the world would wooe and honour?
Would you have me credit this? think you can love me,
And hold you conſtant, when I've read this ſtory?
Is't poſſible you ſhould ever favour me,
To a ſlight pleaſure prove a friend, and faſt too,
When,

When, where you were moſt tied, moſt bound to benefit,
Bound by the chains of honeſty and honour,
You've broke, and boldly too? I am a weak one,
Arm'd only with my fears: I beſeech your grace
Tempt me no further.

Duke. Who taught you this leſſon?

Alin. Woeful experience, Sir. If you ſeek a fair one,
Worthy your love, if yet you have that perfect,
Two daughters of his ruin'd virtue now
Arrive at court, excellent fair indeed, Sir:
But this will be the plague on't, they're excellent honeſt.

Enter Olympia and Peteſca privately.

Duke. I love thy face.

Alin. Upon my life you cannot:
I do not love it myſelf, Sir; 'tis a lewd one[29],
So truly ill art cannot mend it. God, if 'twere handſome[30],
At leaſt if I thought ſo, you ſhould hear me talk, Sir,
In a new ſtrain; and, tho' you are a prince,
Make you petition to me too, and wait my anſwers;
Yet, o' my conſcience, I ſhould pity you,
After ſome ten years' ſiege.

Duke. Prithee do now.

Alin. What would you do?

Duke. Why, I would lie with you.

Alin. I do not think you would.

Duke. In troth I would, wench,
Here, take this jewel.

---

[29] *I do not love it myſelf, Sir, 'tis a* lewd *one.*] Mr. Seward, objecting to the word *lewd*, reads *foul*; but *foul* is too far from the trace of the letters to be adopted. *Lewd*, in the old writers, is not confined to the ſenſe of *luſtful*. In the laſt ſcene of this very play, Archas ſays, *I ne'er gave life to* lewd *and headſtrong rebels.*

[30] *Art cannot mend it*; 'ſod, *if 'twere handſome.*] So the firſt folio; the other editions, BUT *if 'twere handſome.* As we do not believe ſuch tame language could come from our Poets, we have rejected it. The expreſſion we have inſerted, at the ſame time that it is near the firſt copy, is very common in old plays, and agrees perfectly with the context.

Alin.

Alin. Out upon't! that's ſcurvy:
Nay, if we do, ſure we'll do for good fellowſhip,
For pure love, or nothing: Thus you ſhall be ſure, Sir,
You ſhall not pay too dear for't.

Duke. Sure I cannot.

Alin. By'r lady, but you may. When you have found me able
To do your work well, you may pay my wages.

Pet. Why does your Grace ſtart back?

Olym. I ha' ſeen that ſhakes me,
Chills all my blood! Oh, where is faith or goodneſs?
Alinda, thou art falſe; falſe, falſe, thou fair one,
Wickedly falſe[31]! and, woe is me, I ſee it!
For ever falſe! [*Exit.*

Pet. I'm glad 't has ta'en thus right. [*Exit.*

Alin. I'll go aſk my lady, Sir.

Duke. What?

Alin. Whether I
Shall lie with you, or no: If I find her willing——
For, look you, Sir, I've ſworn, while I am in her ſervice
('Twas a raſh oath, I muſt confeſs)——

Duke. Thou mock'ſt me.

Alin. Why, would you lie with me, if I were willing?
Would you abuſe my weakneſs?

Duke. I would piece it,
And make it ſtronger.

Alin. I humbly thank your highneſs!
When you piece me, you muſt piece me to my coffin.
When you have got my maidenhead, I take it,
'Tis not an inch of ape's tail will reſtore it:
I love you, and I honour you; but this way
I'll neither love nor ſerve you. Heaven change your mind, Sir! [*Exit.*

[31] Wickedneſs *falſe*] Mr. Sympſon and I concurr'd in reſtoring the adverb here, not only as the natural expreſſion, but as it is our Author's own: In the beginning of this act, ſcene ii. Viola ſays,

——*Would ye have us proud,*
Wickedly *proud?* *Seward.*

Admirable ingenuity! incomparable fidelity! The book of moſt authority (*i. e.* the firſt folio) reads *wickedly.*

Duke. And thine too; for it muſt be chang'd, it ſhall be. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Boroskie, Burris, Theodore, Viola, and Honora.

Bor. They're goodly gentlewomen.

Burris. They are,
Wondrous ſweet women both.

Theod. Does your lordſhip like 'em?
They are my ſiſters, Sir; good luſty laſſes;
They'll do their labour well, I warrant you;
You'll find no bed-ſtraw here, Sir.

Hon. Thank you, brother.

Theod. This is not ſo ſtrongly built; but ſhe's good mettle,
Of a good ſtirring ſtrain too; ſhe goes tilth[32], Sir.

Enter two Gentlemen.

Here they be, gentlemen, muſt make ye merry,
The toys ye wot of. D'ye like their complexions?
They be no Moors: What think ye of this hand, gentlemen?
Here's white altar for your ſacrifice:
A thouſand kiſſes here—Nay, keep off yet, gentlemen;
Let's ſtart firſt, and have fair play. What would ye give now
To turn the globe up, and find the rich Moluccas?
To paſs the Straits? Here, (do ye itch?) by St. Nicholas[33],
Here's that will make you ſcratch and claw;

[32] *Tith.*] We believe there is no ſuch word; very probably the genuine one is *tilth*, which occurs in Shakeſpeare and Milton. It is a word of huſbandry, ſignifying *plowed ground* In the ſame ſtile, Theodore ſays of the other ſiſter, *You will find no* bed ſtraw *here, Sir*

[33] *By St. Nicholas.*] *St. Nicholas* is the favourite ſaint of the Ruſſians; they call him, *Scora Pomoſnick*, or the Speedy Helper, and ſay, that he hath three hundred angels of the chiefeſt appointed by God to attend upon him. See Fletcher's Ruſſe Commonwealth, 8vo. 1591, p. 97. *R.*

Claw,

Claw, my fine gentlemen, move ye in divers ſorts:
Pray ye let me requeſt ye, to forget
To ſay your pray'rs, whilſt theſe are courtiers;
Or, if ye needs will think of Heav'n, let it be no higher
Than their eyes.

Bor. How will you have 'em beſtow'd, Sir?

Theod. Ev'n how your lordſhip pleaſe, ſo you don't bake 'em.

Bor. Bake 'em?

Theod. They are too high a meat that way, they run to jelly.

But if you'll ha' 'em for your own diet, take my counſel;
Stew 'em between two feather-beds.

Burris. Pleaſe you, colonel,
To let them wait upon the princeſs?

Theod. Yes, Sir,
And thank your honour too: But then, happily,
Theſe noble gentlemen ſhall have no acceſs to 'em;
And to have 'em buy new cloaths, ſtudy new faces,
And keep a ſtinking ſtir wi' themſelves for nothing,
'Twill not be well, i' faith: They've kept their bodies,
And been at charge for baths. D'ye ſee that ſhirt there?
Weigh but the moral meaning; 'twill be grievous:
Alas, I brought 'em to delight theſe gentlemen;
I weigh their wants by mine: I brought 'em wholeſome,
Wholeſome and young, my lord; and two ſuch bleſſings
They will not light upon again in ten years.

Bor. 'Tis fit they wait upon her.

Theod. They're fit for any thing:
They'll wait upon a man (they are not baſhful)
Carry his cloak, untie his points, or any thing,
Drink drunk, and take tobacco; the familiar'ſt fools!
This wench will leap o'er ſtools too, ſound a trumpet,
Wreſtle, and pitch the bar; they're finely brought up.

Bor. Ladies, ye're bound t' your brother, and have much cauſe to thank him.
I'll eaſe you of this charge; and to the princeſs,
So pleaſe you, I'll attend 'em.

Theod. Thank your lordſhip!

If there be e'er a private corner as you go, Sir,
A fooliſh lobby out o' th' way, make danger [34],
Try what they are, try——

Bor. You're a merry gentleman.

Theod. I would fain be your honour's kinſman.

Bor. You're too curſt, Sir [35].

Theod. Farewell, wenches! keep cloſe your ports; you're waſh'd elſe.

Hon. Brother, beſtow your fears where they are needful. [*Exeunt Bor. Hon. Viola.*

Theod. Honor thy name is, and I hope thy nature.
Go after, gentlemen, go; get a ſnatch if ye can.
Yond' old Erra Pater will never pleaſe 'em.
Alas, I brought 'em for you; but ſee the luck on't:
I ſwear, I meant as honeſtly toward you——
Nay, do not cry, good gentlemen! A little counſel
Will do no harm: They'll walk abroad i' th' evenings,
You may ſurprize 'em eaſily; they wear no piſtols,
Set down your minds in metre, flowing metre,
And get ſome good old linen-woman to deliver it,
That has the trick on't; you can't fail. Farewell, gentlemen. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Burris. You've frighted off theſe fleſh-flies.

Theod. Fleſh-flies indeed, my lord,

Enter Servant.

And 't muſt be very ſtinking fleſh they will not ſeize on.

Serv. Your lordſhip bid me bring this caſket.

Burris. Yes. Good colonel,
Commend me to your worthy father, and, as a pledge
He ever holds my love and ſervice to him,
Deliver him this poor, but hearty token;
And where I may be his——

Theod. You are too noble;

---

[34] *Make danger.*] From the Latin phraſe, *fac periculum.*

[35] *You are* curſt, *Sir.*] *Curſt*, in the old diction, ſignifies *malicious, froward, ſhrewiſh, ſevere, ill natured*, &c. So Shakeſpeare,

'——her only fault
'Is, that ſhe is intolerably *curſt*.' Taming of the Shrew.

Again, in Philaſter,

Hadſt a curſt *maſter when thou went'ſt to ſchool?*

A wonder

A wonder here, my lord; that dare be honeſt,
When all men hold it vicious. I ſhall deliver it,
And with it your moſt noble love. Your ſervant.
[*Exit Curris.*
Were there but two more ſuch at court, 'twere ſainted.
This will buy brawn this Chriſtmas yet, and muſcadine.
[*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter Ancient, crying Brooms! *and after him ſeverally, four Soldiers, crying other things. Boroſkie and Gentlemen over the ſtage, obſerving them.*

I. SONG.

Ant. Broom, broom, the bonny broom!
Come, buy my birchen broom!
I' th' wars we have no more room,
Buy all my bonny broom!
For a kiſs take two;
If thoſe will not do,
For a little, little pleaſure,
Take all my whole treaſure:
If all theſe will not do't,
Take the broom-man to boot.
Broom, broom, the bonny broom!

II. SONG.

1 *Sold.* The wars are done and gone,
And ſoldiers, now neglected, pedlars are.
Come, maidens, come along,
For I can ſhew you handſome, handſome ware;
Powders for the head,
And drinks for your bed,
To make ye blithe and bonny;
As well in the night
We ſoldiers can fight,
And pleaſe a young wench as any.
2 *Sold.* I have fine potatoes,
Ripe potatoes!

III. SONG.

3 *Sold.* Will ye buy any honeſty? come away,
I ſell it openly by day;
I bring no forc'd light, nor no candle
To cozen ye; come buy and handle:
This will ſhew the great man good,
The tradeſman where he ſwears and lies,
Each lady of a noble blood,
The city dame to rule her eyes.
Ye're rich men now: Come buy, and then
I'll make ye richer, honeſt men.

IV. SONG.

4 *Sold.* Have ye any crack'd maidenheads, to new leach or mend?
Have ye any old maidenheads to ſell or to change?
Bring 'em to me, with a little pretty gin,
I'll clout 'em, I'll mend 'em, I'll knock in a pin,
Shall make 'em as good maids again,
As ever they have been.

Bor. What means all this? why d'ye ſell brooms, Ancient?
Is it in wantonneſs, or want?

Anc. The only reaſon is,
To ſweep your lordſhip's conſcience. Here's one for the nonce.
Gape, Sir; you've ſwallow'd many a goodlier matter—
The only caſting for a crazy conſcience.

3 *Sold.* Will your lordſhip buy any honeſty? 'twill be worth your money.

Bor. How is this?

3 *Sold.* Honeſty, my lord; 'tis here in a quill.

Anc. Take heed you open it not, for 'tis ſo ſubtile,
The leaſt puff of wind will blow it out o' th' kingdom.

2 *Sold.* Will your lordſhip pleaſe to taſte a fine potatoe[36]?

[36] ——— Potatoe,
'Twill advance your wither'd ſtate.] All the old writers ſpeak of *potatoes* as reſtoratives. See vol. ii. p. 173.

'Twill

'Twill advance your wither'd ſtate.

Anc. Fill your honour full of moſt noble itches,
And make Jack dance in your lordſhip's breeches.

1 *Sold.* If your daughters on their beds,
Have bow'd, or crack'd their maidenheads;
If, in a coach, with too much tumbling,
They chance to cry, fy, fo, what fumbling!
If her foot ſlip, and down fall ſhe,
And break her leg above the knee;
The one and thirtieth of February let this be ta'en,
And they ſhall be arrant maids again.

Bor. Ye are brave ſoldiers; keep your wantonneſs!
A winter will come on to ſhake this wilfulneſs.
Diſport yourſelves; and, when you want your money—
[*Exit.*

Anc. Broom, broom, &c. [*Exeunt ſinging.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Alinda, Honora, and Viola.

Alin. You muſt not be ſo fearful, little one;
Nor, lady, you ſo ſad; you'll ne'er make courtiers,
With theſe dull ſullen thoughts; this place is pleaſure,
Preſerv'd to that uſe, ſo inhabited;
And thoſe that live here, live delightful, joyful:
Theſe are the gardens of Adonis, ladies;
Where all ſweets to their free and noble uſes,
Grow ever young and courted.

Hon. Bleſs me, Heav'n!
Can things of her years arrive at theſe rudiments?
By your leave, fair gentlewoman, how long have you been here?

Alin. Faith, much about a week.

Hon. You've ſtudied hard,
And, by my faith, arriv'd at a great knowledge.

Viola. Were not you baſhful at firſt?

Alin. Ay, ay, for an hour or two;
But when I ſaw people laugh at me for it,

And thought it a dull breeding——
Hon. You are govern'd here then
Much after the mens' opinions.
Alin. Ever, lady.
Hon. And what they think is honourable——
Alin. Moſt preciſely
We follow, with all faith.
Hon. A goodly catechiſm!
Viola. But baſhful for an hour or two?
Alin. Faith, to ſay true,
I do not think I was ſo long: For, look ye,
'Tis to no end here; put on what ſhape ye will,
And four yourſelf with ne'er ſo much auſterity,
You ſhall be courted in the ſame, and won too.
'Tis but ſome two hours more, and ſo much time loſt,
Which we hold precious here. In ſo much time now
As I have told you this, you may loſe a ſervant
Your age, nor all your art, can e'er recover.
Catch me occaſion as ſhe comes, hold faſt there,
'Till what you do affect is ripen'd to you!
Has the duke ſeen you yet?
Hon. What if he have not?
Alin. You do your beauties too much wrong, appearing
So full of ſweetneſs, newneſs; ſet ſo richly,
As if a counſel beyond nature fram'd ye.
Hon. If we were thus, ſay Heav'n had given theſe bleſſings,
Muſt we turn theſe to ſin-oblations?
Alin. How fooliſhly this country way ſhews in ye!
How full of phlegm! D'ye come here to pray, ladies?
You'd beſt cry, 'Stand away; let me alone, gentlemen;
'I'll tell my father elſe.'
Viola. This woman's naught ſure,
A very naughty woman.
Hon. Come, ſay on, friend;
I'll be inſtructed by you.
Alin. You'll thank me for't.

Hon.

Hon. Either I or the devil ſhall.—[*Aſide.*]—The duke you were ſpeaking of.

Alin. 'Tis well remember'd: Yes, let him firſt ſee you;
Appear not openly till he has view'd you.

Hon. He's a very noble prince, they ſay.

Alin. Oh, wondrous gracious;
And, as you may deliver yourſelf, at the firſt viewing.
For look ye, you muſt bear yourſelf; yet take heed
It be ſo ſeaſon'd with a ſweet humility,
And grac'd with ſuch a bounty in your beauty——

Hon. But I hope he'll offer me no ill?

Alin. No, no:
'Tis like he'll kiſs you, and play with you.

Hon. Play with me? how?

Alin. Why, good lord, that you are ſuch a fool now!
No harm, aſſure yourſelf.

Viola. Will he play with me too?

Alin. Look babies in your eyes, my pretty ſweet one:
There's a fine ſport. Do you know your lodgings yet?

Hon. I hear of none.

Alin. I do then; they are handſome,
Convenient for acceſs.

Viola. Acceſs?

Alin. Yes, little one,
For viſitation of thoſe friends and ſervants,
Your beauties ſhall make choice of. Friends and viſits:
Do not you know thoſe uſes? Alas, poor novice!
There's a cloſe couch or two, handſomely plac'd too,

Viola. What are thoſe, I pray you?

Alin. Who would be troubled
With ſuch raw things? They are to lie upon,
And your love by you; and diſcourſe, and toy in.

Viola. Alas, I have no love.

Alin. You muſt, by any means:
You'll have a hundred, fear not.

Viola. Honeſty keep me!
What ſhall I do with all thoſe?

Alin. You'll find uſes:

You

You are ignorant yet; let time work. You muſt learn too,
To lie handſomely in your bed a-mornings, neatly dreſt
In a moſt curious waiſtcoat [37], to ſet you off well,
Play with your bracelets, ſing; you muſt learn to rhime too,
And riddle neatly; ſtudy the hardeſt language,
And 'tis no matter whether it be ſenſe, or no,
So it go ſeemly off. Be ſure you profit
In kiſſing, kiſſing ſweetly; there lies a main point,
A key that opens to all practick pleaſure;
I'll help you to a friend of mine ſhall teach you,
And ſuddenly: Your country way is fulſome.

Hon. Have you ſchools for all theſe myſteries?

Alin. Oh, yes,
And ſeveral hours prefix'd to ſtudy in:
You may have calendars to know the good hour,
And when to take a jewel: For the ill too,
When to refuſe, with obſervations on 'em;
Under what ſign 'tis beſt meeting in an arbor,
And in what bow'r [38], and hour it works; a thouſand—
When in a coach, when in a private lodging,
With all their virtues.

Hon. Have you ſtudied theſe?
How beaſtly they become your youth! how bawdily!
A woman of your tenderneſs, a teacher,
Teacher of theſe lewd arts? of your full beauty?
A man made up in luſt would loath this in you,
The rankeſt lecher hate ſuch impudence.
They ſay the devil can aſſume Heav'n's brightneſs,
And ſo appear to tempt us; ſure thou art no woman,

[37] *In a moſt curious* waiſtcoat.] This paſſage ſerves to explain *waſtcoateer*, which ſeveral times occurs in our Authors, and is mentioned in p. 30 of this volume.

[38] *And in what bow'r, and hour it works; a thouſand.*] The meaning here is obſcure; but by making *a thouſand* only a broken ſentence, and to ſtand for *a thouſand ſuch myſteries*, it will be tolerably plain. 'Under what ſign it is beſt meeting in an arbor, and in what 'particular arbor, and the preciſe hour when it is predominant, with 'a thouſand of the like nature.' *Seward.*

Alin.

Alin. I joy to find ye thus.
Hon. Thou haſt no tenderneſs,
No reluctation in thy heart; 'tis miſchief.
Alin. All's one for that; read theſe, and then be ſatisfied;
A few more private rules I've gather'd for ye;
Read 'em, and well obſerve 'em: So I leave ye. [*Exit.*
Viola. A wondrous wicked woman: Shame go with thee!
Hon. What new Pandora's box is this? I'll ſee it,
Tho' preſently I tear it. Read thine, Viola;
'Tis in our own wills to believe and follow.

Worthy Honora, as you have begun
In Virtue's ſpotleſs ſchool, ſo forward run;
Purſue that nobleneſs and chaſte deſire
You ever had; burn in that holy fire;
And a white martyr to fair memory
Give up your name, unſoil'd of infamy.

How's this? Read yours out, ſiſter. This amazes me:

Viola. Fear not, thou yet-unblaſted Violet,
Nor let my wanton words a doubt beget;
Live in that peace and ſweetneſs of thy bud;
Remember whoſe thou art, and grow ſtill good;
Remember what thou art, and ſtand a ſtory
Fit for thy noble ſire[39], and thine own glory!

Hon. I know not what to think.
Viola. Sure a good woman,
An excellent woman, ſiſter.
Hon. It confounds me.
Let 'em uſe all their arts, if theſe be their ends;
The court I ſay breeds the beſt foes and friends.
Come, let's be honeſt, wench, and do our beſt ſervice.
Viola. A moſt excellent woman; I will love her.
[*Exeunt.*

39 *Fit for thy noble* ſex.] The alteration of *ſex* to *ſire* was made, we think with propriety, by Mr. Seward. We have therefore adopted it, though the old reading might paſs.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Olympia with a caſket, and Alinda.

Alin. MADAM, the duke has ſent for the two ladies.

Olym. I prithee go: I know thy thoughts are with him.
Go, go, Alinda; do not mock me more!
I've found thy heart, wench; do not wrong thy miſtreſs,
Thy too-much-loving miſtreſs; do not abuſe her.

Alin. By your own fair hands, I underſtand you not.

Olym. By thy own fair eyes, I underſtand thee too much,
Too far; and built a faith there thou haſt ruin'd.
Go, and enjoy thy wiſh, thy youth, thy pleaſure;
Enjoy the greatneſs no doubt he has promis'd,
Enjoy the ſervice of all eyes that ſee thee,
The glory thou haſt aim'd at, and the triumph:
Only this laſt love I aſk, forget thy miſtreſs!

Alin. Oh, who has wrong'd me? who has ruin'd me?
Poor wretched girl, what poiſon is flung on thee?
Excellent virtue, from whence flows this anger?

Olym. Go, aſk my brother, aſk the faith thou gav'ſt me,
Aſk all my favours to thee, aſk my love,
Laſt, thy forgetfulneſs of good! then fly me;
For we muſt part, Alinda.

Alin. You are weary of me.
I muſt confeſs, I was ne'er worth your ſervice,
Your bounteous favours leſs; but that my duty,
My ready will, and all I had to ſerve you——
Oh, Heav'n, thou know'ſt my honeſty!

Olym. No more:
Take heed! Heav'n has a juſtice. Take this ring with you,

This

This doting ſpell you gave me: Too well, Alinda,
Thou knew'ſt the virtue in't; too well I feel it:
Nay, keep that too; it may ſometimes remember you,
When you are willing to forget, who gave it,
And to what virtuous end.

Alin. Muſt I go from you?
Of all the ſorrows Sorrow has, muſt I part with you?
Part with my noble miſtreſs?

Olym. Or I with thee, wench.

Alin. And part, ſtain'd with opinion? Farewell, lady!
Happy and bleſſed lady, goodneſs keep you!
This your poor ſervant, full of grief, turns from you,
For ever full of grief, for ever from you.
I have no being now, no friends, no country;
I wander Heav'n knows whither, Heav'n knows how!
No life, now you are loſt! Only mine innocence,
That little left me of myſelf, goes with me;
That's all my bread and comfort! I confeſs, madam,
Truly confeſs, the duke has often courted me.

Olym. And pour'd his ſoul into thee, won thee.

Alin. Do you think ſo?
Well, Time, that told this tale, will tell my truth too,
And ſay you had a faithful honeſt ſervant.
The buſineſs of my life is now to pray for you,
Pray for your virtuous loves, pray for your children,
When Heav'n ſhall make you happy!

Olym. How ſhe wounds me!
Either I am undone, or ſhe muſt go! Take theſe with you,
Some toys may do you ſervice; and this money;
And when you want, I love you not ſo poorly
(Not yet, Alinda!) that I'd ſee you periſh.
Prithee be good, and let me hear. Look on me;
I love thoſe eyes yet dearly! I have kiſs'd thee,
And now I'll do't again. Farewell, Alinda!
I am too full to ſpeak more, and too wretched! [*Exit.*

Alin. You have my faith, and all the world my fortune! [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE II.

Enter Theodore.

Theod. I'd fain hear what becomes of theſe two wenches;
And if I can, I'll do 'em good. D'ye hear, my honeſt friend?

Enter Gentleman, paſſing over the ſtage.

He knows no ſuch name. What a world of buſineſs
(Which by interpretation are mere nothings)
Theſe things have here? 'Maſs, now I think on't better,
I wiſh he be not ſent for one of them,
To ſome of theſe by-lodgings. Methought I ſaw
A kind of reference in his face to bawdry.

Enter Gentleman, with a Gentlewoman, paſſing over the ſtage.

He has her; but 'tis none of them. Hold faſt, thief!
An excellent touzing knave! Miſtreſs, you are
To ſuffer your penance ſome half-hour hence now.
How far a fine court cuſtard, with plums in it,
Will prevail with one of theſe waiting gentlewomen!
They are taken with theſe ſoluble things exceedingly.
This is ſome yeoman o' th' bottles now that has ſent for her,
That ſhe calls father: Now woe to this ale incenſe!
By your leave, Sir.

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Well, Sir; what's your pleaſure with me?
Theod. You do not know the way to the maids' lodgings?
Serv. Yes, indeed do I, Sir.
Theod. But you'll not tell me?
Serv. No, indeed will not I, becauſe you doubt it. [*Exit.*

Enter ſecond Servant.

Theod. Theſe are fine gimcracks. Hey! here comes another;

A flagon

A flagon full of wine in's hand, I take it.
Well met, my friend! Is that wine?
2 *Serv.* Yes, indeed is it.
Theod. Faith, I'll drink on't then.
2 *Serv.* You may, becauſe you have ſworn, Sir.
Theod. 'Tis very good; I'll drink a great deal now, Sir.
2 *Serv.* I cannot help it, Sir.
Theod. I'll drink more yet.
2 *Serv.* 'Tis in your own hands.
Theod. There's your pot; I thank you.
Pray let me drink again.
2 *Serv.* Faith, but you ſhall not.
Now have I ſworn, I take it. Fare you well, Sir!
[*Exit.*

Enter Lady.

Theod. This is the fineſt place to live in I e'er enter'd.
Here comes a gentlewoman, and alone; I'll to her.
Madam, my lord my maſter——
Lady. Who's your lord, Sir?
Theod. The lord Boroſkie, lady.
Lady. Pray excuſe me!
Here's ſomething for your pains. Within this hour, Sir,
One of the choice young ladies ſhall attend him.
Pray let it be in that chamber juts out to the water;
'Tis private and convenient. Do my humble ſervice
To my honourable good lord, I beſeech you, Sir.
If it pleaſe you to viſit a poor lady——
You carry the 'haviour of a noble gentleman.
Theod. I ſhall be bold.
Lady. 'Tis a good aptneſs in you.
I lie here in the wood-yard, the blue lodgings, Sir;
They call me merrily the lady of the——Sir.
A little I know what belongs to a gentleman,
And if it pleaſe you take the pains—— [*Exit.*
Theod. Dear lady!—Take the pains?
Why,

Why, a horſe would not take the pains that thou requir'ſt now
To cleave old Crab-tree. 'One of the choice young ladies?'
I would I'd let this bawd go; ſhe has frighted me;
I am cruelly afraid of one of my tribe now:
But if they'll do, the devil cannot ſtop 'em.
Why ſhould he have a young lady? Are women now
O' th' nature of bottles[49], to be ſtopp'd with corks?
Oh, the thouſand little furies that fly here now!
How now, captain?

Enter Putſkie.

Putſ. I come to ſeek you out, Sir,
And all the town I've travell'd.
Theod. What's the news, man?
Putſ. That that concerns us all, and very nearly,
The duke this night holds a great feaſt at court,
To which he bids for gueſts all his old counſellors,
And all his favourites: Your father's ſent for.
Theod. Why he is neither in council, nor in favour.
Putſ. That's it: Have an eye now, or never, and a quick one;
An eye that muſt not wink from good intelligence.
I heard a bird ſing, they mean him no good office.

Enter Ancient.

Theod. Art ſure he ſups here?
Putſ. Sure as it is day.
Theod. 'Tis like then——How now? where haſt thou been, Ancient?
Anc. Meaſuring the city. I've left my brooms at gate here;
By this time the porter has ſtole 'em, to ſweep out raſcals.
Theod. Brooms?
Anc. I've been crying brooms all the town over,

[49] *O'th' nature of bottles, &c.*]
'And maids, turn'd bottles, cry aloud for corks.' Pope.

And

And ſuch a mart I've made! there's no trade near it.
Oh, the young handſome wenches, how they twitter'd,
When they but ſaw me ſhake my ware, and ſing too!
'Come hither, maſter Broom-man, I beſeech you!'
'Good maſter Broom-man, hither,' cries another.
Theod. Thou'rt a mad fellow.
Anc. They're all as mad as I; they all have trades now,
And roar about the ſtreets like bull-beggars.
Theod. What company
Of ſoldiers are they?
Anc. By this means I have gather'd
Above a thouſand tall and hardy ſoldiers,
If need be, colonel.
Theod. That need's come, Ancient;
And 'twas diſcreetly done. Go, draw 'em preſently,
But without ſuſpicion; this night we ſhall need 'em.
Let 'em be near the court, let Putſkie guide 'em;
And wait me for occaſion. Here I'll ſtay ſtill.
Putſ. If it fall out, we're ready; if not, we're ſcatter'd:
I'll wait you at an inch.
Theod. Do; farewell! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Boroſkie.

Duke. Are the ſoldiers ſtill ſo mutinous?
Bor. More than ever:
No law nor juſtice frights 'em; all the town over
They play new pranks and gambols; no man's perſon,
Of what degree ſoe'er, free from abuſes:
And durſt they do this, (let your Grace conſider)
Theſe monſtrous, moſt offenſive things, theſe villainies,
If not ſet on, and fed? if not by one
They honour more than you, and more aw'd by him?
Duke. Happily, their own wants——
Bor. I offer to ſupply 'em,
And ev'ry hour make tender of their monies:
They ſcorn it, laugh at me that offer it.

I fear the next device will be my life, Sir;
And willingly I'll give it, ſo they ſtay there.
Duke. D'you think lord Archas privy?
Bor. More than thought,
I know it, Sir; I know they durſt not do
Theſe violent rude things, abuſe the ſtate thus,
But that they have a hope by his ambitions——
Duke. No more! He's ſent for?
Bor. Yes, and will be here ſure.
Duke. Let me talk further with you anon.
Bor. I'll wait, Sir.
Duke. Did you ſpeak to the ladies?
Bor. They'll attend your Grace preſently.
Duke. How do you like 'em?
Bor. My eyes are too dull judges.
They wait here, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Honora and Viola.

Duke. Be you gone then. Come in, ladies!
Welcome to th' court, ſweet beauties! Now the court ſhines,
When ſuch true beams of beauty ſtrike amongſt us.
Welcome, welcome! ev'n as your own joys welcome!
How do you like the court? How ſeems it to you?
Is't not a place created for all ſweetneſs?
Why were ye made ſuch ſtrangers to this happineſs,
Barr'd the delights this holds? The richeſt jewels,
Set ne'er ſo well, if then not worn to wonder,
By judging eyes not ſet off, loſe their luſtre.
Your country ſhades are faint; blaſters of beauty;
The manners, like the place, obſcure and heavy;
The roſe-buds of the beauties turn to cankers,
Eaten with inward thoughts, while there ye wander.
Here, ladies, here, (you were not made for cloiſters)
Here is the ſphere you move in; here ſhine nobly,
And by your powerful influence command all!—
What a ſweet modeſty dwells round about 'em,
And, like a nipping morn, pulls in their bloſſoms!
Hon. Your Grace ſpeaks cunningly: You do not this,
I hope,

I hope, Sir, to betray us; we're poor triumphs,
Nor can our loſs of honour add to you, Sir:
Great men, and great thoughts, ſeek things great and worthy,
Subjects to make 'em live, and not to loſe 'em;
Conqueſts ſo nobly won can never periſh.
We are two ſimple maids, untutor'd here, Sir,
Two honeſt maids; is that a ſin at court, Sir?
Our breeding is obedience, but to good things,
To virtuous, and to fair. What would you win on us?
Why do I aſk that queſtion, when I've found you?
Your preamble has pour'd your heart out to us;
You would diſhonour us; which, in your tranſlation
Here at the court, reads thus, your Grace would love us,
Moſt dearly love us; ſtick us up for miſtreſſes:
Moſt certain, there are thouſands of our ſex, Sir,
That would be glad of this, and handſome women,
And croud into this favour, fair young women,
Excellent beauties, Sir: When you have enjoy'd 'em,
And ſuck'd thoſe ſweets they have, what ſaints are theſe then?
What worſhip have they won, what name? you gueſs, Sir!
What ſtory added to their time? a ſweet one!

Duke. A brave-ſpirited wench.

Hon. I'll tell your Grace,
And tell you true; you are deceiv'd in us two,
Extremely cozen'd, Sir: And yet, in my eye,
You are the handſom'ſt man I ever look'd on,
The goodlieſt gentleman; take that hope with you;
And, were I fit to be your wife (ſo much I honour you)
Truſt me I would ſcratch for you but I'd have you;
I would wooe you then.

Duke. She amazes me!
But how am I deceiv'd?

Hon. Oh, we are too honeſt,
Believe it, Sir, too honeſt, far too honeſt;
The way that you propound, too ignorant,
And there's no meddling with us; for we're fools too,

Obſtinate, peeviſh fools: If I would be ill,
And had a wanton's itch to kick my heels up,
I would not leap into the ſun, and do it there,
That all the world might ſee me; an obſcure ſhade, Sir,
Dark as the deed; there is no truſting light with it,
Nor that that's lighter far, vainglorious greatneſs!
Duke. You'll love me as your friend?
Hon. I'll honour you,
As your poor humble handmaid, ſerve and pray for you.
Duke. What ſays my little one? you're not ſo obſtinate?
Lord, how ſhe bluſhes! Here are truly fair ſouls.
Come, you will be my love?
Viola. Good Sir, be good to me;
Indeed, I'll do the beſt I can to pleaſe you.
I do beſeech your Grace! Alas, I fear you.
Duke. What ſhouldſt thou fear?
Hon. Fy, Sir! this is not noble.
Duke. Why do I ſtand entreating, where my pow'r—
Hon. You have no pow'r; at leaſt, you ought to have none
In bad and beaſtly things: Arm'd thus, I'll die here,
Before ſhe ſuffer wrong!
Duke. Another Archas?
Hon. His child, Sir, and his ſpirit.
Duke. I'll deal with you then,
For here's the honour to be won. Sit down, ſweet;
Prithee, Honora, ſit.
Hon. Now you entreat, I will, Sir.
Duke. I do, and will deſerve it.
Hon. That's too much kindneſs.
Duke. Prithee look on me.
Hon. Yes; I love to ſee you,
And could look on an age thus, and admire you.
While you are good and temperate, I dare touch you,
Kiſs your white hand.
Duke. Why not my lips?
Hon. I dare, Sir.
Duke. I do not think you dare.

Hon.

Hon. I am no coward.——
Do you believe me now? or now? or now, Sir?
You make me bluſh: But ſure, I mean no ill, Sir.
It had been fitter you'd kiſs'd me.
Duke. That I'll do too.——
What haſt thou wrought into me?
Hon. I hope all goodneſs.
While you are thus, thus honeſt, I dare do any thing;
Thus hang about your neck, and thus dote on you;
Bleſs thoſe fair lights! Hell take me, if I durſt not—
But, good Sir, pardon me. Siſter, come hither;
Come hither; fear not, wench! Come hither; bluſh not!
Come, kiſs the prince, the virtuous prince, the good prince!
Certain, he's excellent honeſt.
Duke. Thou wilt make me——
Hon. Sit down, and hug him ſoftly.
Duke. Fy, Honora!
Wanton Honora! Is this the modeſty,
The noble chaſtity, your onſet ſhew'd me;
At firſt charge beaten back? Away!
Hon. Thank you!
Upon my knees I pray, Heaven too may thank you!
You have deceiv'd me cunningly, yet nobly;
You've cozen'd me: In all your hopeful life yet
A ſcene of greater honour you ne'er acted:
I knew Fame was a liar, too long and loud-tongu'd,
And now I have found it. Oh, my virtuous maſter!
Viola. My virtuous maſter too!
Hon. Now you are thus,
What ſhall become of me let Fortune caſt for't.

Enter Alinda.

Duke. I'll be that fortune, if I live, Honora;
Thou'ſt done a cure upon me, counſel could not.
Alin. Here, take your ring, Sir; and whom you mean to ruin,
Give it to her next: I have paid for't dearly.
Hon. A ring to her?

Duke. Why frowns my fair Alinda?
I have forgot both theſe again.
Alin. Stand ſtill, Sir!
You have that violent killing fire upon you,
Conſumes all honour, credit, faith!
Hon. How's this?
Alin. My royal miſtreſs' favour towards me,
(Woe-worth you, Sir!) you've poiſon'd, blaſted.
Duke. I, ſweet?
Alin. You have taken that unmanly liberty,
Which in a worſe man is vainglorious feigning.
And kill'd my truth.
Duke. Upon my life, 'tis falſe, wench.
Alin. Ladies, take heed! you have a cunning gameſter,
A handſome, and a high: Come ſtor'd with antidotes;
He has infections elſe will fire your bloods.
Duke. Prithee, Alinda, hear me!
Alin. Words ſteep'd in honey,
That will ſo melt into your minds, buy chaſtity
A thouſand ways, a thouſand knots to tie ye;
And when h'has bound you his, a thouſand ruins!
A poor loſt woman you have made me.
Duke. I'll maintain thee,
And nobly too.
Alin. That gin's too weak to take me.
Take heed, take heed, young ladies, ſtill take heed!
Take heed of promiſes, take heed of gifts,
Of forced, feigned ſorrows, ſighs, take heed!
Duke. By all that's mine, Alinda——
Alin. Swear by your miſchiefs!
Oh, whither ſhall I go?
Duke. Go back again;
I'll force her take thee, love thee.
Alin. Fare you well, Sir!
I will not curſe you; only this dwell with you,
Whene'er you love, a falſe belief light on you! [*Exit.*
Hon. We'll take our leaves too, Sir.
Duke. Part all the world now,
Since ſhe is gone.

Hon.

Hon. You're crooked yet, dear maſter;
And ſtill I fear—— [*Exeunt ladies.*
Duke. I'm vex'd, and ſome ſhall find it. [*Exit.*

SCENE IV.

Enter Archas and a Servant.

Archas. 'Tis ſtrange to me to ſee the court, and welcome.
Oh, royal place, how have I lov'd and ſerv'd thee!
Who lies on this ſide? know'ſt thou?
Serv. The lord Burris.
Archas. Thou'ſt nam'd a gentleman I ſtand much bound to:
I think he ſent the caſket, Sir?
Serv. The ſame, Sir.
Archas. An honeſt-minded man, a noble courtier!
The duke made perfect choice when he took him.
Go you home; I ſhall hit the way without a guide now.
Serv. You may want ſomething, Sir.
Archas. Only my horſes,
Which, after ſupper, let the groom wait with:
I'll have no more attendance here.
Serv. Your will, Sir. [*Exit.*

Enter Theodore.

Theod. You're well met here, Sir.
Archas. How now, boy? how doſt thou?
Theod. I ſhould aſk you that queſtion: How do you, Sir?
How do you feel yourſelf?
Archas. Why well, and luſty.
Theod. What do you here then?
Archas. Why, I am ſent for,
To ſupper with the duke.
Theod. Have you no meat at home?
Or do you long to feed as hunted deer do,
In doubt and fear?

Archas. I have an excellent ſtomach,
And can I uſe it better than among my friends, boy
How do the wenches?

Theod. They do well enough, Sir;
They know the worſt by this time. Pray be rul'd, Sir;
Go home again, and, if you have a ſupper,
Eat it in quiet there: This is no place for you,
Eſpecially at this time, take my word for't.

Archas. May be, they'll drink hard; I could have drank my ſhare, boy:
Tho' I am old, I will not out.

Theod. I hope you will.
Hark in your ear! the court's too quick of hearing.

Archas. Not mean me well? thou art abus'd and cozen'd.
Away, away!

Theod. To that end, Sir, I tell you.
Away, if you love yourſelf.

Archas. Who dare do theſe things,
That ever heard of honeſty?

Theod. Old gentleman,
Take a fool's counſel.

Archas. 'Tis a fool's indeed,
A very fool's! Thou'ſt more of theſe flams in thee,
Theſe muſty doubts—Is't fit the duke ſend for me,
And honour me to eat within his preſence,
And I, like a tall fellow, play at bo-peep
With his pleaſure?

Theod. Take heed of bo-peep with your pate,
Your pate, Sir! I ſpeak plain language now.

Archas. If 'twere not here, where rev'rence bids me hold,
I would ſo ſwinge thee, thou rude, unmanner'd knave!
Take from his bounty, his honour that he gives me,
To beget ſaucy and ſullen fears!

Theod. You are not mad ſure?
By this fair light, I ſpeak but what is whiſper'd,
And whiſper'd for a truth.

Archas. A dog is't? Drunken people,

That

That in their pot ſee viſions, and turn ſtates [40],
Madmen and children—Prithee do not follow me!
I tell thee, I am angry: Do not follow me!
Theod. I am as angry as you for your heart,
Ay, and as wilful too: Go like a woodcock,
And thruſt your neck i'th' nooſe!
Archas. I'll kill thee,
An thou ſpeak'ſt but three words more. Do not follow me! [*Exit.*
Theod. A ſtrange old fooliſh fellow! I ſhall hear yet;
And, if I do not my part, hiſs at me. [*Exit.*

SCENE V.

Enter two Servants, preparing a banquet.

1 *Serv.* Believe me, fellow, here'll be luſty drinking.
Many a waſhed pate in wine, I warrant thee.
2 *Serv.* I'm glad th' old general's come: Upon my conſcience,
That joy will make half the court drunk. Hark, the trumpets!
They're coming on; away!
1 *Serv.* We'll have a rouſe too. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Duke, Archas, Burris, Boroſkie, Attendants, and Gentlemen.

Duke. Come, ſeat yourſelves! Lord Archas, ſit you there.
Archas. 'Tis far above my worth.
Duke. I'll have it ſo.——
Are all things ready?
Bor. All the guards are ſet,
The court gates ſhut.
Duke. Then do as I preſcrib'd you;

[40] *A dog: Drunken people*
That in their pot ſee viſions,
And turn ſtates, *madmen and children.*] In the firſt line, *is't* was inſerted by Mr. Seward, who, in the third, for *ſtates* reads *ſtatiſts*; but as the old lection is good ſenſe, the change is too arbitrary.

Be

Be ſure, no further.

Bor. I ſhall well obſerve you.

Duke. Come, bring ſome wine. Here's to my ſiſter, gentlemen!

A health, and mirth to all!

Archas. Pray fill it full, Sir;

'Tis a high health to virtue. Here, lord Burris,
A maiden health: You are moſt fit to pledge it,
You have a maiden ſoul, and much I honour it.
Paſſion o'me, you're ſad, man.

Duke. How now, Burris?

Go to; no more of this!

Archas. Take the rouſe freely;

'Twill warm your blood, and make you fit for jollity,
Your Grace's pardon! when we get a cup, Sir,
We old men prate apace.

Duke. Mirth makes a banquet.

As you love me, no more.

Burris. I thank your Grace.

Give me it. Lord Boroſkie!

Bor. I have ill brains, Sir——

Burris. Damnable ill, I know it.

Bor. But I'll pledge, Sir,

This virtuous health.

Burris. The more unfit for thy mouth.

Enter two Servants, with cloaks.

Duke. Come, bring out robes, and let my gueſts look nobly,

Fit for my love and preſence. Begin downward.
Off with your cloaks, take new.

Archas. Your Grace deals truly

Like a munificent prince, with your poor ſubjects.
Who would not fight for you? What cold dull coward
Durſt ſeek to ſave his life when you would aſk it?
Begin a new health in your new adornments;
The duke's, the royal duke's!—Ha! what have I got, Sir?
Ha! the robe of death?

Duke.

Duke. You have deſerv'd it.

Archas. The liv'ry of the grave? Do you ſtart all from me?
Do I ſmell of earth already? Sir, look on me,
And like a man; is this your entertainment?
Do you bid your worthieſt gueſts to bloody banquets?

Enter a Guard.

A guard upon me too? This is too foul play,
Boy, to thy good, thine honour; thou wretched ruler,
Thou ſon of fools and flatterers, heir of hypocrites!
Am I ſerv'd in a hearſe, that ſav'd ye all?
Are ye men or devils? Do ye gape upon me?
Wider! and ſwallow all my ſervices[41].
Entomb them firſt, my faith next, then my integrity;
And let theſe ſtruggle with your mangy minds,
Your ſear'd and ſeal'd-up conſciences, till they burſt.

Bor. Theſe words are death.

Archas. No, thoſe deeds that want rewards, ſirrah,
Thoſe battles I have fought, thoſe horrid dangers
(Leaner than death, and wilder than deſtruction)
I've march'd upon, theſe honour'd wounds, times ſtory,
The blood I've loſt, the youth, the ſorrows ſuffer'd,
Theſe are my death, theſe that can ne'er be recompenc'd,
Theſe that ye ſet a-brooding on like toads,
Sucking from my deſerts the ſweets and ſavours,
And render me no pay again but poiſons!

Bor. The proud vain ſoldier thou haſt ſet——

Archas. Thou lieſt!
Now, by my little time of life, lieſt baſely,
Maliciouſly, and loudly! How I ſcorn thee!
If I had ſwell'd the ſoldier, or intended
An act in perſon leaning to diſhonour,
As you would fain have forc'd me, witneſs, Heav'n,
Where cleareſt underſtanding of all truth is,

[41] ——— *Do ye gape upon me,*
Wider and ſwallow all my ſervices?] This is one of the innumerable paſſages the ſenſe whereof has been totally obſcured by falſe pointing. What Archas afterwards ſays, proves the propriety of our variation in that reſpect.

(For

(For theſe are ſpiteful men, and know no piety[42])
When Olin came, grim Olin, when his marches,
His laſt incurſions, made the city ſweat,
And drove before him, as a ſtorm drives hail,
Such ſhow'rs of froſted fears ſhook all your heartſtrings;
Then, when the Volga trembled at his terror,
And hid his ſeven curl'd heads, afraid of bruiſing
By his arm'd horſes' hoofs; had I been falſe then,
Or blown a treach'rous fire into the ſoldier,
Had but one ſpark of villainy liv'd within me,
You'ad had ſome ſhadow for this black about me.
Where was your ſoldierſhip? Why went not you out,
And all your right honourable valour with you?
Why met you not the Tartar, and defied him?
Drew your dead-doing ſword, and buckled with him?
Shot thro' his ſquadrons like a fiery meteor?
And, as we ſee a dreadful clap of thunder
Rend the ſtiff-hearted oaks, and toſs their roots up,
Why did not you ſo charge him? You were ſick then;
You, that dare taint my credit, ſlipp'd to-bed then,
Stewing and fainting with the fears you had;
A whoreſon ſhaking fit oppreſs'd your lordſhip.
Bluſh, coward, knave, and all the world hiſs at thee!

Duke. Exceed not my command. [*Exit.*

Bor. I ſhall obſerve it.

Archas. Are you gone too?—Come, weep not, honeſt Burris,
Good loving lord, no more tears: 'Tis not his malice,
This fellow's malice, nor the duke's diſpleaſure,
By bold bad men crouded into his nature,
Can ſtartle me. Fortune ne'er raz'd this fort yet;
I am the ſame, the ſame man; living, dying,
(The ſame mind to 'em both) I poize thus equal:
Only the juggling way that toll'd me to it,
The Judas way, to kiſs me, bid me welcome,
And cut my throat, a little ſticks upon me.
Farewell: commend me to his Grace, and tell him,

[42] *For theſe are* ſpiteful *men, and know no* PIETY.] Inſtead of *piety*, the context induces us to believe, the Author wrote *pity*.

The

The world is full of ſervants; he may have many,
(And ſome I wiſh him honeſt; he's undone elſe)
But ſuch another doting Archas never,
So tried and touch'd a faith! Farewell for ever!

Burris. Be ſtrong, my lord: You muſt not go thus lightly.

Archas. Now, what's to do? What ſays the law unto me?
Give me my great offence, that ſpeaks me guilty.

Bor. Laying aſide a thouſand petty matters,
As ſcorns, and inſolencies, both from yourſelf and followers,
Which you put firſt fire to, (and theſe are deadly)
I come to one main cauſe, which, tho' it carries
A ſtrangeneſs in the circumſtance, it carries death too,
Not to be pardon'd neither: You have done a ſacrilege.

Archas. High Heav'n defend me, man! How, how, Boroſkie?

Bor. You have took from the temple thoſe vow'd arms,
The holy ornament you hung up there,
No abſolution of your vow, no order
From holy church to give 'em back unto you,
After they were purified from war, and reſted
From blood, made clean by ceremony: From the altar
You ſnatch'd 'em up again, again you wore 'em,
Again you ſtain'd 'em, ſtain'd your vow, the church too,
And robb'd it of that right was none of yours, Sir;
For which the law requires your head, you know it.

Archas. Thoſe arms I fought in laſt?

Bor. The ſame.

Archas. God-a-mercy!
Thou haſt hunted out a notable cauſe to kill me,
A ſubtle one: I die, for ſaving all you.
Good Sir, remember, if you can, the neceſſity,
The ſuddenneſs of time, the ſtate all ſtood in;
I was entreated to, kneel'd to, and pray'd to,
The duke himſelf, the princeſs, all the nobles,
The cries of infants, bed-rid fathers, virgins!

Prithee

Prithee find out a better cauſe, a handſomer;
This will undo thee too; people will ſpit at thee;
The devil himſelf would be aſham'd of this cauſe.
Becauſe my haſte made me forget the ceremony,
The preſent danger ev'ry where, muſt my life ſatisfy?

Bor. It muſt, and ſhall.

Archas. Oh, baſe ungrateful people!
Have ye no other ſwords to cut my throat with,
But mine own nobleneſs? I confeſs, I took 'em,
The vow not yet abſolv'd I hung 'em up with;
Wore 'em, fought in 'em, gilded 'em again
In the fierce Tartars' bloods; for you I took 'em,
For your peculiar ſafety, lord, for all;
I wore 'em for my country's health, that groan'd then;
Took from the temple, to preſerve the temple:
That holy place, and all the ſacred monuments,
The reverend ſhrines of ſaints, ador'd and honour'd,
Had been conſum'd to aſhes, their own ſacrifice,
Had I been ſlack; or ſtaid that abſolution,
No prieſt had liv'd to give it. My own honour,
Cure of my country, murder me!

Bor. No, no, Sir;
I ſhall force that from you, will make this cauſe light too.
Away with him! I ſhall pluck down that heart, Sir.

Archas. Break it thou may'ſt; but if it bend for pity,
Dogs and kites eat it! Come; I am honour's martyr.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke and Burris.

Duke. Exceed my warrant?

Burris. You know he loves him not.

Duke. He dares as well meet death[42], as do it; eat wildfire.
Thro' a few fears, I mean to try his goodneſs,

[42] *He dares as well* meet *death.*] The Editors of the ſecond folio read *eat* for *meet*; and the ſubſequent ones in 1750 concur in mentioning this ſtrange meal. We have reſtored the genuine word from the firſt folio.

That

That I may find him fit to wear here, Burris.
I know Boroſkie hates him, to death hates him;
I know he is a ſerpent too [43], a ſwol'n one;
[*Noiſe within.*
But I have pull'd his ſting out. What noiſe is that?

Theod. [*within.*] Down with 'em, down with 'em, down with the gates!

Sold. [*within.*] Stand, ſtand, ſtand!

Putſ. [*within.*] Fire the palace before ye!

Burris. Upon my life, the ſoldier, Sir, the ſoldier!
A miſerable time is come.

Enter Gentleman.

Gent. Oh, ſave him!
Upon my knees, my heart's knees, ſave lord Archas!
We are undone elſe.

Duke. Dares he touch his body?

Gent. He racks him fearfully, moſt fearfully.

Duke. Away, Burris;
Take men, and take him from him, clap him up;
And if I live, I'll find a ſtrange death for him.
Are the ſoldiers broke in? [*Exit Burris.*

Gent. By this time, ſure they are, Sir;
They beat the gates extremely, beat the people.

Duke. Get me a guard about me; make ſure the lodgings,
And ſpeak the ſoldiers fair.

Gent. Pray Heav'n that take, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Putſkie, Ancient, and Soldiers, with torches.

Putſ. Give us the general; we'll fire the court elſe!
Render him ſafe and well.

Anc. Don't fire the cellar,
There's excellent wine in't, captain; and, tho' it be cold weather,
I do not love it mull'd. Bring out the general!
We'll light ye ſuch a bonfire elſe—Where are ye?

[43] *I know* he *is a ſerpent too*, &c.] Meaning *Boroſkie*; but the pronoun is uſed rather confuſedly, both here and in the lines that follow.

Speak,

Speak, or we'll toſs your turrets [44]; peep out of your hives,
We'll ſmoke ye elſe. Is not that a noſe there?
Put out that noſe again, and if thou dar'ſt
But blow it before us——Now he creeps out on's burrow.

Enter Gentleman.

Putſ. Give us the general!
Gent. Yes, gentlemen; or any thing ye can deſire.
Anc. You muſk-cat,
Cordevant-ſkin [45]! we will not take your anſwer.
Putſ. Where is the duke? ſpeak ſuddenly, and ſend him hither.
Anc. Or we'll ſo fry your buttocks——
Gent. Good ſweet gentlemen——
Anc. We are neither good nor ſweet; we are ſoldiers,
And you miſcreants that abuſe the general.
Give fire, my boys! 'tis a dark evening;
Let's light 'em to their lodgings.

Enter Olympia, Honora, Viola, Theodore, and women.

Hon. Good brother, be not fierce.
Theod. I will not hurt her.
Fear not, ſweet lady.
Olym. You may do what you pleaſe, Sir [46];
I have a ſorrow that exceeds all yours,
And more contemns all danger.

Enter Duke above.

Theod. Where's the duke?
Duke. He's here. What would ye, ſoldiers? Wherefore troop ye

---

[44] *Speak, or we'll* toſs *your turrets.*] Mr. Sympſon propoſes reading, TORCH *your turrets.* As the old books preſent good ſenſe, we have not abandoned them, though we think the conjecture plauſible, and not unpoetical.

[45] *Cordevant-ſkin.*] Spaniſh leather hide.

[46] 'May *do it but you pleaſe, Sir.*] Firſt folio. Other copies ſubſtitute *nay* for '*may.*

Like

Like mutinous madmen thus?

Theod. Give me my father!

Putſ. & Anc. Give us our general!

Theod. Set him here before us;

You ſee the pledge we've got; you ſee theſe torches;
All ſhall to aſhes, as I live, immediately!
A thouſand lives for one!

Duke. But hear me!

Putſ. No; we come not to diſpute.

Enter Archas and Burris.

Theod. By Heav'n
I ſwear, he's rack'd and whipt.

Hon. Oh, my poor father!

Putſ. Burn, kill and burn!

Archas. Hold, hold, I ſay! hold, ſoldiers!
On your allegiance, hold!

Theod. We muſt not.

Archas. Hold! I ſwear
By Heaven, he's a barb'rous traitor ſtirs firſt[47],
A villain, and a ſtranger to obedience,
Never my ſoldier more, nor friend to honour!——
Why did you uſe your old man thus? thus cruelly
Torture his poor weak body? I ever lov'd you.

Duke. Forget me in theſe wrongs, moſt noble Archas.

Archas. I've balm enough for all my hurts: Weep no more, Sir;
A ſatisfaction for a thouſand ſorrows.
I do believe you innocent, a good man,
And Heav'n forgive that naughty thing that wrong'd me!

[47] *I ſwear by Heav'n he is a* barbarous *traitor ſtirs firſt.*] The epithet *barbarous* is certainly not the propereſt in the place, and makes ſtill much worſe meaſure; I have therefore ſubſtituted *baſe*, as a monoſyllable ſeems certainly required, and *baſe* is the beſt and the neareſt the trace of the letters of any that has occurr'd to me. *Seward.*

Barbarous does not always ſignify *cruel*, but often means *uncivilized*, and in this place might import *undiſciplined*. *Barbarous traitor*; *i. e.* as the next line explains it,

A villain, and a ſtranger to obedience.

Why look ye wild, my friends? why ſtare ye on me
I charge ye, as ye're men, my men, my lovers,
As ye are honeſt faithful men, fair ſoldiers,
Let down your anger! Is not this our ſovereign?
The head of mercy, and of law? Who dares then,
But rebels, ſcorning law, appear thus violent?
Is this a place for ſwords, for threat'ning fires?
The rev'rence of this houſe dares any touch,
But with obedient knees, and pious duties?
Are we not all his ſubjects, all ſworn to him?
Has not he pow'r to puniſh our offences,
And don't we daily fall into 'em? Aſſure yourſelves
I did offend, and highly, grievouſly;
This good ſweet prince I offended, my life forfeited,
Which yet his mercy, and his old love met with,
And only let me feel his light rod this way.
Ye are to thank him for your general,
Pray for his life and fortune, ſweat your bloods for him.
Ye are offenders too, daily offenders;
Proud inſolencies dwell in your hearts, and ye do 'em,
Do 'em againſt his peace, his law, his perſon;
Ye ſee he only ſorrows for your ſins,
And where his pow'r might perſecute, forgives ye.
For ſhame, put up your ſwords! for honeſty,
For order's ſake, and whoſe ye are, my ſoldiers,
Be not ſo rude!

Theod. They've drawn blood from you, Sir.

Archas. That was the blood rebell'd, the naughty blood[43],
The proud, provoking blood; 'tis well 'tis out, boy.
Give you example firſt; draw out, and orderly.

Hon. Good brother, do!

Archas. Honeſt and high example,
As thou wilt have my bleſſing follow thee,
Inherit all mine honours.—Thank you, Theodore,

[43] *The* naughty *blood.*] The whole paſſage ſeems to require us to read, *the* HAUGHTY *blood*;

That was the blood rebell'd, *the* haughty *blood,*
The proud, provoking *blood.*

My

My worthy ſon.

Theod. If harm come, thank yourſelf, Sir;
I muſt obey you. [*Exit.*

Archas. Captain, you know the way now:
A good man, and a valiant, you were ever,
Inclin'd to honeſt things. I thank you, captain.
[*Exeunt Sold.*
Soldiers, I thank ye all! And love me ſtill,
But do not love me ſo you loſe allegiance;
Love that above your lives. Once more, I thank ye.

Duke. Bring him to reſt, and let our cares wait on him.
Thou excellent old man, thou top of honour,
Where juſtice and obedience only build,
Thou ſtock of virtue, how am I bound to love thee!
In all thy noble ways to follow thee!

Burris. Remember him that vex'd him, Sir.

Duke. Remember?
When I forget that villain, and to pay him
For all his miſchiefs, may all good thoughts forget me!

Archas. I'm very ſore.

Duke. Bring him to bed with eaſe, gentlemen.
For every ſtripe I'll drop a tear to waſh 'em;
And, in my ſad repentance——

Archas. 'Tis too much;
I have a life yet left to gain that love, Sir. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Duke, Burris, and Gentlemen.

Duke. HOW does lord Archas?

Burris. But weak, an't pleaſe you;
Yet all the helps that art can, are applied to him:
His heart's untoucht, and whole yet; and no doubt, Sir,
His mind being ſound, his body ſoon will follow.

Duke. Oh, that baſe knave that wrong'd him, without leave too!
But I ſhall find an hour to give him thanks for't.
He's faſt, I hope.

Burris. As faſt as irons can keep him:
But the moſt fearful wretch——

Duke. He has a conſcience,
A cruel ſtinging one, I warrant him,
A loaden one. But what news of the ſoldier?
I did not like their parting; 'twas too ſullen.

Burris. That they keep ſtill, and I fear a worſe clap.
They are drawn out o' th' town, and ſtand in councils,
Hatching unquiet thoughts, and cruel purpoſes.
I went myſelf unto 'em, talk'd with the captains,
Whom I found fraught with nothing but loud murmurs,
And deſpérate curſes, ſounding theſe words often,
Like trumpets to their angers: 'We are ruin'd,
'Our ſervices turn'd to diſgraces, miſchiefs;
'Our brave old general, like one had pilfer'd,
'Tortur'd and whipt!' The colonel's eyes, like torches,
Blaze every where, and fright fair peace.

Gent. Yet worſe, Sir;
The news is current now, they mean to leave you,
Leave their allegiance; and under Olin's charge,
The bloody enemy, march ſtraight againſt you.

Burris. I have heard this too, Sir.

Duke. This muſt be prevented,
And ſuddenly, and warily.

Burris. 'Tis time, Sir;
But what to miniſter, or how?

Duke. Go in with me,
And there we'll think upon't. Such blows as theſe
Equal defences aſk, elſe they diſpleaſe. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II.

Enter Peteſca and Gentlewoman.

Pet. Lord, what a coil has here been with theſe ſoldiers!

They're

They're cruel fellows.

Gent. And yet methought we found 'em
Handſome enough. I'll tell thee true, Peteſca,
I look'd for other manner of dealings from 'em,
And had prepar'd myſelf. But where's my lady?

Pet. In her old dumps within, monſtrous melancholy:
Sure ſhe was mad of this wench.

Gent. An ſhe had been a man,
She would have been a great deal madder. I am glad ſhe's ſhifted.

Pet. 'Twas a wicked thing for me to betray her;
And yet I muſt confeſs ſhe ſtood in our lights.

Enter Young Archas.

What young thing's this?

Y. Arc. Good morrow, beauteous gentlewomen!
Pray ye is the princeſs ſtirring yet?

Gent. He has her face.

Pet. Her very tongue, and tone too; her youth upon him.

Y. Arc. I gueſs ye to be the princeſs' women.

Pet. Yes, we are, Sir.

Y. Arc. Pray is there not a gentlewoman waiting on her Grace,
Ye call Alinda?

Pet. The devil ſure, in her ſhape.

Gent. I have heard her tell my lady of a brother,
An only brother, that ſhe had, in travel.

Pet. 'Maſs, I remember that: This may be he too.
I would this thing would ſerve her.

Enter Olympia.

Gent. So would I, wench;
We'd love him better ſure. Sir, here's the princeſs;
She beſt can ſatisfy you.

Y. Arc. How I love that preſence!
Oh, bleſſed eyes, how nobly ſhine your comforts!

Olym. What gentleman is that?

Gent. We know not, madam:
He aſk'd us for your Grace; and, as we gueſs it,
He is Alinda's brother.
Olym. Ha! let me mark him.
My grief has almoſt blinded me. Her brother?
By Venus, he has all her ſweetneſs on him!
Two ſilver drops of dew were never liker.
Y. Arc. Gracious lady——
Olym. That pleaſant pipe he has too.
Y. Arc. Being my happineſs to paſs this way,
And having, as I underſtand by letters,
A ſiſter in your virtuous ſervice, madam——
Olym. Oh, now my heart, my heart akes!
Y. Arc. All the comfort
My poor youth has, all that my hopes have built me;
I thought it my firſt duty, my beſt ſervice,
Here to arrive firſt, humbly to thank your Grace
For my poor ſiſter, humbly to thank your nobleneſs,
That bounteous goodneſs in you——
Olym. 'Tis he certainly.
Y. Arc. That ſpring of favour to her; with my life, madam,
If any ſuch moſt happy means might meet me,
To ſhew my thankfulneſs!
Olym. What have I done? fool!
Y. Arc. She came a ſtranger to your Grace, no courtier,
Nor of that curious breed befits your ſervice;
Yet one, I dare aſſure my ſoul, that lov'd you
Before ſhe ſaw you; doted on your virtues;
Before ſhe knew thoſe fair eyes, long'd to read 'em;
You only had her prayers, you her wiſhes;
And that one hope to be yours once, preſerv'd her.
Olym. I have done wickedly.
Y. Arc. A little beauty,
Such as a cottage breeds, ſhe brought along with her;
And yet our country eyes eſteem'd it much too:
But for her beauteous mind (forget, great lady,
I am her brother, and let me ſpeak a ſtranger)

Since

Since ſhe was able to beget a thought, 'twas honeſt.
The daily ſtudy how to fit your ſervices,
Truly to tread that virtuous path you walk in,
So fir'd her honeſt ſoul, we thought her fainted.
I preſume ſhe's ſtill the ſame: I would fain ſee her;
For, madam, 'tis no little love I owe her.

Olym. Sir, ſuch a maid there was, I had——

Y. Arc. There was, madam?

Olym. Oh, my poor wench! Eyes, I will ever curſe ye
For your credulity! Alinda!

Y. Arc. That's her name, madam.

Olym. Give me a little leave, Sir, to lament her.

Y. Arc. Is ſhe dead, lady?

Olym. Dead, Sir, to my ſervice;
She's gone. Pray you aſk no further.

Y. Arc. I obey, madam.
Gone? Now muſt I lament too. Said you 'gone,' madam?

Olym. Gone, gone for ever!

Y. Arc. That's a cruel ſaying.
Her honour too?

Olym. Prithee look angry on me,
And, if thou ever lov'dſt her, ſpit upon me:
Do ſomething like a brother, like a friend,
And do not only ſay thou lov'ſt her!

Y. Arc. You amaze me.

Olym. I ruin'd her, I wrong'd her, I abus'd her;
Poor innocent ſoul, I flung her[49]. Sweet Alinda,
Thou virtuous maid! my ſoul now calls thee virtuous.
Why do you not rail now at me?

Y. Arc. For what, lady?

Olym. Call me baſe treach'rous woman?

Y. Arc. Heav'n defend me!

Olym. Raſhly I thought her falſe, and put her from me;
Raſhly and madly I betray'd her modeſty:
Put her to wander, Heav'n knows where: Nay, more, Sir,
Stuck a black brand upon her!

[49] *I flung her.*] Probably we ought to read, *I ſtung her.*

Y. Arc. 'Twas not well, lady.

Olym. 'Twas damnable; ſhe loving me ſo dearly,
Never poor wench lov'd ſo. Sir, believe me,
'Twas the dmoſt uteous wench, the beſt companion;
When I was pleas'd, the happieſt, and the gladdeſt;
The modeſteſt ſweet nature dwelt within her:
I ſaw all this, I knew all this, I lov'd it,
I doted on it too, and yet I kill'd it.
Oh, what have I forſaken? what have I loſt?

Y. Arc. Madam, I'll take my leave; ſince ſhe is wand'ring,
'Tis fit I know no reſt.

Olym. Will you go too, Sir?
I have not wrong'd you yet. If you dare truſt me—
For yet I love Alinda there, I honour her,
I love to look upon thoſe eyes that ſpeak her,
To read that face again—Modeſty keep me!
Alinda, in that ſhape!—But why ſhould you truſt me?
'Twas I betray'd your ſiſter, I undid her;
And, believe me, gentle youth, 'tis I weep for her,
Appoint what penance you pleaſe; but ſtay then,
And ſee me perform it; aſk what honour this place
Is able to heap on you, or what wealth:
If following me will like you, my care of you,
Which, for your ſiſter's ſake, for your own goodneſs—

Y. Arc. Not all the honour earth has, now ſhe's gone, lady,
Not all the favour——Yet, if I ſought preferment,
Under your bounteous Grace I'd only take it.
Peace reſt upon you! One ſad tear every day,
For poor Alinda's ſake, 'tis fit you pay! [*Exit.*

Olym. A thouſand, noble youth; and, when I ſleep,
Ev'n in my ſilver ſlumbers[50] ſtill I'll weep. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE III.

Enter Duke and Gentlemen.

Duke. Have you been with 'em?

Gent. Yes, an't pleaſe your Grace;

[50] Silver *ſlumbers.*] Perhaps originally, SILENT *ſlumbers.*

But

But no perſuaſion ſerves 'em, nor no promiſe:
They're fearful angry, and by this time, Sir,
Upon their march to th' enemy.

Duke. They muſt be ſtopp'd.

Enter Burris.

Gent. Ay, but what force is able? and what leader—

Duke. How now? have you been with Archas?

Burris. Yes, an't pleaſe you,
And told him all: He frets like a chaf'd lion,
Calls for his arms, and all thoſe honeſt courtiers
That dare draw ſwords.

Duke. Is he able to do any thing?

Burris. His mind is well enough; and where his charge is,
Let him be ne'er ſo ſore, 'tis a full army.

Duke. Who commands the rebels?

Burris. The young colonel;
That makes the old man almoſt mad. He ſwears, Sir,
He will not ſpare his ſon's head for the dukedom.

Duke. Is the court in arms?

Burris. As faſt as they can buſtle,
Every man mad to go now; inſpir'd ſtrangely,
As if they were to force the enemy.
I beſeech your Grace to give me leave.

Duke. Pray go, Sir,
And look to the old man well. Take up all fairly,
And let no blood be ſpilt; take general pardons,
And quench this fury with fair peace.

Burris. I ſhall, Sir,
Or ſeal it with my ſervice[51]. They are villains.
The court is up: Good Sir, go ſtrengthen 'em;
Your royal ſight will make 'em ſcorn all dangers;
The general needs no proof.

Duke. Come, let's go view 'em. [*Exeunt.*

[51] *Or ſeal it with my ſervice.*] This expreſſion is obſcure; but the following ſeems to be the meaning of it: 'I'll either quench 'this fury, or, in endeavouring ſo to do, put a period to my ſervice.' *J. N.*

SCENE

SCENE IV.

Enter Theodore, Putſkie, Ancient, Soldiers, drums and colours.

Theod. 'Tis known we're up, and marching. No ſubmiſſion,
No promiſe of baſe peace, can cure our maladies:
We've ſuffer'd beyond all repair of honour;
Your valiant old man's whipt; whipt, gentlemen,
Whipt like a ſlave; that fleſh that never trembled,
Nor ſhrunk one ſinew at a thouſand charges,
That noble body, ribb'd in arms, the enemy
So often ſhook at, and then ſhunn'd like thunder,
That body's torn with laſhes.

Anc. Let's turn head.

Putſ. Turn nothing, gentlemen; let's march on fairly,
Unleſs they charge us.

Theod. Think ſtill of his abuſes,
And keep your angers.

Anc. He was whipt like a top;
I never ſaw a whore ſo lac'd: Court ſchool-butter?
Is this their diet? I'll dreſs 'em one running banquet;
What oracle can alter us? Did not we ſee him?
See him we lov'd?

Theod. And tho' we did obey him,
Forc'd by his reverence for that time; is't fit, gentlemen,
My noble friends, is't fit we men, and ſoldiers,
Live to endure this, and look on too?

Putſ. Forward! they may call back the ſun as ſoon, ſtay time,
Preſcribe a law to death, as we endure this.

Theod. They'll make ye all fair promiſes.

Anc. We care not.

Theod. Uſe all their arts upon ye.

Anc. Hang all their arts!

Putſ. And happily they'll bring him with 'em.

Anc. March apace then;
He's old, and cannot overtake us.

Putſ.

Putſ. Say he do?

Anc. We'll run away with him; they ſhall ne'er ſee him more.

The truth is, we'll hear nothing, ſtop at nothing,
Conſider nothing but our way; believe nothing,
Not tho' they ſay their prayers; be content with nothing,
But the knocking out their brains; and laſt, do nothing
But ban 'em and curſe 'em, till we come to kill 'em.

Theod. Remove then forwards bravely! Keep your minds whole,
And the next time we face 'em ſhall be fatal. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE V.

Enter Archas, Duke, Burris, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Archas. Peace to your Grace! Take reſt, Sir; they're before us.

Gent. They are, Sir, and upon the march. [*Exit Duke.*

Archas. Lord Burris,
Take you thoſe horſe and coaſt 'em[52]: Upon the firſt advantage,
If they won't ſlack their march, charge 'em up roundly;
By that time I'll come in.

Burris. I'll do it truly. [*Exit.*

Gent. How do you feel yourſelf, Sir?

Archas. Well, I thank you;
A little weak, but anger ſhall ſupply that.
You'll all ſtand bravely to it?

All. While we have lives, Sir.

Archas. Ye ſpeak like gentlemen. I'll make the knaves know,
The proudeſt, and the ſtrongeſt-hearted rebel,

[52] *Take you thoſe horſe, and* coaſt *'em.*] Probably we ſhould read *cote*, which ſignifies *overtake*. So in Shakeſpeare's Hamlet, Roſencrantz, ſpeaking of the players, ſays, 'we *coted* them on the way.' Alſo, in The Return from Parnaſſus, a comedy, 1606, reprinted in Hawkins's Origin of the Drama,

'———marry, we preſently *coted*, and outſtript them.'

R.

They

They have a law to live in, and they ſhall have.
Beat up apace; by this time he's upon 'em;
[*Drum within.*
And, ſword, but hold me now, thou ſhalt play ever!
[*Exeunt.*

Enter, drums beating, Theodore, Putſkie, Ancient, and their Soldiers.

Theod. Stand, ſtand, ſtand cloſe, and ſure!

Enter Burris, and one or two Soldiers.

The horſe will charge us.
Anc. Let 'em come on; we've provender fit for 'em.
Putſ. Here comes lord Burris, Sir, I think to parly.
Theod. You're welcome, noble Sir; I hope to our part.
Burris. No, valiant colonel, I am come to chide ye,
To pity ye; to kill ye, if theſe fail me.
Fy, what diſhonour ſeek ye! what black infamy!
Why do ye draw out thus? draw all ſhame with ye?
Are theſe fit cares in ſubjects? I command ye
Lay down your arms again; move in that peace,
That fair obedience, you were bred in.
Putſ. Charge us!
We come not here to argue.
Theod. Charge up bravely,
And hotly too; we have hot ſpleens to meet ye,
Hot as the ſhames are offer'd us.

Enter Archas, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Burris. Look behind ye:
D'ye ſee that old man? do ye know him, ſoldiers?
Putſ. Your father, Sir, believe me!
Burris. You know his marches,
You've ſeen his executions: Is it yet peace?
Theod. We'll die here firſt.
Burris. Farewell! You'll hear on's preſently.
Archas. Stay, Burris:
This is too poor, too beggarly a body,
To bear the honour of a charge from me;
A ſort of tatter'd rebels. Go, provide gallowſes!

Ye're

Ye're troubled with hot heads; I'll cool ye preſently!
Theſe look like men that were my ſoldiers,
Now I behold 'em nearly, and more narrowly,
My honeſt friends: Where got they theſe fair figures?
Where did they ſteal theſe ſhapes?

Burris. They're ſtruck already.

Archas. D'you ſee that fellow there, that goodly rebel?
He looks as like a captain I lov'd tenderly,
A fellow of a faith indeed——

Burris. H'has ſham'd him.

Archas. And that that bears the colours there, moſt certain
So like an Ancient of mine own, a brave fellow,
A loving and obedient, that, believe me, Burris,
I am amaz'd and troubled: And, were it not
I know the general goodneſs of my people,
The duty, and the truth, the ſtedfaſt honeſty,
And am aſſur'd they would as ſoon turn devils
As rebels to allegiance, for mine honour——

Burris. Here needs no wars.

Putſ. I pray forgive us, Sir.

Anc. Good general, forgive us, or uſe your ſword;
Your words are double death.

All. Good noble general!

Burris. Pray, Sir, be merciful.

Archas. Weep out your ſhames firſt;
Ye make me fool for company. Fy, ſoldiers!
My ſoldiers too, and play theſe tricks? What's he there?
Sure I have ſeen his face too! Yes; moſt certain
I have a ſon (but I hope he is not here now)
Would much reſemble this man, wondrous near him;
Juſt of his height and making too. You ſeem a leader.

Theod. Good Sir, don't ſhame me more: I know your anger,
And leſs than death I look not for.

Archas. You ſhall be my charge, Sir; it ſeems you want foes,

When

When you would make your friends your enemies:
A running blood you have, but I ſhall cure you.

Burris. Good Sir——

Archas. No more, good lord. Beat forward, ſoldiers!
And you march in the rear; you've loſt your places.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE VI.

Enter Duke, Olympia, Honora, and Viola.

Duke. You ſhall not be thus ſullen ſtill with me, ſiſter;
You do the moſt unnobly to be angry,
For, as I have a ſoul, I never touch'd her;
I never yet knew one unchaſte thought in her.
I muſt confeſs I lov'd her; as who would not?
I muſt confeſs I doted on her ſtrangely;
I offer'd all, yet ſo ſtrong was her honour,
So fortified as fair, no hope could reach her:
And while the world beheld this, and confirm'd it,
Why would you be ſo jealous?

Olym. Good Sir, pardon me;
I feel ſufficiently my folly's penance,
And am aſham'd; that ſhame a thouſand ſorrows
Feed on continually. Would I had never ſeen her,
Or with a clearer judgment look'd upon her!
She was too good for me; ſo heavenly good, Sir,
Nothing but Heav'n can love that ſoul ſufficiently,
Where I ſhall ſee her once again!

Enter Burris.

Duke. No more tears;
If ſhe be within the dukedom, we'll recover her.
Welcome, lord Burris; fair news I hope.

Burris. Moſt fair, Sir:
Without one drop of blood theſe wars are ended,
The ſoldier cool'd again, indeed aſham'd, Sir,
And all his anger ended.

Duke. Where's lord Archas?

Burris. Not far off, Sir; with him his valiant ſon,
Head of this fire, but now a priſoner;

And,

And, if by your ſweet mercy not prevented,
I fear ſome fatal ſtroke. [*Drums.*

Enter Archas, Theodore, Gentlemen, and Soldiers.

Duke. I hear the drums beat.
Welcome, my worthy friend!
Archas. Stand where you are, Sir;
Even as you love your country, move not forward,
Nor plead for peace, till I have done a juſtice,
A juſtice on this villain, (none of mine now!)
A juſtice on this rebel.
Hon. Oh, my brother!
Archas. This fatal firebrand——
Duke. Forget not, old man,
He is thy ſon, of thine own blood.
Archas. In theſe veins
No treachery e'er harbour'd yet, no mutiny;
I ne'er gave life to lewd and headſtrong rebels.
Duke. 'Tis his firſt fault.
Archas. Not of a thouſand, Sir;
Or, were it ſo, it is a fault ſo mighty,
So ſtrong againſt the nature of all mercy,
His mother, were ſhe living, would not weep for him.
He dare not ſay he would live.
Theod. I muſt not, Sir,
While you ſay 'tis not fit. Your Grace's mercy,
Not to my life applied, but to my fault, Sir!
The world's forgiveneſs next! laſt, on my knees, Sir,
I humbly beg,
Do not take from me yet the name of father!
Strike me a thouſand blows, but let me die yours!
Archas. He moves my heart: I muſt be ſudden with him,
I ſhall grow faint elſe in my execution.
Come, come, Sir, you have ſeen death; now meet him bravely.
Duke. Hold, hold, I ſay, a little, hold! Conſider,
Thou haſt no more ſons, Archas, to inherit thee.
Archas. Yes, Sir, I have another, and a nobler:

No

No treaſon ſhall inherit me: Young Archas,
A boy as ſweet as young; my brother breeds him,
My noble brother Briſkie, breeds him nobly:
Him let your favour find, give him your honour.

Enter Putſkie (alias Briſkie) and Young Archas.

Putſ. Thou haſt no child left, Archas, none to inherit thee,
If thou ſtrik'ſt that ſtroke now. Behold young Archas!
Behold thy brother here, thou bloody brother,
As bloody to this ſacrifice as thou art!
Heave up thy ſword, and mine's heav'd up! Strike, Archas,
And I'll ſtrike too, as ſuddenly, as deadly!
Have mercy, and I'll have mercy! the duke gives it.
Look upon all theſe, how they weep it from thee;
Chuſe quickly, and begin.

Duke. On your obedience,
On your allegiance, ſave him!

Archas. Take him to ye: [*Soldiers ſhout.*
And, ſirrah, be an honeſt man; you've reaſon.
I thank you, worthy brother! Welcome, child,
Mine own ſweet child!

Duke. Why was this boy conceal'd thus?

Putſ. Your Grace's pardon!
Fearing the vow you made againſt my brother,
And that your anger would not only light
On him, but find out all his family,
This young boy, to preſerve from after-danger,
Like a young wench, hither I brought; myſelf,
In the habit of an ordinary captain
Diſguis'd, got entertainment, and ſerv'd here,
That I might ſtill be ready to all fortunes.
The boy your Grace took, nobly entertain'd him,
But thought a girl; Alinda, madam.

Olym. Stand away,
And let me look upon him!

Duke. My young miſtreſs?
(This is a ſtrange metamorphoſis) Alinda?

Y. Arc. Your Grace's humble ſervant.
Duke. Come hither, ſiſter.
I dare yet ſcarce believe mine eyes. How they view
one another?
Doſt thou not love this boy well?
Olym. I ſhould lie elſe, truſt me,
Extremely lie, Sir.
Duke. Didſt thou ne'er wiſh, Olympia,
It might be thus?
Olym. A thouſand times.
Duke. Here, take him!
Nay, do not bluſh: I do not jeſt; kiſs ſweetly!
Boy, you kiſs faintly, boy. Heav'n give ye comfort!
Teach him; he'll quickly learn. There's two hearts
eas'd now.
Archas. You do me too much honour, Sir.
Duke. No, Archas;
But all I can, I will.—Can you love me? Speak truly.
Hon. Yes, Sir, dearly.
Duke. Come hither, Viola; can you love this man?
Viola. I'll do the beſt I can, Sir.
Duke. Seal it, Burris.
We'll all to church together inſtantly;
And then a vie for boys[53]! Stay; bring Boroſkie!

Enter Boroſkie.

I had almoſt forgot that lump of miſchief.
There, Archas, take the enemy to honour,
The knave to worth; do with him what thou wilt.
Archas. Then, to my ſword again, you to your
prayers;
Waſh off your villainies; you feel the burden.
Bor. Forgive me ere I die, moſt honeſt Archas!

[53] *And then a* vie *for boys.*] *Vie* and *revie* are terms at an old game at cards, formerly played at, called *gleek*. It ſeems to have been much like the preſent game *brag*. The manner in which it was played is deſcribed in 'The Compleat Gameſter, or Inſtructions how to play 'at Billiards, Trucks, Bowls, and Cheſs, together with all manner of 'uſual and moſt gentile games, either on cards or dice.' 2d edit. 1680. *R.*

'Tis too much honour that I periſh thus.
Oh, ſtrike my faults to kill them, that no memory,
No black and blaſted infamy, hereafter——
Archas. Come, are you ready?
Bor. Yes.
Archas. And truly penitent, to make your way ſtraight?
Bor. Thus I waſh off my ſins.
Archas. Stand up, and live then,
And live an honeſt man; I ſcorn mens' ruins.
Take him again, Sir, try him; and believe
This thing will be a perfect man.
Duke. I take him.
Bor. And when I fail thoſe hopes, Heav'n's hopes fail me!
Duke. You're old: No more wars, father! Theodore,
Take you the charge; be general.
Theod. All good bleſs you!
Duke. And, my good father, you dwell in my boſom;
From you riſe all my good thoughts: When I'd think
And examine time for one that's fairly noble,
And the ſame man thro' all the ſtraits of virtue,
Upon this ſilver book I'll look, and read him.
Now forward merrily to Hymen's rites,
To joys, and revels, ſports! and he that can
Moſt honour Archas, is the nobleſt man. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

THO' ſomething well aſſur'd, few here repent
Three hours of precious time, or money ſpent
On our endeavours, yet, not to rely
Too much upon our care and induſtry,
'Tis fit we ſhould aſk, but a modeſt way,
How you approve our action in the play?
If you vouchſafe to crown it with applauſe,
It is your bounty, and you give us cauſe
Hereafter with a general conſent
To ſtudy, as becomes us, your content.

RULE

OF THE
BOMBAY
ASIATIC

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE

Marg. *Why, Sirrah! Why, Sirrah, you!*
Leon. *I hear you, saucy Woman;*
And, as you are my Wife, command your absence!
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modesty.
Act III.

M.A. Rooker del. C. Grignion sculp.

RULE A WIFE AND HAVE A WIFE.

The Commendatory Verſes by Hills aſcribe this Comedy ſolely to Fletcher; in the title of the firſt copy, Fletcher's name is mentioned, without Beaumont's; and the Prologue ſpeaks ſingly of 'the Poet.' The firſt edition was printed in 1640. *Many years ago, ſome judicious alterations in the cataſtrophe of this Comedy were made by David Garrick, Eſq.*

PROLOGUE.

PLEASURE attend ye! and about ye ſit
The ſprings of mirth, fancy, delight, and wit,
To ſtir ye up! Do not your looks let fall,
Nor to remembrance our late errors call,
Becauſe this day we're Spaniards all again[1],
The ſtory of our play, and our ſcene Spain:
The errors too, do not for this cauſe hate;
Now we preſent their wit, and not their ſtate.
Nor, ladies, be not angry, if you ſee
A young freſh beauty, wanton, and too free,
Seek to abuſe her huſband; ſtill 'tis Spain;
No ſuch groſs errors in your kingdom reign:
You're veſtals all[2], and tho' we blow the fire,
We ſeldom make it flame up to deſire;
Take no example neither to begin,
For ſome by precedent delight to ſin;
Nor blame the Poet if he ſlip aſide
Sometimes laſciviouſly, if not too wide.
But hold your fans cloſe, and then ſmile at eaſe;
A cruel ſcene did never lady pleaſe.
Nor, gentlemen, pray be not you diſpleas'd,
Tho' we preſent ſome men fool'd, ſome diſeas'd,
Some drunk, ſome mad: We mean not you, you're free;
We tax no further than our comedy;
You are our friends; ſit noble then, and ſee!

[1] *Nor to remembrance our late errors call,*
Becauſe this day we're Spaniards all again.] This part of the Prologue ſeems to refer to the ill ſucceſs of ſome tragedy, founded on a Spaniſh ſtory, which had then been preſented to the publick.

[2] *W'are* veſtals *all.*] The context very evidently requires the change which Mr. Sympſon firſt ſuggeſted here. *Seward.*

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

MEN.

Duke *of Medina.*
Juan de Caſtro, *a Spaniſh colonel.*
Sanchio, } *officers in the army.*
Alonzo, }
Michael Perez, *the Copper Captain.*
Leon, *brother to Altea, and by her contrivance married to Margarita.*
Cacafogo, *a rich uſurer.*

WOMEN.

Margarita, *a wanton lady, married to Leon, by whom ſhe is reclaimed.*
Altea, *her ſervant.*
Clara, *a Spaniſh lady.*
Eſtifania, *a woman of intrigue, married to Perez.*
Three old Ladies.
An Old Woman, and Maid.

SCENE, SPAIN.

Rule

Rule a Wife and Have a Wife.

ACT I.

Enter Juan de Caſtro and Michael Perez.

Perez. ARE your companies full, colonel?

Juan. No, not yet, Sir;
Nor will not be this month yet, as I reckon.
How riſes your command?

Perez. We pick up ſtill,
And, as our monies hold out, we have men come:
About that time I think we ſhall be full too.
Many young gallants go.

Juan. And unexperienc'd:
The wars are dainty dreams to young hot ſpirits;
Time and experience will allay thoſe viſions.
We have ſtrange things to fill our numbers:
There's one don Leon, a ſtrong goodly fellow [3],
Recommended to me from ſome noble friends,
For my Alferes [4]; had you but ſeen his perſon,
And what a giant's promiſe it proteſteth!

Perez. I've heard of him, and that he hath ſerv'd before too.

Juan. But no harm done, nor never meant, don Michael,

[3] *A* ſtrange *goodly fellow.*] The variation in the text was propoſed by Theobald, and rejected by Seward.

[4] *Alferes.*] Enſign. Spaniſh. *R.*

That came to my ears yet. Aſk him a queſtion,
He bluſhes like a girl, and anſwers little,
To the point leſs; he wears a ſword, a good one,
And good cloaths too; he's whole-ſkin'd, has no hurts yet;
Good promiſing hopes; I never yet heard certainly
Of any gentleman that ſaw him angry.

Perez. Preſerve him; he'll conclude a peace if need be.
Many as ſtrong as he will go along with us [5],
That ſwear as valiantly as heart can wiſh,
Their mouths charg'd with ſix oaths at once, and whole ones,
That make the drunken Dutch creep into mole-hills.

Juan. 'Tis true, ſuch we muſt look for. But, Michael Perez,
When heard you of donna Margarita, the great heireſs?

Perez. I hear every hour of her, tho' I never ſaw her;
She is the main diſcourſe. Noble don Juan de Caſtro,
How happy were that man could catch this wench up,
And live at eaſe! She's fair and young, and wealthy,
Infinite wealthy, and as gracious too
In all her entertainments, as men report.

Juan. But ſhe is proud, Sir, that I know for certain,
And that comes ſeldom without wantonneſs:
He that ſhall marry her, muſt have a rare hand.

Perez. 'Would I were married; I would find that wiſdom
With a light rein to rule my wife. If ever woman
Of the moſt ſubtile mould went beyond me,
I'd give the boys leave to hoot me out o'th' pariſh.

[5] *Many as* ſtrong *as he will go along with us.*] Mr. Theobald for *ſtrong* would ſubſtitute *ſtrange*; and Mr. Seward, who alters the text to *ſtout*, ſays, 'I believe whoever fully conſiders the context, where '*ſtrength of body* had before been mentioned as joined with cowardice, 'will think with me, that *ſtout* either was or OUGHT TO HAVE BEEN 'the original.' This *belief* of what *ought to have been* betrays Mr. Seward into numberleſs arbitrary variations, though he ſeldom is ingenuous enough to mention them.—We apprehend *ſtrong* to be the right word, and to be uſed here *ironically*.

Enter

Enter a Servant.

Serv. Sir,
There be two gentlewomen attend to ſpeak with you.
Juan. Wait on 'em in.
Perez. Are they two handſome women?
Serv. They ſeem ſo, very handſome; but they're veil'd, Sir.
Perez. Thou put'ſt ſugar in my mouth; how it melts with me!
I love a ſweet young wench.
Juan. Wait on them in, I ſay. [*Exit Servant.*
Perez. Don Juan!
Juan. How you itch, Michael! how you burniſh!
Will not this ſoldier's heat out of your bones yet?
Do your eyes glow now?
Perez. There be two.
Juan. Say, honeſt;
What ſhame have you then[6]?
Perez. I would fain ſee that:
I've been i' th' Indies twice, and have ſeen ſtrange things;
But, two honeſt women!——One I read of once.
Juan. Prithee, be modeſt.
Perez. I'll be any thing!

Enter Servant, Clara, and Eſtifania, veil'd.

Juan. You're welcome, ladies.
Perez. Both hooded! I like 'em well tho'.
They come not for advice in law ſure hither!
May be they'd learn to raiſe the pike; I'm for 'em.
They're very modeſt; 'tis a fine preludium:
Juan. With me, or with this gentleman, would you ſpeak, lady?
Clara. With you, Sir, as I gueſs; Juan de Caſtro.

[6] *What* ſhame *have you then?*] Mr. Theobald reads *ſhare*, and the ſame change was ſuggeſted by an ingenious friend. But I ſee no reaſon for it. How will you be *aſham'd* if you offer rudeneſs to women of virtue? Juan is a good character, and the ſentiment very proper for him. *Seward.*

The meaning may be, 'how will you be *diſgraced*, if you offer 'gallantry, where it will not be accepted.'

Perez.

Perez. Her curtain opens; ſhe's a pretty gentlewoman.

Juan. I am the man, and ſhall be bound to fortune, I may do any ſervice to your beauties.

Clara. Captain, I hear you're marching down to Flanders,
To ſerve the Catholick king.

Juan. I am, ſweet lady.

Clara. I have a kinſman, and a noble friend,
Employ'd in thoſe wars; may be, Sir, you know him;
Don Campuſano, captain of carbines,
To whom I would requeſt your nobleneſs
To give this poor remembrance. [*Gives a letter.*

Juan. I ſhall do it;
I know the gentleman, a moſt worthy captain.

Clara. Something in private.

Juan. Step aſide: I'll ſerve thee. [*Ex. Juan and Cla.*

Perez. Prithee, let me ſee thy face.

Eſtif. Sir, you muſt pardon me:
Women of our ſort, that maintain fair memories[7],
And keep ſuſpect off from their chaſtities,
Had need wear thicker veils.

Perez. I am no blaſter of a lady's beauty,
Nor bold intruder on her ſpecial favours;
I know how tender reputation is,
And with what guards it ought to be preſerv'd, lady:
You may to me.

Eſtif. You muſt excuſe me, Signior;
I come not here to ſell myſelf.

Perez. As I'm a gentleman!
By th' honour of a ſoldier!

Eſtif. I believe you;
I pray you be civil; I believe you'd ſee me,
And when you've ſeen me I believe you'll like me;
But in a ſtrange place, to a ſtranger too,
As if I came on purpoſe to betray you!
Indeed, I will not.

Perez. I ſhall love you dearly;

[7] *Fair* memories.] *i. e.* Fair characters.

And

And 'tis a ſin to fling away affection:
I have no miſtreſs, no deſire to honour
Any but you.—Will not this oyſter open?—
I know not, you have ſtruck me with your modeſty—
She will draw ſure—ſo deep, and taken from me
All the deſire I might beſtow on others——
Quickly, before they come!

Eſtif. Indeed, I dare not:
But, ſince I ſee you're ſo deſirous, Sir,
To view a poor face that can merit nothing
But your repentance——

Perez. It muſt needs be excellent.

Eſtif. And with what honeſty you aſk it of me;
When I am gone let your man follow me,
And view what houſe I enter; thither come;
For there I dare be bold to appear open,
And, as I like your virtuous carriage then,

Enter Juan, Clara, and Servant.

I ſhall be able to give welcome to you.——
Sh' hath done her buſineſs; I muſt take my leave, Sir.

Perez. I'll kiſs your fair white hand, and thank you, lady:
My man ſhall wait, and I ſhall be your ſervant.
Sirrah, come near; hark!

Serv. I ſhall do it faithfully. [*Exit.*

Juan. You will command me no more ſervices?

Clara. To be careful of your noble health, dear Sir,
That I may ever honour you.

Juan. I thank you,
And kiſs your hands. Wait on the ladies down there!
[*Exeunt ladies and Servant.*

Perez. You had the honour to ſee the face that came to you?

Juan. And 'twas a fair one; what was yours, don Michael?

Perez. Mine was i' th' eclipſe, and had a cloud drawn over it;
But, I believe, well, and I hope 'tis handſome;

She

She had a hand would ſtir a holy hermit.
Juan. You know none of 'em?
Perez. No.
Juan. Then I do, captain;
But I'll ſay nothing till I ſee the proof on't.
Sit cloſe don Perez, or your worſhip's caught:
I fear a fly [8].
Perez. Were thoſe ſhe brought love-letters?
Juan. A packet to a kinſman now in Flanders.
Yours was very modeſt, methought.
Perez. Some young unmanag'd thing;
But I may live to ſee——
Juan. 'Tis worth experience.
Let's walk abroad, and view our companies. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Sanchio and Alonzo.

Sanc. What, are you for the wars, Alonzo?
Alon. It may be ay,
It may be no; e'en as the humour takes me.
If I find peace among the female creatures,
And eaſy entertainment, I'll ſtay at home;
I'm not ſo far oblig'd yet to long marches
And mouldy biſcuits, to run mad for honour.
When you're all gone, I have my choice before me.
Sanc. Of which hoſpital thou'lt ſweat in. Wilt thou
Never leave whoring?
Alon. There is leſs danger in't than gunning, Sanchio:
Tho' we be ſhot ſometimes, the ſhot's not mortal;
Beſides, it breaks no limbs.
Sanc. But it diſables 'em; doſt thou ſee how thou pull'ſt
Thy legs after thee, as they hung by points?
Alon. Better to pull 'em thus, than walk on wooden ones;

[8] *I fear a* fly.] Both Mr. Theobald and Mr. Sympſon make a query about this. I ſuppoſe it a metaphor taken from fiſhing with *flies*. *Seward.*

We apprehend *fly* alludes to ſome common ſaying in the time of our Authors. It obviouſly implies *a trick*; *muſca, moſca,* a *fly*.

Serve

Serve bravely for a billet to ſupport me.
Sanc. Fy, fy! 'tis baſe.
Alon. Doſt thou count it baſe to ſuffer?
Suffer abundantly? 'tis the crown of honour.
You think it nothing to lie twenty days
Under a ſurgeon's hands, that has no mercy.
Sanc. As thou haſt done, I'm ſure. But I perceive now
Why you deſire to ſtay; the Orient heireſs,
The Margarita, Sir!
Alon. I would I had her.
Sanc. They ſay ſhe'll marry.
Alon. Yes, I think ſhe will.
Sanc. And marry ſuddenly, as report goes too!
She fears her youth will not hold out, Alonzo.
Alon. I would I had the ſheathing on't.
Sanc. They ſay too
She has a greedy eye, that muſt be fed
With more than one man's meat.
Alon. Would ſhe were mine!
I'd cater for her well enough. But, Sanchio,
There be too many great men that adore her;
Princes, and princes' fellows, that claim privilege.
Sanc. Yet thoſe ſtand off i' th' way of marriage;
To be tied to a man's pleaſure is a ſecond labour.
Alon. Sh'has bought a brave houſe here in town.
Sanc. I've heard ſo.
Alon. If ſhe convert it now to pious uſes,
And bid poor gentlemen welcome!
Sanc. When comes ſhe to it?
Alon. Within theſe two days; ſhe's i' th' country yet,
And keeps the nobleſt houſe!
Sanc. Then there's ſome hope of her.
Wilt thou go my way?
Alon. No, no, I muſt leave you,
And repair to an old gentlewoman
That has credit with her, that can ſpeak a good word.
Sanc. Send thee good fortune! but make thy body ſound firſt.

Alon.

Alon. I am a ſoldier, and too ſound a body
Becomes me not. Farewell, Sanchio! [*Exeunt.*

Enter a Servant of Michael Perez.

Serv. 'Tis this or that houſe, or I've loſt my aim;
They're both fair buildings. She walk'd plaguy faſt

Enter Eſtifania.

And hereabouts I loſt her. Stay! that's ſhe,
'Tis very ſhe. She makes me a low court'ſy.
Let me note the place; the ſtreet I well remember.
She's in again. Certain ſome noble lady: [*Exit Eſtif.*
How happy ſhould I be if ſhe love my maſter!
A wondrous goodly houſe; here are brave lodgings,
And I ſhall ſleep now like an emperor,
And eat abundantly. I thank my fortune!
I'll back with ſpeed, and bring him happy tidings.
[*Exit.*

Enter three old Ladies.

1 *Lady.* What ſhould it mean, that in ſuch haſte we're ſent for?

2 *Lady.* Belike the lady Margaret has ſome buſineſs She'd break to us in private.

3 *Lady.* It ſhould ſeem ſo.
'Tis a good lady, and a wiſe young lady.

2 *Lady.* And virtuous enough too, I warrant ye,
For a young woman of her years: 'Tis pity
To load her tender age with too much virtue.

3 *Lady.* 'Tis more ſometimes than we can well away with [9].

9 *Well away with.*] This mode of expreſſion needs no explanation; we ſhall only obſerve, that it is frequently to be found in our ancient writers. In the Second Part of Henry IV. act iii. ſcene ii. Shallow ſays, 'ſhe could never *away with me.*' And among 'The orders 'thought meete by her majeſtie to be executed throughout the counties 'of this realme, in ſuch townes, villages, and other places, as are or 'may be hereafter infected with the plague, for the ſtay of further 'increaſe of the ſame,' B. L. 4to. printed by Barker, is a receipt 'for 'women with child, or ſuch as be delicate and tender, *and cannot* '*away with* taking medicines.' R.

Enter

Enter Altea.

Altea. Good morrow, ladies!

All. Morrow, my good madam!

1 *Lady.* How does the ſweet young beauty, lady Margaret?

2 *Lady.* Has ſhe ſlept well after her walk laſt night?

1 *Lady.* Are her dreams gentle to her mind?

Altea. All's well;
She's very well; ſhe ſent for you thus ſuddenly
To give her counſel in a buſineſs
That much concerns her.

2 *Lady.* She does well and wiſely,
To aſk the counſel of the ancient'ſt, madam;
Our years have run thro' many things ſhe knows not.

Altea. She would fain marry.

1 *Lady.* 'Tis a proper calling,
And well beſeems her years. Who would ſhe yoke with?

Altea. That's left to argue on. I pray come in,
And break your faſt; drink a good cup or two,
To ſtrengthen your underſtandings; then ſhe'll tell ye.

2 *Lady.* And good wine breeds good counſel; we'll yield to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro and Leon.

Juan. Have you ſeen any ſervice?

Leon. Yes.

Juan. Where?

Leon. Every where.

Juan. What office bore you?

Leon. None; I was not worthy.

Juan. What captains know you?

Leon. None; they were above me.

Juan. Were you ne'er hurt?

Leon. Not that I well remember,
But once I ſtole a hen, and then they beat me.
Pray aſk me no long queſtions; I've an ill memory.

Juan. This is an aſs. Did you ne'er draw your ſword yet?

Leon.

Leon. Not to do any harm, I thank Heav'n for't.
Juan. Nor ne'er ta'en priſoner?
Leon. No, I run away,
For I had ne'er no money to redeem me.
Juan. Can you endure a drum?
Leon. It makes my head ake.
Juan. Are you not valiant when you're drunk?
Leon. I think not;
But I am loving, Sir.
Juan. What a lump is this man!
Was your father wiſe?
Leon. Too wiſe for me, I'm ſure;
For he gave all he had to my younger brother.
Juan. That was no fooliſh part, I'll bear you witneſs.
Canſt thou lie with a woman?
Leon. I think I could make ſhift, Sir;
But I am baſhful.
Juan. In the night?
Leon. I know not;
Darkneſs indeed may do ſome good upon me.
Juan. Why art thou ſent to me to be my officer,
Ay, and commended too, when thou dar'ſt not fight?
Leon. There be more officers of my opinion,
Or I am cozen'd, Sir; men that talk more too.
Juan. How wilt thou 'ſcape a bullet?
Leon. Why, by chance;
They aim at honourable men; alas, I'm none, Sir.
Juan. This fellow has ſome doubts in's talk, that ſtrike me;

Enter Alonzo.

He cannot be all fool. Welcome, Alonzo!
Alon. What have you got there? Temperance into
Your company? the ſpirit of peace? we ſhall have wars

Enter Cacafogo.

By the ounce then. Oh, here's another pumpion;
Let him looſe for luck ſake, the cramm'd ſon
Of a ſtarv'd uſurer, Cacafogo;

Both

Both their brains butter'd cannot make too ſpoonfuls.

Cac. My father's dead; I am a man of war too, Monies, demeſnes; I've ſhips at ſea too, captains.

Juan. Take heed o' th' Hollanders; your ſhips may leak elſe.

Cac. I ſcorn the Hollanders; they are my drunkards.

Leon. Put up your gold, Sir; I will borrow it elſe.

Cac. I'm ſatisfied, you ſhall not.—Come out; I know thee;
Meet mine anger inſtantly!

Leon. I never wrong'd you.

Cac. Thou haſt wrong'd mine honour;
Thou look'dſt upon my miſtreſs thrice laſciviouſly;
I'll make it good.

Juan. Do not heat yourſelf; you will ſurfeit.

Cac. Thou won'ſt my money too, with a pair of baſe bones,
In whom there was no truth; for which I beat thee,
I beat thee much; now I will hurt thee dangerouſly;
This ſhall provoke thee. [*He ſtrikes.*

Alon. You ſtruck too low by a foot, Sir.

Juan. You muſt get a ladder when you'd beat this fellow.

Leon. I cannot chuſe but kick again; pray pardon me!

Cac. Hadſt thou not aſk'd my pardon, I had kill'd thee.
I leave thee as a thing deſpis'd! *Baſo las manos à voſtra Seignoria*[10]! [*Exit.*

Alon. You've 'ſcap'd by miracle; there is not, in all Spain,
A ſpirit of more fury than this fire-drake.

Leon. I ſee he's haſty; and I'd give him leave
To beat me ſoundly, if he'd take my bond.

Juan. What ſhall I do with this fellow?

Alon. Turn him off:
He will infect the camp with cowardice,
If he go with thee.

Juan. About ſome week hence, Sir,

[10] *Aſſolei manus a voſtra ſiniare a maiſtre.*] I have put Mr. Theobald's correction of this into the text. *Steward.*

If I can hit upon no abler officer,
You ſhall hear from me.
Leon. I deſire no better. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Eſtifania and Perez.

Perez. You've made me now too bountiful amends, lady,
For your ſtrict carriage when you ſaw me firſt.
Theſe beauties were not meant to be conceal'd;
It was a wrong to hide ſo ſweet an object;
I could now chide you, but it ſhall be thus.
No other anger ever touch your ſweetneſs!
Eſtif. You appear to me ſo honeſt, and ſo civil,
Without a bluſh, Sir, I dare bid you welcome.
Perez. Now let me aſk your name.
Eſtif. 'Tis Eſtifania;
The heir of this poor place.
Perez. Poor, do you call it?
There's nothing that I caſt mine eyes upon,
But ſhews both rich and admirable; all the rooms
Are hung as if a princeſs were to dwell here;
The gardens, orchards, every thing ſo curious!
Is all that plate your own too?
Eſtif. 'Tis but little,
Only for preſent uſe; I've more and richer,
When need ſhall call, or friends compel me uſe it.
The ſuits you ſee of all the upper chambers,
Are thoſe that commonly adorn the houſe:
I think I have, beſides, as fair as Sevil [11],
Or any town in Spain, can parallel.

[11] ——— *as fair, as* civil,
As *any town in Spain can parallel.*] The firſt quarto reads,
——— *as* civil,
Or *any town in Spain can parallel.*
The ſubſequent editions in attempting to correct this made tolerable ſenſe by changing *or* to *as*, though Mr. Sympſon and I agree that they miſtook the real corruption; the change of the adjective *civil* to the name of the city gives ſo much better a reading, that we doubt not of its being the original. Upon conſulting Mr. Theobald's margin, I find the ſame correction there. *Seward.*

Perez.

Perez. Now if ſhe be not married, I have ſome hopes.
Are you a maid?

Eſtif. You make me bluſh to anſwer;
I ever was accounted ſo to this hour,
And that's the reaſon that I live retir'd, Sir.

Perez. Then would I counſel you to marry preſently,
—If I can get her, I am made for ever—
For every year you loſe, you loſe a beauty;
A huſband now, an honeſt careful huſband,
Were ſuch a comfort! Will you walk above ſtairs?

Eſtif. This place will fit our talk; 'tis fitter far, Sir;
Above there are day-beds, and ſuch temptations
I dare not truſt, Sir.—

Perez. She's excellent wiſe withal too.—

Eſtif. You nam'd a huſband; I am not ſo ſtrict, Sir,
Nor tied unto a virgin's ſolitarineſs,
But if an honeſt, and a noble one,
Rich, and a ſoldier (for ſo I've vow'd he ſhall be)
Were offer'd me, I think I ſhould accept him;
But, above all, he muſt love.

Perez. He were baſe elſe.—
There's comfort miniſter'd in the word ſoldier:
How ſweetly ſhould I live!

Eſtif. I'm not ſo ignorant,
But that I know well how to be commanded,
And how again to make myſelf obey'd, Sir.
I waſte but little, I have gather'd much;
My rial not the leſs worth, when 'tis ſpent,
If ſpent by my direction; to pleaſe my huſband,
I hold it as indifferent in my duty,
To be his maid i' th' kitchen, or his cook,
As in the hall to know myſelf the miſtreſs.

Perez. Sweet, rich, and provident! now fortune ſtick to me!—
I am a ſoldier, and a batchelor, lady;
And ſuch a wife as you I could love infinitely:
They that uſe many words, ſome are deceitful;
I long to be a huſband, and a good one;
For 'tis moſt certain I ſhall make a precedent

For all that follow me to love their ladies.
I'm young you ſee, able I'd have you think too;
If't pleaſe you know, try me, before you take me.
'Tis true, I ſhall not meet in equal wealth
With you; but jewels, chains, ſuch as the war
Has giv'n me, a thouſand ducats I dare preſume on
In ready gold, (now as your care may handle it)
As rich cloaths too as any he bears arms, lady!

Eſtif. You're a true gentleman, and fair, I ſee by you;
And ſuch a man I'd rather take——

Perez. Pray do ſo!
I'll have a prieſt o' th' ſudden.

Eſtif. And as ſuddenly
You will repent too.

Perez. I'll be hang'd or drown'd firſt,
By this, and this, and this kiſs!

Eſtif. You're a flatterer;
But I muſt ſay there was ſomething when I ſaw you firſt,
In that moſt noble face, that ſtirr'd my fancy.

Perez. I'll ſtir it better ere you ſleep, ſweet lady.
I'll ſend for all my trunks and give up all to you,
Into your own diſpoſe, before I bed you;
And then, ſweet wench——

Eſtif. You have the art to cozen me. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

Enter Margarita, two Ladies, and Altea.

Marg. SIT down, and give me your opinions ſeriouſly.

1 *Lady.* You ſay you have a mind to marry, lady?

Marg. 'Tis true, I have, for to preſerve my credit;
Yet not ſo much for that as for my ſtate, ladies;
Conceive me right, there lies the main o' th' queſtion;
Credit I can redeem, money will imp it;
But when my money's gone, when the law ſhall

Seize

Seize that, and for incontinency ſtrip me of all?

1 *Lady.* D'ye find your body ſo malicious that way?

Marg. I find it as all bodies are that are young and luſty,
Lazy, and high fed; I deſire my pleaſure,
And pleaſure I muſt have.

2 *Lady.* 'Tis fit you ſhould have;
Your years require it, and 'tis neceſſary,
As neceſſary as meat to a young lady;
Sleep cannot nouriſh more.

1 *Lady.* But might not all this be, and keep you ſingle?
You take away variety in marriage,
Th' abundance of the pleaſure you are barr'd then;
Is't not abundance that you aim at?

Marg. Yes;
Why was I made a woman?

2 *Lady.* And ev'ry day a new?

Marg. Why fair and young, but to uſe it?

1 *Lady.* You're ſtill i' th' right; why ſhould you marry then?

Altea. Becauſe a huſband ſtops all doubts in this point,
And clears all paſſages.

2 *Lady.* What huſband mean ye?

Altea. A huſband of an eaſy faith [12], a fool,

[12] Altea. *A huſband of an eaſy faith.*] This part of *Altea* is given to the Fourth Lady in the firſt quarto. She is the plotter, and ſiſter to Leon; but the players, probably to contract the number of characters, gave her whole part to Altea; and with ſo much judgment, that I queſtion whether they had not the Author's approbation, and therefore I ſhall not alter it. *Seward.*

We ſhould be glad to know how this approbation, which Mr. Seward makes no queſtion of the Author's giving, was communicated; as it muſt have been ſent from the Elyzian Fields; ſince Fletcher died fifteen years before this firſt quarto was printed; ſubſequent to which the variation of the interlocutors was made. But perhaps Mr. Seward "*intended* the anachroniſm," to render the circumſtance "more droll and laughable." See note 44, on Humorous Lieutenant, p. 81. of this vol. The approbation, however, was totally undeſerved; for, in this firſt quarto, the characters are ſtrangely jumbled together; the ſame perſon being, in the very ſame ſcene, ſometimes called

Made by her wealth, and moulded to her pleaſure;
One, tho' he ſee himſelf become a monſter,
Shall hold the door, and entertain the maker.
2 *Lady.* You grant there may be ſuch a man.
1 *Lady.* Yes, marry;
But how to bring 'em to this rare perfection.
2 *Lady.* They muſt be choſen ſo; things of no honour,
Nor outward honeſty.
Marg. No, 'tis no matter;
I care not what they are, ſo they be luſty.
2 *Lady.* Methinks now, a rich lawyer; ſome ſuch fellow,
That carries credit and a face of awe,
But lies with nothing but his clients' buſineſs.
Marg. No, there's no truſting them; they are too ſubtle;
The law has moulded 'em of natural miſchief.
1 *Lady.* Then, ſome grave governor,
Some man of honour, yet an eaſy man.
Marg. If he have honour, I'm undone; I'll none ſuch:
I'll have a luſty man; honour will cloy me.
Altea. 'Tis fit you ſhould, lady;
And to that end, with ſearch and wit, and labour,
I've found one out, a right one and a perfect;
He's made as ſtrong as braſs, is of brave years too,
And doughty of complexion.
Marg. Is he a gentleman?
Altea. Yes, and a ſoldier; as gentle as you'd wiſh him;
A good fellow, wears good cloaths.
Marg. Thoſe I'll allow him;
They are for my credit. Does he underſtand
But little?
Altea. Very little.
Marg. 'Tis the better.

Altea, ſometimes *Fourth Lady*. This Mr. Seward does not ſeem to have known. The plot, however, ſeems to give the whole part to Altea.

Have

Have not the wars bred him up to anger?
Altea. No;
He will not quarrel with a dog that bites him;
Let him be drunk or ſober, he's one ſilence.
Marg. H' has no capacity what honour is?
For that's the ſoldier's god.
Altea. Honour's a thing too ſubtile for his wiſdom;
If honour lie in eating, he's right honourable.
Marg. Is he ſo goodly a man, do you ſay?
Altea. As you ſhall ſee, lady;
But, to all this, he's but a trunk.
Marg. I'd have him ſo,
I ſhall add branches to him to adorn him.
Go, find me out this man, and let me ſee him;
If he be that motion [13] that you tell me of,
And make no more noiſe, I ſhall entertain him.
Let him be here.
Altea. He ſhall attend your ladyſhip. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan, Alonzo, and Perez.

Juan. Why, thou art not married indeed?
Perez. No, no; pray think ſo.
Alas, I am a fellow of no reckoning,
Not worth a lady's eye!
Alon. Wouldſt thou ſteal a fortune,
And make none of all thy friends acquainted with it,
Nor bid us to thy wedding?
Perez. No, indeed!
There was no wiſdom in't, to bid an artiſt,
An old ſeducer, to a female banquet!
I can cut up my pye without your inſtructions.
Juan. Was it the wench i' th' veil?
Perez. Baſta! 'twas ſhe;
The prettieſt rogue that e'er you look'd upon,
The loving'ſt thief!

[13] *If he be that* motion.] i. e. *Puppet.* The word occurs in the ſame ſenſe in Shakeſpeare and Ben Jonſon. In the play of Bartholomew Fair, Maſter Pod is mentioned as Maſter of the *Motions.* R.

Juan. And is ſhe rich withal too?

Perez. A mine, a mine! there is no end of wealth, colonel.

I am an aſs, a baſhful fool! Prithee, colonel,
How do thy companions fill now?

Juan. You're merry, Sir;
You intend a ſafer war at home, belike now?

Perez. I do not think I ſhall fight much this year, colonel;
I find myſelf giv'n to my eaſe a little.
I care not if I ſell my fooliſh company;
They're things of hazard.

Alon. How it angers me,
This fellow at firſt ſight ſhould win a lady,
A rich young wench; and I, that have conſum'd
My time and art in ſearching out their ſubtleties,
Like a fool'd alchemiſt, blow up my hopes ſtill!
When ſhall we come to thy houſe and be freely merry?

Perez. When I have manag'd her a little more;
I have a houſe to entertain an army.

Alon. If thy wife be fair, thou'lt have few leſs come to thee.

Perez. But where they'll get entertainment is the point, Signior;
I beat no drum.

Alon. You need none but her tabor.

Perez. May be I'll march [14], after a month or two,
To get me a freſh ſtomach. I find, colonel,
A wantonneſs in wealth, methinks I agree not with;
'Tis ſuch a trouble to be married too,
And have a thouſand things of great importance,
Jewels, and plates, and fooleries, moleſt me;
To have a man's brains whimſied with his wealth!
Before, I walk'd contentedly.

[14] Alon. *You need none but her tabor;*
May be I'll march, &c.] This whole ſpeech, all but the firſt line of which ſo evidently belongs to *Perez*, was given to *Alonzo* in all the former editions. Mr. Sympſon and Mr. Theobald agreed with me in the emendation. *Seward.*

Enter

Enter Servant.

Serv. My miſtreſs, Sir, is ſick, becauſe you're abſent;
She mourns, and will not eat.

Perez. Alas, my jewel!
Come I'll go with thee. Gentlemen, your fair leaves!
You ſee I'm tied a little to my yoke;
Pray pardon me! 'would ye had both ſuch loving wives!

Juan. I thank you [*Exeunt Perez and Servant.*
For your old boots! Never be blank, Alonzo,
Becauſe this fellow has outſtript thy fortune!
Tell me ten days hence what he is, and how
The gracious ſtate of matrimony ſtands with him,
Come, let's to dinner. When Margarita comes,
We'll viſit both; it may be then your fortune. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Ladies.

Marg Is he come?

Altea. Yes, madam; h' has been here this half-hour.
I've queſtion'd him of all that you can aſk him,
And find him as fit as you had made the man:
He'll make the goodlieſt ſhadow for iniquity!

Marg. Have ye ſearch'd him, ladies?

Omnes. He's a man at all points, a likely man!

Marg. Call him in, Altea. [*Exit Altea.*

Enter Leon and Altea.

A man of a good preſence! Pray you come this way;
Of a luſty body: Is his mind ſo tame?

Altea. Pray queſtion him; and if you find him not
Fit for your purpoſe, ſhake him off; there's no harm done.

Marg. Can you love a young lady? How he bluſhes!

Altea. Leave twirling of your hat, and hold your head up,
And ſpeak to th' lady.

Leon. Yes, I think I can;
I muſt be taught; I know not what it means, madam.

Marg.

Marg. You ſhall be taught. And can you, when ſhe pleaſes,
Go ride abroad, and ſtay a week or two?
You ſhall have men and horſes to attend you,
And money in your purſe.
Leon. Yes, I love riding;
And when I am from home I am ſo merry!
Marg. Be as merry as you will. Can you as handſomely,
When you are ſent for back, come with obedience,
And do your duty to the lady loves you?
Leon. Yes, ſure, I ſhall.
Marg. And when you ſee her friends here,
Or noble kinſmen, can you entertain
Their ſervants in the cellar, and be buſied,
And hold your peace, whate'er you ſee or hear of?
Leon. 'Twere fit I were hang'd elſe.
Marg. Let me try your kiſſes.
How the fool ſhakes! I will not eat you, Sir.
Beſhrew my heart, he kiſſes wondrous manly?
Can you do any thing elſe?
Leon. Indeed, I know not;
But if your ladyſhip will pleaſe to inſtruct me,
Sure I ſhall learn.
Marg. You ſhall then be inſtructed.
If I ſhould be this lady that affects you,
Nay, ſay I marry you——
Altea. Hark to the lady.
Marg. What money have you?
Leon. None, madam, nor friends.
I would do any thing to ſerve your ladyſhip.
Marg. You muſt not look to be my maſter, Sir,
Nor talk i'th' houſe as tho' you wore the breeches;
No, nor command in any thing.
Leon. I will not;
Alas, I am not able; I've no wit, madam.
Marg. Nor do not labour to arrive at any;
'Twill ſpoil your head. I take you upon charity,
And like a ſervant you muſt be unto me;

As

As I behold your duty I ſhall love you,
And, as you obſerve me, I may chance lie with you.
Can you mark theſe?
Leon. Yes, indeed, forſooth.
Marg. There is one thing,
That if I take you in I put you from me,
Utterly from me; you muſt not be ſaucy,
No, nor at any time familiar with me;
Scarce know me, when I call you not.
Leon. I will not.
Alas, I never knew myſelf ſufficiently.
Marg. Nor muſt not now.
Leon. I'll be a dog to pleaſe you.
Marg. Indeed, you muſt fetch and carry as I appoint you.
Leon. I were to blame elſe.
Marg. Kiſs me again. A ſtrong fellow!
There is a vigour in his lips: If you ſee me
Kiſs any other, twenty in an hour, Sir,
You muſt not ſtart, nor be offended.
Leon. No,
If you kiſs a thouſand I ſhall be contented;
It will the better teach me how to pleaſe you!
Altea. I told you, madam!
Marg. 'Tis the man I wiſh'd for,
The leſs you ſpeak——
Leon. I'll never ſpeak again, madam,
But when you charge me; then I'll ſpeak ſoftly too.
Marg. Get me a prieſt; I'll wed him inſtantly.
But when you're married, Sir, you muſt wait upon me,
And ſee you obſerve my laws.
Leon. Elſe you ſhall hang me.
Marg. I'll give you better cloaths when you deſerve 'em.——
Come in, and ſerve for witneſſes.
Omnes. We ſhall, madam.
Marg. And then away to th' city preſently;
I'll to my new houſe and new company.

Leon

Leon. A thouſand crowns are thine; and I'm a made man.

Altea. Do not break out too ſoon!

Leon. I know my time, wench. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Clara and Eſtifania, with a paper.

Clara. What, have you caught him?

Eſtif. Yes.

Clara. And do you find him
A man of thoſe hopes that you aim'd at?

Eſtif. Yes, too;
And the moſt kind man, and the ableſt alſo
To give a wife content! He's ſound as old wine,
And to his ſoundneſs riſes on the palate;
And there's the man! I find him rich too, Clara.

Clara. Haſt thou married him?

Eſtif. What, doſt thou think I fiſh without a bait, wench?
I bob for fools: He is mine own, I have him.
I told thee what would tickle him like a trout;
And, as I caſt it, ſo I caught him daintily,
And all he has I've ſtow'd at my devotion.

Clara. Does thy lady know this? She's coming now to town,
Now to live here in this houſe.

Eſtif. Let her come;
She ſhall be welcome, I am prepar'd for her;
She's mad ſure if ſhe be angry at my fortune,
For what I have made bold.

Clara. Doſt thou not love him?

Eſtif. Yes, entirely well,
As long as there he ſtays, and looks no further
Into my ends; but when he doubts, I hate him,
And that wiſe hate will teach me how to cozen him [15].

A lady-

[15] *And that wiſe hate will teach me how to cozen him,*
How to decline their wives, &c.] Mr. Sympſon agrees with me that there is certainly a line or more loſt between theſe two. The ſenſe neceſſary is very clear from what Perez ſays of himſelf,

Have I ſo long ſtudied the art of this ſex,

And

A lady-tamer he, and reads men warnings
How to decline their wives, and curb their manners,
To put a ſtern and ſtrong rein to their natures,
And holds he is an aſs not worth acquaintance,
That cannot mould a devil to obedience.
I owe him a good turn for theſe opinions,
And, as I find his temper, I may pay him.

Enter Perez.

Oh, here he is; now you ſhall ſee a kind man.

Perez. My Eſtifania! ſhall we to dinner, lamb?
I know thou ſtay'ſt for me.

Eſtif. I cannot eat elſe.

Perez. I never enter, but methinks a paradiſe
Appears about me.

Eſtif. You're welcome to it, Sir.

Perez. I think I have the ſweeteſt ſeat in Spain, wench;
Methinks the richeſt too. We'll eat i'th' garden,
In one o'th' arbours, (there 'tis cool and pleaſant)
And have our wine cool'd in the running fountain.
Who's that?

Eſtif. A friend of mine, Sir.

Perez. Of what breeding?

Eſtif. A gentlewoman, Sir.

Perez. What buſineſs has ſhe?
Is ſhe a learned woman i' th' mathematics?
Can ſhe tell fortunes?

Eſtif. More than I know, Sir.

Perez. Or has ſhe e'er a letter from a kinſwoman,
That muſt be deliver'd in my abſence, wife?
Or comes ſhe from the doctor to ſalute you,
And learn your health? She looks not like a confeſſor.

And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profeſt to tame the pride of ladies?

From the ſenſe of theſe lines, therefore, I have ventured to form one, which I doubt not to be the ſenſe of that which is loſt, and I ſhall keep as cloſe to his words here as I can. And for this reaſon, in the line, I have inſerted, I have us'd *lady-tamer* inſtead of *woman-tamer*, and *warnings* inſtead of *lectures*. *Seward.*

Eſtif.

Eſtif. What need all this? why are you troubled, Sir?
What d'you ſuſpect? ſhe cannot cuckold you;
She is a woman, Sir, a very woman.
Perez. Your very woman may do very well, Sir,
Toward the matter; for, tho' ſhe can't perform it
In her own perſon, ſhe may do't by proxy:
Your rareſt jugglers work ſtill by conſpiracy.
Eſtif. Cry you mercy, huſband! you are jealous then,
And happily ſuſpect me?
Perez. No, indeed, wife.
Eſtif. Methinks you ſhould not till you have more cauſe,
And clearer too. I'm ſure you've heard ſay, huſband,
A woman forc'd will free herſelf thro' iron;
A happy, calm, and good wife, diſcontented,
May be taught tricks.
Perez. No, no, I do but jeſt with you.
Eſtif. To-morrow, friend, I'll ſee you.
Clara. I ſhall leave you
'Till then, and pray all may go ſweetly with you. [*Exit.*
Eſtif. Why, where's this girl? Who's at the door?
Perez. Who knocks there? [*Knock.*
Is't for the king you come, you knock ſo boiſt'rouſly?
Look to the door.

Enter Maid.

Maid. My lady! as I live, miſtreſs, my lady's come!
She's at the door; I peep'd thro', and I ſaw her,
And a ſtately company of ladies with her.
Eſtif. This was a week too ſoon; but I muſt meet with her,
And ſet a new wheel going, and a ſubtile one,
Muſt blind this mighty Mars, or I am ruin'd.
Perez. What are they at door?
Eſtif. Such, my Michael,
As you may bleſs the day they enter'd here;
Such for our good!
Perez. 'Tis well.
Eſtif. Nay, 'twill be better

If

If you will let me but diſpoſe the buſineſs,
And be a ſtranger to't, and not diſturb me:
What have I now to do but to advance your fortune
Perez. Do; I dare truſt thee. I'm aſham'd I was angry;
I find thee a wiſe young wife.
Eſtif. Ill wiſe your worſhip
Before I leave you!—Pray you walk by, and ſay nothing,
Only ſalute them, and leave the reſt to me, Sir:
I was born to make you a man. [*Exit.*
Perez. The rogue ſpeaks heartily;
Her good-will colours in her cheeks; I'm born to love her.
I muſt be gentler to theſe tender natures;
A ſoldier's rude harſh words befit not ladies,
Nor muſt we talk to them as we talk to our officers.
I'll give her way, for 'tis for me ſhe works now;
I am huſband, heir, and all ſhe has.

Enter Margarita, Leon, Altea, Eſtifania, and Ladies.

Who are theſe? what flanting things? A woman
Of rare preſence! excellent fair! This is too big
For a bawdy-houſe, too open-ſeated too.
Eſtif. My huſband, lady!
Marg. You've gain'd a proper man.
Perez. Whate'er I am, I am your ſervant, lady.
[*Kiſſes.*
Eſtif. Sir, be rul'd now, and I ſhall make you rich:
This is my couſin; that gentleman dotes on her,
Even to death; ſee how he obſerves her.
Perez. She is a goodly woman.
Eſtif. She's a mirror,
But ſhe is poor; ſhe were for a prince's ſide elſe.
This houſe ſhe has brought him to, as to her own,
Preſuming upon me, and upon my courteſy;
(Conceive me ſhort) he knows not but ſhe's wealthy:
Or, if he did know otherwiſe, 'twere all one,

He's

He's ſo far gone.

Perez. Forward. She has a rare face.

Eſtif. This we muſt carry with diſcretion, huſband,
And yield unto her for four days.

Perez. Yield our houſe up,
Our goods, and wealth?

Eſtif. All this is but in ſeeming,
To milk the lover on. D'you ſee this writing?
Two hundred pound a-year, when they are married,
Has ſhe ſeal'd to for our good: The time's unfit now;
I'll ſhew it you to-morrow.

Perez. All the houſe?

Eſtif. All, all, and we'll remove too, to confirm him;
They'll into th' country ſuddenly again
After they're match'd, and then ſhe'll open to him.

Perez. The whole poſſeſſion, wife? Look what you do.
A part o'th' houſe——

Eſtif. No, no, they ſhall have all,
And take their pleaſure too; 'tis for our 'vantage.
Why, what's four days? Had you a ſiſter, Sir,
A neice or miſtreſs, that requir'd this courteſy,
And ſhould I make a ſcruple to do you good?

Perez. If eaſily it would come back.

Eſtif. I ſwear, Sir,
As eaſily as it came on. Is it not pity
To let ſuch a gentlewoman [16] for a little help?
You give away no houſe.

Perez. Clear but that queſtion.

Eſtif. I'll put the writings into your hand.

Perez. Well then.

Eſtif. And you ſhall keep them ſafe.

Perez. I'm ſatisfied. Would I'd the wench ſo too.

Eſtif. When ſhe has married him,
So infinite his love is link'd unto her,

[16] ——— *is it not pity*
To let *ſuch a gentlewoman for a little help?*] *i. e.* 'To *obſtruct*, 'or hinder the advancement of ſuch a lady, for want of ſome little 'aſſiſtance.' Here the verb *let* is uſed according to its ancient acceptation.

You,

You, I, or any one that helps at this pinch,
May have Heav'n knows what.
Perez. I'll remove the goods ſtraight,
And take ſome poor houſe by; 'tis but for four days.
Eſtif. I have a poor old friend; there we'll be.
Perez. 'Tis well then.
Eſtif. Go handſome off, and leave the houſe clear.
Perez. Well.
Eſtif. That little ſtuff we'll uſe ſhall follow after,
And a boy to guide you. Peace, and we are made both!
[*Exit Perez.*
Marg. Come, let's go in. Are all the rooms kept ſweet, wench?
Eſtif. They're ſweet and neat.
Marg. Why, where's your huſband?
Eſtif. Gone, madam,
When you come to your own, he muſt give place, lady.
Marg. Well, ſend you joy! You would not let me know't,
Yet I ſhall not forget you.
Eſtif. Thank your ladyſhip! [*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

Enter Margarita, Altea, and Boy.

Altea. ARE you at eaſe now? is your heart at reſt,
Now you have got a ſhadow, an umbrella,
To keep the ſcorching world's opinion
From your fair credit?
Marg. I'm at peace, Altea:
If he continue but the ſame he ſhews,
And be a maſter of that ignorance
He outwardly profeſſes, I am happy.
The pleaſure I ſhall live in, and the freedom,
Without the ſquint-eye of the law upon me,

Or prating liberty of tongues, that envy!

Altea. You're a made woman.

Marg. But if he ſhould prove now
A crafty and diſſembling kind of huſband,
One read in knavery, and brought up in the art
Of villainy conceal'd?

Altea. My life, an innocent.

Marg. That's it I aim at,
That's it I hope too; then I'm ſure I rule him;
For innocents are like obedient children
Brought up under a hard mother-in-law, a cruel,
Who being not us'd to breakfaſts and collations,
When they have coarſe bread offer'd 'em, are thankful,
And take it for a favour too. Are the rooms
Made ready to entertain my friends?
I long to dance now, and to be wanton;
Let me have a ſong. Is the great couch up
The duke of Medina ſent?

Altea. 'Tis up and ready.

Marg. And day-beds in all chambers?

Altea. In all, lady;
Your houſe is nothing now but various pleaſures;
The gallants begin to gaze too.

Marg. Let 'em gaze on;
I was brought up a courtier, high and happy,
And company is my delight, and courtſhip,
And handſome ſervants at my will. Where's my good huſband?
Where does he wait?

Altea. He knows his diſtance, madam;
I warrant you he's buſy in the cellar,
Amongſt his fellow ſervants, or aſleep,
'Till your command awake him.

Enter Leon and Servant.

Marg. 'Tis well, Altea;
It ſhould be ſo; my ward I muſt preſerve him.——
Who ſent for him? how dare he come uncall'd for?
His bonnet on too!

Altea.

Altea. Sure he ſees you not.
Marg. How ſcornfully he looks!
Leon. Are all the chambers
Deck'd and adorn'd thus for my lady's pleaſure?
New hangings ev'ry hour for entertainment,
And new plate bought, new jewels to give luſtre?
Serv. They are, and yet there muſt be more and richer;
It is her will.
Leon. Hum. Is it ſo? 'tis excellent.
It is her will too, to have feaſts and banquets,
Revels, and maſques?
Serv. She ever lov'd 'em dearly,
And we ſhall have the braveſt houſe kept now, Sir!
I muſt not call you maſter (ſhe has warn'd me)
Nor muſt not put my hat off to you.
Leon. 'Tis no faſhion;
What tho' I be her huſband, I'm your fellow.
I may cut firſt.
Serv. That's as you ſhall deſerve, Sir.
Leon. And when I lie with her——
Serv. May be I'll light you;
On the ſame point you may do me that ſervice.

Enter a Lady.

1 *Lady.* Madam, the duke Medina, with ſome captains,
Will come to dinner, and have ſent rare wine,
And their beſt ſervices.
Marg. They ſhall be welcome.
See all be ready in the nobleſt faſhion,
The houſe perfum'd. Now I ſhall take my pleaſure,
And not my neighbour Juſtice maunder at me.
Go, get your beſt cloaths on; but, 'till I call you,
Be ſure you be not ſeen. Dine with the gentlewomen,
And behave yourſelf cleanly, Sir; 'tis for my credit.

Enter a Second Lady.

2 *Lady.* Madam, the lady Julia——
Leon. That's a bawd,

A three-pil'd bawd, bawd-major to the army.
2 *Lady*. Has brought her coach to wait upon your ladyſhip,
And to be inform'd if you will take the air this morning.
Leon. The neat air of her nunnery!
Marg. Tell her no;
I' th' afternoon I'll call on her.
2 *Lady*. I will, madam. [*Exit*.
Marg. Why are not you gone to prepare yourſelf?
May be you ſhall be ſewer to the firſt courſe.
A portly preſence! Altea, he looks lean;
'Tis a waſh knave, he will not keep his fleſh well.
Altea. A willing, madam, one that needs no ſpurring.
Leon. Faith, madam, in my little underſtanding,
You'd better entertain your honeſt neighbours,
Your friends about you, that may ſpeak well of you,
And give a worthy mention of your bounty.
Marg. How now? what's this?
Leon. 'Tis only to perſuade you:
Courtiers are but tickle things to deal withal,
A kind of marchpane men, that will not laſt, madam;
An egg and pepper goes further than their potions,
And in a well-built body, a poor parſnip
Will play his prize above their ſtrong potabiles.
Marg. The fellow's mad!
Leon. He that ſhall counſel ladies,
That have both liquoriſh and ambitious eyes,
Is either mad or drunk, let him ſpeak goſpel.
Altea. He breaks out modeſtly.
Leon. Pray you be not angry,
My indiſcretion has made bold to tell you
What you'll find true.
Marg. Thou dar'ſt not talk?
Leon. Not much, madam:
You have a tie upon your ſervant's tongue;
He dares not be ſo bold as reaſon bids him;
'Twere fit there were a ſtronger on your temper.
Ne'er look ſo ſtern upon me; I'm your huſband!

But what are huſbands? Read the new world's wonders,
Such huſbands as this monſtrous world produces,
And you will ſcarce find ſuch deformities;
They're ſhadows to conceal your venial virtues,
Sails to your mills, that grind with all occaſions,
Balls that lie by you, to waſh out your ſtains,
And bills nail'd up with horns before your ſtories,
To rent out luſt [17].

Marg. D'you hear him talk?

Leon. I've done, madam;
An ox once ſpoke, as learned men deliver;
Shortly I ſhall be ſuch; then I'll ſpeak wonders!
'Till when, I tie myſelf to my obedience. [*Exit.*

Marg. Firſt, I'll untie myſelf! Did you mark the gentleman,
How boldly and how ſaucily he talk'd,
And how unlike the lump I took him for,
The piece of ignorant dough? He ſtood up to me,
And mated [18] my commands! this was your providence,
Your wiſdom, to elect this gentleman,
Your excellent forecaſt in the man, your knowledge!
What think you now?

Altea. I think him an aſs ſtill;
This boldneſs ſome of your people have blown into him,
This wiſdom too, with ſtrong wine; 'tis a tyrant,
And a philoſopher alſo, and finds out reaſons.

Marg. I'll have my cellar lock'd, no ſchool kept there,
Nor no diſcovery. I'll turn my drunkards,
Such as are underſtanding in their draughts,
And diſpute learnedly the *whys* and *wherefores*,
To graſs immediately; I'll keep all fools,
Sober or drunk, ſtill fools, that ſhall know nothing;
Nothing belongs to mankind, but obedience;

[17] *And bills nail'd up with horns before your ſtories,*
To rent out luſt.] A moſt beautiful metaphor has been here entirely loſt in all the former editions by the change of a ſingle letter, which when once hit upon appears ſelf evident. *Seward.*

[18] *Mated.*] Shakeſpeare uſes this word in the ſame ſenſe it bears here; *i.e.* to *oppoſe*, or *contend with*; and this ſignification it alſo carries at the game of cheſs.

And ſuch a hand I'll keep over this huſband.

Altea. He'll fall again; my life, he cries by this time;
Keep him from drink; h' has a high conſtitution.

Enter Leon.

Leon. Shall I wear my new ſuit, madam?

Marg. No, your old cloaths,
And get you into th' country preſently,
And ſee my hawks well train'd; you ſhall have victuals,
Such as are fit for ſaucy palates, Sir,
And lodgings with the hinds; it is too good too.

Altea. Good madam, be not ſo rough with repentance[19]:
You ſee now he's come round again.

Marg. I ſee not what I expect to ſee.

Leon. You ſhall ſee, madam, if it ſhall pleaſe your ladyſhip——

Altea. He's humbled;
Forgive, good lady.

Marg. Well, go get you handſome,
And let me hear no more.

Leon. Have you yet no feeling? [*Aſide.*
I'll pinch you to the bones then, my proud lady! [*Exit.*

Marg. See you preſerve him thus, upon my favour;
You know his temper, tie him to the grindſtone;
The next rebellion I'll be rid of him.
I'll have no needy raſcals I tie to me,
Diſpute my life. Come in, and ſee all handſome.

Altea. I hope to ſee you ſo too; I've wrought ill elſe,
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Shall I ne'er return to mine own houſe again?
We're lodg'd here in the miſerableſt dog-hole,
A conjurer's circle gives content above it;
A hawk's mew is a princely palace to it:
We have a bed no bigger than a baſket,
And there we lie like butter clapt together,

[19] Altea. *Good madam, be not ſo rough with repentance.*] This line Mr. Seward gives, we think improperly, to *Leon.*

And

And ſweat ourſelves to ſauce immediately.
The fumes are infinite inhabit here too,
And to that ſo thick, they cut like marmalet;
So various too, they'll poſe a gold-finder!
Never return to mine own paradiſe?
Why, wife, I ſay! why, Eſtifania!
Eſtif. [*within.*] I'm going preſently.
Perez. Make haſte, good jewel!
I'm like the people that live in the ſweet iſlands [20]:
I die, I die, if I ſtay but one day more here;
My lungs are rotten with the damps that riſe,
And I cough nothing now but ſtinks of all ſorts.
The inhabitants we have are two ſtarv'd rats,
(For they're not able to maintain a cat here)
And thoſe appear as fearful as two devils [21];
They've eat a map o' th' whole world up already,
And if we ſtay a night, we're gone for company.
There's an old woman that's now grown to marble,
Dried in this brick-kiln, and ſhe ſits i' th' chimney,
(Which is but three tiles, rais'd like a houſe of cards)
The true proportion of an old ſmoak'd ſibyl;
There is a young thing too, that nature meant
For a maid-ſervant, but 'tis now a monſter;
She has a huſk about her like a cheſnut
With lazineſs, and living under the line here;
And theſe two make a hollow ſound together,
Like frogs, or winds between two doors that murmur.

Enter Eſtifania.

Mercy, deliver me! Oh, are you come, wife?
Shall we be free again?

[20] *That live in the ſweet iſlands.*] *Sweet Iſlands* may at firſt ſeem an odd compariſon to the ſtenches of the dog-hole here ſpoke of, but *ſweet* means the Sugar-Iſlands, Barbadoes, St. Kitts, *&c.* the heat and unwholſomneſs of which, at particular ſeaſons, is well known. Mr. Theobald not ſeeing this, reads, *ſweat iſlands.* *Seward.*

[21] *As* fearful *as two devils.*] *Fearful* is here the ſame as *frightful* or *furious*; ſo the verb to *fear* is often us'd actively, *i. e.* to *frighten.* If *fearful* is underſtood in its uſual ſenſe, the paſſage will loſe all its humour. *Seward.*

Eſtif. I am now going,
And you ſhall preſently to your own houſe, Sir;
The remembrance of this ſmall vexation
Will be argument of mirth for ever.
By that time you have ſaid your oriſons,
And broke your faſt, I ſhall be back, and ready
To uſher you to your old content, your freedom.
Perez. Break my neck rather! Is there any thing here to eat
But one another, like a race of cannibals?
A piece of butter'd wall you think is excellent!
Let's have our houſe again immediately;
And pray you take heed unto the furniture,
None be embezzled!
Eſtif. Not a pin, I warrant you.
Perez. And let 'em inſtantly depart!
Eſtif. They ſhall both,
(There's reaſon in all courteſies) they muſt both,
For by this time I know ſhe has acquainted him,
And has provided too; ſhe ſent me word, Sir,
And will give over gratefully unto you.
Perez. I'll walk i' th' church-yard;
The dead cannot offend more than theſe living,
An hour hence I'll expect you.
Eſtif. I'll not fail, Sir.
Perez. And do you hear, let's have a handſome dinner,
And ſee all things be decent as they have been,
And let me have a ſtrong bath to reſtore me!
I ſtink like a ſtall-fiſh, ſhambles[22], or an oil-ſhop.
Eſtif. You ſhall have all—(which ſome interpret nothing).—
I'll ſend you people for the trunks afore-hand,
And for the ſtuff.

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[22] *I ſtink like a* ſtall-fiſh ſhambles.] A *ſtall for fiſh* and a *fiſh ſhambles* ſeems to differ but as a part from the whole; I therefore read, *a ſtale fiſh ſhambles.* *Seward.*

The old reading gives a further ſenſe, only inſerting a comma: *I ſtink like a* ſtall-fiſh, ſhambles, *or an oil-ſhop*: That is, 'I ſmell as ſtrong as a fiſh-ſtall, a butcher's ſhambles, or an oil ſhop.

Perez.

Perez. Let 'em be known and honeſt;
And do my ſervice to your neice.
Eſtif. I ſhall, Sir;
But if I come not at my hour, come thither,
That they may give you thanks for your fair courteſy.
And pray you be brave[23], for my ſake!
Perez. I obſerve you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Juan de Caſtro, Sanchio, and Cacafogo.

Sanc. Thou'rt very brave.
Cac. I've reaſon; I have money.
Sanc. Is money reaſon?
Cac. Yes, and rhime too, captain.
If you've no money, you're an aſs.
Sanc. I thank you.
Cac. You've manners; ever thank him that has money.
Sanc. Wilt thou lend me any?
Cac. Not a farthing, captain;
Captains are caſual things.
Sanc. Why, ſo are all men;
Thou ſhalt have my bond.
Cac. Nor bonds nor fetters, captain:
My money is mine own; I make no doubt on't.
Juan. What doſt thou do with it?
Cac. Put it to pious uſes,
Buy wine and wenches, and undo young coxcombs
That would undo me.
Juan. Are thoſe hoſpitals?
Cac. I firſt provide to fill my hoſpitals?
With creatures of mine own, that I know wretched,
And then I build; thoſe are more bound to pray for me;
Beſides, I keep the inheritance in my name ſtill.
Juan. A provident charity! Are you for the wars, Sir?
Cac. I am not poor enough to be a ſoldier,

[23] *And pray you be* brave.] i. e. *Well dreſs'd*; a requeſt peculiarly humorous; Eſtifania having pillaged Perez's trunks; and left him but that 'one civil ſuit' which was upon his back.

J. N.

Nor

Nor have I faith enough to ward a bullet:
This is no lining for a trench, I take it.
Juan. You have ſaid wiſely.
Cac. Had you but my money,
You'd ſwear it, colonel; I'd rather drill at home
A hundred thouſand crowns, and with more honour,
Than exerciſe ten thouſand fools with nothing:
A wiſe man ſafely feeds, fools cut their fingers.
Sanc. A right ſtate uſurer; why doſt thou not marry,
And live a reverend juſtice?
Cac. Is't not nobler
To command a reverend juſtice, than to be one?
And for a wife, what need I marry, captain,
When every courteous fool that owes me money,
Owes me his wife too, to appeaſe my fury?
Juan. Wilt thou go to dinner with us?
Cac. I will go,
And view the pearl of Spain, the orient fair one,
The rich one too, and I will be reſpected;
I bear my patent here: I will talk to her;
And when your captainſhips ſhall ſtand aloof,
And pick your noſes, I will pick the purſe
Of her affection.
Juan. The duke dines there to-day too,
The duke of Medina.
Cac. Let the king dine there,
He owes me money, and ſo far's my creature;
And certainly I may make bold with mine own, captain,
Sanc. Thou wilt eat monſtrouſly?
Cac. Like a true-born Spaniard;
Eat as I were in England, where the beef grows!
And I will drink abundantly, and then
Talk you as wantonly as Ovid did,
To ſtir the intellectuals of the ladies;
I learnt it of my father's amorous ſcrivener.
Juan. If we ſhould play now, you muſt ſupply me.
Cac. You muſt pawn a horſe-troop,
And then have at you, colonel!
Sanc. Come, let's go,

This

This raſcal will make rare ſport! how the ladies
Will laugh at him!

Juan. If I light on him,
I'll make his purſe ſweat too.

Cac. Will you lead, gentlemen? [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez, an Old Woman, and Maid.

Perez. Nay, pray ye come out, and let me underſtand ye,
And tune your pipe a little higher, lady;
I'll hold ye faſt. Rub! how came my trunks open?
And my goods gone? what pick-lock ſpirit——

Old Wom. Ha! what would you have?

Perez. My goods again; how came my trunks all open?

Old Wom. Are your trunks open?

Perez. Yes, and my cloaths gone,
And chains, and jewels! How ſhe ſmells like hung beef!
The palſy and pick looks[24]! Fy, how ſhe belches.
The ſpirit of garlick!

Old Wom. Where's your gentlewoman?
The young fair woman?

Perez. What's that to my queſtion?
She is my wife, and gone about my buſineſs.

Maid. Is ſhe your wife, Sir?

Perez. Yes, Sir; is that wonder?
Is the name of wife unknown here?

Old Wom. Is ſhe truly,
Truly your wife?

Perez. I think ſo, for I married her.
It was no viſion ſure!

Maid. She has the keys, Sir.

Perez. I know ſhe has; but who has all my goods, ſpirit?

Old Wom. If you be married to that gentlewoman,
You are a wretched man; ſhe has twenty huſbands.

[24] *The palſey and* picklocks, *fye, how ſhe belches.*] The emendation which Mr. Sympſon, Mr. Theobald and I, have all made here, will ſeem obvious and neceſſary to every reader. *Seward.*

Maid.

Maid. She tells you true.
Old Wom. And ſhe has cozen'd all, Sir.
Perez. The devil ſhe has! I had a fair houſe with her,
That ſtands hard by, and furniſh'd royally.
Old Wom. You're cozen'd too; 'tis none of hers, good gentleman[25];
It is a lady's. What's the lady's name, wench?
Maid. The lady Margarita; ſhe was her ſervant,
And kept the houſe, but going from her, Sir,
For ſome lewd tricks ſhe play'd.
Perez. Plague o' the devil!
Am I, i' th' full meridian of my wiſdom,
Cheated by a ſtale quean? What kind of lady
Is that that owes the houſe?
Old Wom. A young ſweet lady,
Perez. Of a low ſtature?
Old Wom. She's indeed but little,
But ſhe is wondrous fair.
Perez. I feel I'm cozen'd;
Now I am ſenſible I am undone!
This is the very woman ſure, that couſin,
She told me would entreat but for four days,
To make the houſe hers: I'm entreated ſweetly!
Maid. When ſhe went out this morning, (that I ſaw, Sir)
She had two women at the door attending,
And there ſhe gave 'em things, and loaded 'em;
But what they were——I heard your trunks too open,
If they be yours?
Perez. They were mine while they were laden,
But now they've caſt their calves, they're not worth owning.
Was ſhe her miſtreſs, ſay you?
Old Wom. Her own miſtreſs,
Her very miſtreſs, Sir, and all you ſaw
About and in that houſe was hers.

[25] *'Tis none of hers, good* gentleman.] Mr. Seward chuſes to read, *gentlewoman.*

Perez.

Perez. No plate,
No jewels, nor no hangings?
Maid. Not a farthing;
She's poor, Sir, a poor ſhifting thing!
Perez. No money?
Old Wom. Abominable poor, as poor as we are,
Money as rare to her, unleſs ſhe ſteal it.
But for one civil gown her lady gave her,
She may go bare, good gentlewoman!
Perez. I am mad now!
I think I am as poor as ſhe; I'm wide elſe.
One civil ſuit I have left too, and that's all,
And if ſhe ſteal that, ſhe muſt flay me for it.
Where does ſhe uſe?
Old Wom. You may find truth as ſoon:
Alas, a thouſand conceal'd corners, Sir, ſhe lurks in;
And here ſhe gets a fleece, and there another,
And lives in miſts and ſmoaks where none can find her.
Perez. Is ſhe a whore too?
Old Wom. Little better, gentleman; I dare not ſay
She is ſo, Sir, becauſe ſhe is yours, Sir;
But theſe five years ſhe has firk'd a pretty living,
Until ſhe came to ſerve.—I fear he will knock my
Brains out for lying[26].
Perez. She has ſerv'd me faithfully;
A whore and thief? two excellent moral learnings
In one ſhe-ſaint! I hope to ſee her legend.
Have I been fear'd for my diſcoveries,
And courted by all women to conceal 'em?
Have I ſo long ſtudied the art of this ſex,
And read the warnings to young gentlemen?
Have I profeſs'd to tame the pride of ladies,
And make 'em bear all teſts, and am I trick'd now?
Caught in mine own nooſe? Here's a ryal left yet;
There's for your lodging and your meat for this week!

[26] *I fear he'll knock my brains out* for lying.] Mr. Seward diſcards the words *for lying*, becauſe 'moſt of the things ſpoke of Eſtifania are true, with only a little exaggeration;' and becauſe they 'deſtroy all appearance of meaſure.'

A ſilk-

A ſilk-worm lives at a more plentiful ordinary,
And ſleeps in a ſweeter box. Farewell, great-grand-
mother!
If I do find you were an acceſſary,
('Tis but the cutting off two ſmoaky minutes)
I'll hang you preſently.
Old Wom. And I deſerve it.
I tell but truth.
Perez. Nor I, I am an aſs, mother! [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke Medina, Juan de Caſtro, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Attendants.

Duke. A goodly houſe!
Juan. And richly furniſh'd too, Sir.
Alon. Hung wantonly! I like that preparation;
It ſtirs the blood unto a hopeful banquet,
And intimates the miſtreſs free and jovial.
I love a houſe where pleaſure prepares welcome.
Duke. Now, Cacafogo, how like you this manſion?
'Twere a brave pawn.
Cac. I ſhall be maſter of it;
'Twas built for my bulk, the rooms are wide and ſpa-
cious,
Airy and full of eaſe, and that I love well.
I'll tell you when I taſte the wine, my lord,
And take the height of her table with my ſtomach;
How my affections ſtand to the young lady.

Enter Margarita, Altea, Ladies, and Servants.

Marg. All welcome to your Grace, and to theſe
ſoldiers!
You honour my poor houſe with your fair preſence.
Thoſe few ſlight pleaſures that inhabit here, Sir,
I do beſeech your Grace command; they're yours;
Your ſervant but preſerves 'em to delight you.
Duke. I thank you, lady! I am bold to viſit you,
Once more to bleſs mine eyes with your ſweet beauty.
'T has been a long night ſince you left the court,
For 'till I ſaw you now, no day broke to me.

Marg.

Marg. Bring in the duke's meat!
Sanc. She's moſt excellent.
Juan. Moſt admirable fair as e'er I look'd on;
I had rather command her than my regiment.
Cac. I'll have a fling; 'tis but a thouſand ducats,
Which I can cozen up again in ten days,
And ſome few jewels, to juſtify my knavery.
Say, I ſhould marry her? ſhe'll get more money
Than all my uſury, put my knavery to it:
She appears the moſt infallible way of purchaſe.
I could wiſh her a ſize or two ſtronger for the encounter,
For I am like a lion where I lay hold;
But theſe lambs will endure a plaguy load,
And never bleat neither; that, Sir Time has taught us.
I am ſo virtuous now, I cannot ſpeak to her;
The arrant'ſt ſhamefac'd aſs! I broil away too.

Enter Leon.

Marg. Why, where's this dinner?
Leon. 'Tis not ready, madam,
Nor ſhall not be until I know the gueſts too;
Nor are they fairly welcome till I bid 'em.
Juan. Is not this my Alferes? He looks another thing.
Are miracles afoot again?
Marg. Why, ſirrah!
Why, ſirrah, you!
Leon. I hear you, ſaucy woman;
And, as you are my wife, command your abſence!
And know your duty; 'tis the crown of modeſty.
Duke. Your wife?
Leon. Yes, good my lord, I am her huſband;
And pray take notice that I claim that honour,
And will maintain it.
Cac. If thou be'ſt her huſband,
I am determin'd thou ſhalt be my cuckold;
I'll be thy faithful friend.
Leon. Peace, dirt and dunghill!
I will not loſe mine anger on a raſcal;
Provoke me more, I will beat thy blown body
'Till thou rebound'ſt again like a tennis-ball.

Alon.

Alon. This is miraculous!
Sanc. Is this the fellow
That had the patience to become a fool,
A flirted fool, and on a ſudden break
(As if he'd ſhew a wonder to the world)
Both into bravery, and fortune too?
I much admire the man; I am aſtoniſh'd!
Marg. I'll be divorc'd immediately.
Leon. You ſhall not;
You ſhall not have ſo much will to be wicked.
I am more tender of your honour, lady,
And of your age. You took me for a ſhadow,
You took me to gloſs over your diſcredit,
To be your fool; you had thought you'd found a coxcomb:
I'm innocent of any foul diſhonour I mean to you;
Only I will be known to be your lord now,
And be a fair one too, or I will fall for't.
Marg. I do command you from me, thou poor fellow,
Thou cozen'd fool!
Leon. Thou cozen'd fool? It is not ſo;
I will not be commanded: I'm above you!
You may divorce me from your favour, lady,
But from your ſtate you never ſhall; I'll hold that,
And hold it to my uſe; the law allows it!
And then maintain your wantonneſs; I'll wink at it.
Marg. Am I brav'd thus in mine own houſe?
Leon. 'Tis mine, madam;
You are deceiv'd, I'm lord of it; I rule it,
And all that's in't. You've nothing to do here, madam,
But as a ſervant to ſweep clean the lodgings,
And at my further will to do me ſervice;
And ſo I'll keep it.
Marg. As you love me, give way[27]!

Leon.

[27] Mar. *As you love me, give way.*
Leon. It ſhall be better,
I will give none, Madam.] Thus all the editions, but I can affix a very faint meaning to the firſt part of what *Leon* ſays, *It ſhall be better that I do not give way.* I think it much more probable that the words are a part of *Margarita's* ſpeech, who finding her *menaces* vain,

Leon. It ſhall be better, I will give none, madam:
I ſtand upon the ground of mine own honour,
And will maintain it. You ſhall know me now
To be an underſtanding feeling man,
And ſenſible of what a woman aims at,
A young proud woman, that has will to ſail with;
An itching woman, that her blood provokes too.
I caſt my cloud off, and appear myſelf,
The maſter of this little piece of miſchief!
And I will put a ſpell about your feet, lady;
They ſhall not wander but where I give way now.

Duke. Is this the fellow that the people pointed at,
For the mere ſign of man, the walking image?
He ſpeaks wondrous highly.

Leon. As a huſband ought, Sir,
In his own houſe; and it becomes me well too:
I think your Grace would grieve, if you were put to it,
To have a wife or ſervant of your own,
(For wives are reckon'd in the rank of ſervants)
Under your own roof to command you.

Juan. Brave!
A ſtrange converſion! Thou ſhalt lead in chief now.

Duke. Is there no difference betwixt her and you, Sir?

Leon. Not now, my lord; my fortune makes me even;
And, as I am an honeſt man, I'm nobler.

Marg. Get me my coach!

Leon. Let me ſee who dare get it
'Till I command; I'll make him draw your coach too,
And eat your coach (which will be hard diet)
That executes your will. Or, take your coach, lady;
I give you liberty; and take your people,
Which I turn off, and take your will abroad with you;
Take all theſe freely, but take me no more;

vain, endeavours to *coax* her huſband into obedience, by conjuring him by love, and promiſing that it ſhould be better for him. I therefore have reſtored it to her. *Seward.*

The words belong to *Leon*; who may very properly ſay, 'he will 'do better than give way, by oppoſing her.'

And ſo farewell!

Duke. Nay, Sir, you ſhall not carry it
So bravely off; you ſhall not wrong a lady
In a high huffing ſtrain, and think to bear it:
We ſtand not by as bawds to your brave fury,
To ſee a lady weep.

Leon. They're tears of anger,
(I beſeech ye note 'em) not worth pity;
Wrung from her rage, becauſe her will prevails not;
(She would ſwoon now, if ſhe could not cry)
Elſe they were excellent, and I ſhould grieve too;
But falling thus, they ſhew nor ſweet, nor orient.
Put up, my lord; this is oppreſſion,
And calls the ſword of juſtice to relieve me,
The law to lend her hand, the king to right me;
All which ſhall underſtand how you provoke me.
In mine own houſe to brave me! is this princely?
Then to my guard; and if I ſpare your Grace,
And do not make this place your monument,
Too rich a tomb for ſuch a rude behaviour,
(I have a cauſe will kill a thouſand of ye)
Mercy forſake me!

Juan. Hold, fair Sir, I beſeech you[28]!
The gentleman but pleads his own right nobly.

Leon. He that dares ſtrike againſt the huſband's freedom,
The huſband's curſe ſtick to him, a tam'd cuckold!
His wife be fair and young, but moſt diſhoneſt,
Moſt impudent, and have no feeling of it,
No conſcience to reclaim her from a monſter!
Let her lie by him like a flattering ruin,
And at one inſtant kill both name and honour!
Let him be loſt, no eye to weep his end,
Nor find no earth that's baſe enough to bury him!

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[28] *I have a cauſe will kill a thouſand of ye, mercy forſake me.*] The laſt words are evidently miſplaced, and the meaſure is by that means confuſed. *Seward.*

The old reading is far beſt, only putting *I have a cauſe*, &c. between parentheſes.

Now,

Now, Sir, fall on! I'm ready to oppoſe you.

Duke. I've better thought. I pray, Sir, uſe your wife well.

Leon. Mine own humanity will teach me that, Sir. And now you are all welcome, all, and we'll to dinner: This is my wedding-day.

Duke. I'll croſs your joy yet. [*Aſide.*

Juan. I've ſeen a miracle! hold thine own, ſoldier! Sure they dare fight in fire that conquer women.

Sanc. H' has beaten all my looſe thoughts out of me, As if he had threſh'd 'em out o' th' huſk.

Enter Perez.

Perez. 'Save ye! Which is the lady of the houſe?

Leon. That's ſhe, Sir, That pretty lady, if you'd ſpeak with her.

Juan. Don Michael, Leon; another darer come?

Perez. Pray do not know me; I am full of buſineſs: When I have more time I'll be merry with ye. It is the woman. Good madam, tell me truly, Had you a maid call'd Eſtifania?

Marg. Yes, truly, had I.

Perez. Was ſhe a maid, d'you think?

Marg. I dare not ſwear for her; For ſhe had but a ſcant fame.

Perez. Was ſhe your kinſwoman?

Marg. Not that I ever knew. Now I look better, I think you married her: Give you much joy, Sir! You may reclaim her; 'twas a wild young girl.

Perez. Give me a halter! Is not this houſe mine, madam? Was not ſhe owner of it? Pray ſpeak truly!

Marg. No, certainly; I'm ſure my money paid for it; And I ne'er remember yet I gave it you, Sir.

Perez. The hangings and the plate too?

Marg. All are mine, Sir, And every thing you ſee about the building: She only kept my houſe when I was abſent, And ſo ill kept it, I was weary of her.

Sanc. What a devil ails he?
Juan. He's poſſeſs'd, I'll aſſure you.
Perez. Where is your maid?
Marg. Do not you know that have her?
She's yours now; why ſhould I look after her?
Since that firſt hour I came, I never ſaw her.
Perez. I ſaw her later; would the devil had had her!
It is all true, I find; a wild-fire take her!
Juan. Is thy wife with child, don Michael? thy excellent wife?
Art thou a man yet?
Alon. When ſhall we come and viſit thee?
Sanc. And eat ſome rare fruit? thou haſt admirable orchards.
You are ſo jealous now! pox o' your jealouſy,
How ſcurvily you look!
Perez. Prithee leave fooling;
I'm in no humour now to fool and prattle.
Did ſhe ne'er play the wag with you?
Marg. Yes, many times,
So often that I was aſham'd to keep her;
But I forgave her, Sir, in hope ſhe'd mend ſtill,
And had not you o' th' inſtant married her,
I'd put her off.
Perez. I thank you; I am bleſs'd ſtill!
Which way ſoe'er I turn, I'm a made man:
Miſerably gull'd beyond recovery!
Juan. You'll ſtay and dine?
Perez. Certain I cannot, captain.
Hark in thine ear; I am the arrant'ſt puppy,
The miſerableſt aſs! But I muſt leave you;
I am in haſte, in haſte! Bleſs you, good madam,
And may you prove as good as my wife! [*Exit.*
Leon. Will you
Come near, Sir? will your Grace but honour me,
And taſte our dinner? you are nobly welcome.
All anger's paſt I hope, and I ſhall ſerve ye.
Juan. Thou art the ſtock of men, and I admire thee.
[*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT IV.

Enter Perez.

Perez. I'LL go to a conjurer but I'll find this pol-cat,
This pilfering whore! A plague of veils, I cry,
And covers for the impudence of women!
Their ſanctity in ſhow will deceive devils.—
It is my evil angel; let me bleſs me!

Enter Eſtifania, with a caſket.

Eſtif. 'Tis he; I'm caught; I muſt ſtand to it ſtoutly,
And ſhew no ſhake of fear; I ſee he's angry,
Vex'd at the uttermoſt!
Perez. My worthy wife,
I have been looking of your modeſty
All the town over.
Eſtif. My moſt noble huſband,
I'm glad I've found you; for in truth I'm weary,
Weary and lame, with looking out your lordſhip.
Perez. I've been in bawdy-houſes.
Eſtif. I believe you,
And very lately too.
Perez. 'Pray ye pardon me;
To ſeek your ladyſhip. I have been in cellars,
In private cellars, where the thirſty bawds
Hear your confeſſions: I have been at plays,
To look you out amongſt the youthful actors:
At puppet-ſhows (you're miſtreſs of the [29] motions!):
At goſſipings I hearken'd after you,
But amongſt thoſe confuſions of lewd tongues
There's no diſtinguiſhing beyond a Babel:
I was amongſt the nuns, becauſe you ſing well;

[29] *You're miſtreſs of the* motions.] See p. 439 of this volume.

But they ſay yours are bawdy ſongs, they mourn for ye:
And laſt I went to church to ſeek you out;
'Tis ſo long ſince you were there, they have forgot you.
Eſtif. You've had a pretty progreſs; I'll tell mine now.
To look you out, I went to twenty taverns——
Perez. And are you ſober?
Eſtif. Yes, I reel not yet, Sir.——
Where I ſaw twenty drunk, moſt of 'em ſoldiers;
There I had great hope to find you diſguis'd too:
From hence to th'dicing-houſe; there I found quarrels
Needleſs and ſenſeleſs, ſwords, and pots, and candle-ſticks,
Tables and ſtools, and all in one confuſion,
And no man knew his friend: I left this chaos,
And to th' chirurgeon's went; he will'd me ſtay,
For, ſays he learnedly, if he be tippled,
Twenty to one he whores, and then I hear of him;
If he be mad he quarrels, then he comes too:
I ſought you where no ſafe thing would have ventur'd,
Amongſt diſeaſes baſe and vile, vile women,
For I remember'd your old Roman axiom,
The more the danger, ſtill the more the honour!
Laſt, to your confeſſor I came, who told me,
You were too proud to pray: And here I found you.
Perez. She bears up bravely, and the rogue is witty;
But I ſhall daſh it inſtantly to nothing.
Here leave we off our wanton languages,
And now conclude we in a ſharper tongue.
Why am I cozen'd[30]?
Eſtif. Why am I abus'd?
Perez. Thou moſt vile, baſe, abominable——
Eſtif. Captain!
Perez. Thou ſtinking, over-ſtew'd, poor, pocky—
Eſtif. Captain!

[30] Eſtif. *Why am I cozen'd?*
Why am I abuſed?] The reading of all former editions. *Why am I cozen'd?* we think are the words of Perez; *why am I abuſed?* the rejoinder of Eſtifania.

Perez.

Perez. D'ye echo me?
Eſtif. Yes, Sir, and go before you,
And round about you! Why do you rail at me
For that that was your own ſin, your own knavery?
Perez. And brave me too?
Eſtif. You'd beſt now draw your ſword, captain!
Draw it upon a woman, do, brave captain!
Upon your wife, oh, moſt renowned captain!
Perez. A plague upon thee, anſwer me directly;
Why didſt thou marry me?
Eſtif. To be my huſband;
I thought you had had infinite, but I'm cozen'd.
Perez. Why didſt thou flatter me, and ſhew me wonders?
A houſe and riches, when they are but ſhadows,
Shadows to me?
Eſtif. Why did you work on me
(It was but my part to requite you, Sir)
With your ſtrong ſoldier's wit, and ſwore you'd bring me
So much in chains, ſo much in jewels, huſband,
So much in right rich cloaths?
Perez. Thou haſt 'em, raſcal;
I gave 'em to thy hands, my trunks and all,
And thou haſt open'd 'em, and ſold my treaſure.
Eſtif. Sir, there's your treaſure; ſell it to a tinker
To mend old kettles: Is this noble uſage?
Let all the world view here the captain's treaſure!
A man would think now, theſe were worthy matters.
Here's a ſhoeing-horn-chain gilt over, how it ſcenteth!
Worſe than the mouldy dirty heel it ſerv'd for:
And here's another of a leſſer value,
So little I would ſhame to tie my dog in't!
Theſe are my jointure! Bluſh, and ſave a labour,
Or theſe elſe will bluſh for you.
Perez. A fire ſubtle ye!
Are you ſo crafty?
Eſtif. Here's a goodly jewel;
Did not you win this at Goletta, captain?

Or took it in the field from ſome brave baſhaw?
How it ſparkles—like an old lady's eyes!
And fills each room with light—like a cloſe lanthorn!
This would do rarely in an abby window,
To cozen pilgrims.

Perez. Prithee leave prating.

Eſtif. And here's a chain of whitings' eyes for pearls;
A muſcle-monger would have made a better.

Perez. Nay, prithee, wife, my cloaths, my cloaths!

Eſtif. I'll tell you;
Your cloaths are parallels to theſe, all counterfeit.
Put theſe and them on, you're a man of copper,
A kind of candleſtick; theſe you thought, my huſband,
To've cozen'd me withal, but I am quit with you.

Perez. Is there no houſe then, nor no grounds about it?
No plate, nor hangings?

Eſtif. There are none, ſweet huſband;
Shadow for ſhadow is an equal juſtice.
Can you rail now? Pray put your fury up, Sir,
And ſpeak great words; you are a ſoldier; thunder!

Perez. I will ſpeak little; I have play'd the fool,
And ſo I am rewarded.

Eſtif. You have ſpoke well, Sir;
And now I ſee you're ſo conformable,
I'll heighten you again: Go to your houſe,
They're packing to be gone; you muſt ſup there;
I'll meet you, and bring cloaths, and clean ſhirts after,
And all things ſhall be well.—I'll colt you once more[31],
And teach you to bring copper! [*Aſide.*

Perez. Tell me one thing,
I do beſeech thee tell me, tell me truth, wife;

[31] *I'll* colt *you once more.*] To *colt*, in our Authors' time, ſignified to *fool*, to *trick*, or to *deceive*. So, in Firſt Part of Henry IV. act ii. ſcene ii. Falſtaff ſays, 'What a plague mean you to *colt me* thus? Again, in the Diſcovery of the Spaniſh Inquiſition, p. 8. 'For the 'other was departed from him but two days before, and left his teſti-'monial behind him in this man's hands to keepe: whereby he was 'in good time preſerved, and they *colted* like knaves very prettily.' *R.*

(However,

(However, I forgive thee) art thou honeſt?
The beldame ſwore——
Eſtif. I bid her tell you ſo, Sir;
It was my plot. Alas, my credulous huſband!
The lady told you too——
Perez. Moſt ſtrange things of thee.
Eſtif. Still 'twas my way, and all to try your ſufferance:
And ſhe denied the houſe?
Perez. She knew me not,
No, nor no title that I had.
Eſtif. 'Twas well carried.
No more; I'm right and ſtraight.
Perez. I would believe thee,
But Heav'n knows how my heart is. Will you follow me?
Eſtif. I'll be there ſtraight.
Perez. I'm fool'd, yet dare not find it. [*Exit.*
Eſtif. Go, ſilly fool! thou mayſt be a good ſoldier
In open field, but for our private ſervice
Thou art an aſs; I'll make thee ſo, or miſs elſe.

Enter Cacafogo.

Here comes another trout that I muſt tickle,
And tickle daintily, I've loſt my end elſe.
May I crave your leave, Sir?
Cac. Prithee be anſwer'd, thou ſhalt crave no leave;
I'm in my meditations; do not vex me!
A beaten thing, but this hour a moſt bruis'd thing,
That people had compaſſion on, it look'd ſo;
The next, Sir Palmerin: Here's fine proportion!
An aſs, and then an elephant; ſweet juſtice!
There's no way left to come at her now, no craving;
If money could come near, yet I would pay him;
I have a mind to make him a huge cuckold,
And money may do much! a thouſand ducats?
'Tis but the letting blood of a rank heir.
Eſtif. 'Pray you hear me.
Cac. I know thou haſt ſome wedding ring to pawn now,

Of

Of ſilver, and gilt, with a blind poſy in't,
" Love and a mill-horſe ſhould go round together,"
Or thy child's whiſtle, or thy ſquirrel's chain:
I'll none of 'em. I would ſhe did but know me,
Or 'would this fellow had but uſe of money,
That I might come in any way!

Eſtif. I'm gone, Sir;
And I ſhall tell the beauty ſent me to you,
The lady Margarita——

Cac. Stay, I prithee;
What is thy will? I turn me wholly to you,
And talk now till thy tongue ake; I will hear you.

Eſtif. She would entreat you, Sir——

Cac. She ſhall command, Sir!
Let it be ſo, I beſeech thee, my ſweet gentlewoman;
Do not forget thyſelf.

Eſtif. She does command then
This courteſy, becauſe ſhe knows you're noble——

Cac. Your miſtreſs, by the way?

Eſtif. My natural miſtreſs——
Upon theſe jewels, Sir——they're fair and rich,
And, view 'em, right——

Cac. To doubt 'em is an hereſy.

Eſtif. A thouſand ducats; 'tis upon neceſſity
Of preſent uſe; her huſband, Sir, is ſtubborn.

Cac. Long may he be ſo!

Eſtif. She deſires withal
A better knowledge of your parts and perſon;
And, when you pleaſe to do her ſo much honour——

Cac. Come, let's diſpatch.

Eſtif. In troth I've heard her ſay, Sir,
Of a fat man, ſhe has not ſeen a ſweeter.
But in this buſineſs, Sir——

Cac. Let's do it firſt,
And then diſpute; the lady's uſe may long for't.

Eſtif. All ſecrecy ſhe would deſire; ſhe told me
How wiſe you are.

Cac. We are not wiſe to talk thus;
Carry her the gold; I'll look her out a jewel

Shall

Shall ſparkle like her eyes, and thee another.
Come, prithee come, I long to ſerve thy lady,
Long monſtrouſly! Now, valour, I ſhall meet you,
You that dare dukes!

Eſtif. Green gooſe, you're now in ſippets. [*Exeunt.*

Enter the Duke, Sanchio, Juan, and Alonzo.

Duke. He ſhall not have his will, I ſhall prevent him;
I have a toy here that will turn the tide,
And ſuddenly, and ſtrangely. Here, don Juan,
Do you preſent it to him.

Juan. I am commanded. [*Exit.*

Duke. A fellow founded out of charity,
And moulded to the height, contemn his maker,
Curb the free hand that fram'd him? This muſt not be.

Sanc. That ſuch an oyſter-ſhell ſhould hold a pearl,
And of ſo rare a price, in priſon! Was ſhe
Made to be the matter of her own undoing[32],
To let a ſlovenly unwieldy fellow,
Unruly and ſelf-will'd, diſpoſe her beauties?
We ſuffer all, Sir, in this ſad eclipſe;
She ſhould ſhine where ſhe might ſhew like herſelf,
An abſolute ſweetneſs, to comfort thoſe admire her,
And ſhed her beams upon her friends. We're gull'd all,
And all the world will grumble at your patience,
If ſhe be raviſh'd thus.

Duke. Ne'er fear it, Sanchio,
We'll have her free again, and move at court
In her clear orb. But one ſweet handſomeneſs
To bleſs this part of Spain, and have that ſlubber'd!

[32] *Was ſhe made to be the* matter *of her own undoing?*] Thus the former editions. The confuſion of the meaſure is eaſily adjuſted; but I ſuſpect a more material corruption; for unleſs *matter* may be allow'd to ſignify *cauſe*, I can make no ſenſe of the paſſage. *Materia* in Latin, is ſometimes uſed in this ſenſe: I therefore let it ſtand, though I doubt whether the original might not have run,

——— *Was ſhe*
Made to be th' maker *of her own undoing.*

i. e. The *maker of* Leon, as the Duke had before called her.
Seward.

Alon.

Alon. 'Tis every good man's cauſe, and we muſt ſtir in it.

Duke. I'll warrant he ſhall be glad to pleaſe us,
And glad to ſhare too: We ſhall hear anon
A new ſong from him; let's attend a little. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, and Juan with a commiſſion.

Leon. Col'nel, I am bound to you for this nobleneſs.
I ſhould have been your officer, 'tis true, Sir;
(And a proud man I ſhould have been to've ſerv'd you)
It has pleas'd the king, out of his boundleſs favours,
To make me your companion; this commiſſion
Gives me a troop of horſe.

Juan. I rejoice at it,
And am a glad man we ſhall gain your company.
I'm ſure the king knows you are newly married,
And out of that reſpect gives you more time, Sir.

Leon. Within four days I'm gone, ſo he commands me,
And 'tis not mannerly for me to argue it;
The time grows ſhorter ſtill. Are your goods ready?

Juan. They are aboard.

Leon. Who waits there?

Enter Servant.

Serv. Sir.

Leon. D'ye hear, ho!
Go, carry this unto your miſtreſs, Sir,
And let her ſee how much the king has honour'd me;
Bid her be luſty, ſhe muſt make a ſoldier. [*Exit Serv.*
Lorenzo!

Enter Lorenzo.

Lor. Sir.

Leon. Go, take down all the hangings,
And pack up all my cloaths, my plate and jewels,
And all the furniture that's portable.
Sir, when we lie in garriſon, 'tis neceſſary
We keep a handſome port, for the king's honour.
And, do you hear, let all your lady's wardrobe

Be

Be ſafely plac'd in trunks; they muſt along too.
Lor. Whither muſt they go, Sir?
Leon. To the wars, Lorenzo,
And you and all; I will not leave a turn-ſpit,
That has one dram of ſpleen againſt a Dutchman.
Lor. Why then, St. Jaques, hey! you've made us all, Sir;
And, if we leave you——Does my lady go too?
Leon, The ſtuff muſt go to-morrow tow'rds the ſea, Sir;
All, all muſt go.
Lor. Why, Pedro, Vaſco, Diego!
Come, help me; come, come, boys; ſoldadoes, comrades!
We'll flay theſe beer-bellied rogues! come away quickly! [*Exit.*
Juan. H'has taken a brave way to ſave his honour,
And croſs the duke; now I ſhall love him dearly.
By th' life of credit, thou'rt a noble gentleman.

Enter Margarita, led by two Ladies.

Leon. Why, how now, wife? what, ſick at my preferment?
This is not kindly done.
Marg. No ſooner love you,
Love you entirely, Sir, brought to conſider
The goodneſs of your mind and mine own duty,
But loſe you inſtantly, be divorc'd from you?
This is a cruelty: I'll to the king,
And tell him 'tis unjuſt to part two ſouls,
Two minds ſo nearly mix'd.
Leon. By no means, ſweetheart!
Marg. If he were married but four days, as I am—
Leon. He'd hang himſelf the fifth, or fly his country. [*Aſide.*
Marg. He'd make it treaſon for that tongue that durſt
But talk of war, or any thing to vex him.
You ſhall not go.
Leon. Indeed I muſt, ſweet wife.

What,

What, ſhall I loſe the king for a few kiſſes?
We'll have enough.

Marg. I'll to the duke my couſin,
He ſhall to th' king.

Leon. He did me this great office,
I thank his Grace for't; ſhould I pray him now
T' undo't again? Fy, 'twere a baſe diſcredit.

Marg. 'Would I were able, Sir, to bear you company;
How willing ſhould I be then, and how merry!
I will not live alone.

Leon. Be in peace; you ſhall not. [*Knock within.*

Marg. What knocking's this? Oh, Heav'n, my head! why, raſcals!
I think the war's begun i' th' houſe already.

Leon. The preparation is; they're taking down
And packing up the hangings, plate and jewels,
And all thoſe furnitures that ſhall befit me
When I lie in garriſon.

Enter Coachman.

Coachman. Muſt the coach go too, Sir?

Leon. How will your lady paſs to th' ſea elſe eaſily;
We ſhall find ſhipping for't there to tranſport it.

Marg. I go? alas!

Leon. I'll have a main care of you;
I know you're ſickly; he ſhall drive the eaſier,
And all accommodations ſhall attend you.

Marg. 'Would I were able!

Leon. Come, I warrant you;
Am not I with you, ſweet? Are her cloaths pack'd up,
And all her linnens? Give your maids direction;
You know my time's but ſhort, and I'm commanded.

Marg. Let me have a nurſe,
And all ſuch neceſſary people with me,
And an eaſy bark!

Leon. It ſhall not trot, I warrant you;
Curvet it may ſometimes.

Marg. I am with child, Sir.

Leon. At four days' warning? this is ſomething ſpeedy.

Do

Do you conceive, as our jennets do, with a Weſt wind?
My heir will be an arrant fleet one, lady;
I'll ſwear you were a maid when I firſt lay with you.

Marg. Pray, do not ſwear; I thought I was a maid too;
But we may both be cozen'd in that point, Sir.

Leon. In ſuch a ſtraight point, ſure I could not err, madam.

Juan. This is another tenderneſs to try him;
Fetch her up now.

Marg. You muſt provide a cradle,
And what a trouble's that!

Leon. The ſea ſhall rock it,
'Tis the beſt nurſe; 'twill roar and rock together;
A ſwinging ſtorm will ſing you ſuch a lullaby!

Marg. Faith, let me ſtay, I ſhall but ſhame you, Sir.

Leon. An you were a thouſand ſhames, you ſhall along with me;
At home I'm ſure you'll prove a million:
Every man carries the bundle of his ſins
Upon his own back; you are mine; I'll ſweat for you.

Enter Duke, Alonzo, and Sanchio.

Duke. What, Sir, preparing for your noble journey?
'Tis well, and full of care:
I ſaw your mind was wedded to the war,
And knew you'd prove ſome good man for your country;
Therefore, fair couſin, with your gentle pardon,
I got this place. What, mourn at his advancement?
You are to blame; he'll come again, ſweet couſin;
Mean time, like ſad Penelope and ſage,
Among your maids at home, and huſwifely——

Leon. No, Sir, I dare not leave her to that ſolitarineſs;
She's young, and grief or ill news from thoſe quarters
May daily croſs her; ſhe ſhall go along, Sir.

Duke. By no means, captain!

Leon. By all means, an't pleaſe ye.

Duke. What, take a young and tender-bodied lady,

And

And expoſe her to thoſe dangers, and thoſe tumults;
A ſickly lady too!
Leon. 'Twill make her well, Sir;
There's no ſuch friend to health as wholeſome travel.
Sanc. Away, it muſt not be.
Alon. It ought not, Sir;
Go hurry her! It is not humane, captain.
Duke. I cannot blame her tears; fright her with tempeſts,
With thunder of the war!
I dare ſwear, if ſhe were able——
Leon. She's moſt able:
And pray ye ſwear not; ſhe muſt go, there's no remedy;
Nor greatneſs, nor the trick you had to part us,
Which I ſmell too rank, too open, too evident,
(And I muſt tell you, Sir, 'tis moſt unnoble)
Shall hinder me: Had ſhe but ten hours' life,
Nay leſs, but two hours', I would have her with me;
I would not leave her fame to ſo much ruin,
To ſuch a deſolation and diſcredit,
As her weakneſs and your hot will would work her to.

Enter Perez.

What maſque is this now?
More tropes and figures to abuſe my ſuff'rance?
What couſin's this?
Juan. Michael van Owl, how doſt thou?
In what dark barn, or [33] tod of aged ivy,
Haſt thou lain hid?
Perez. Things muſt both ebb and flow, colonel,
And people muſt conceal, and ſhine again.
You're welcome hither, as your friend may ſay, gentlemen;
A pretty houſe you ſee, handſomely ſeated,
Sweet and convenient walks, the waters cryſtal.
Alon. He's certain mad.
Juan. As mad as a French taylor,

[33] *Tod.*] A buſh.

That

That has nothing in his head but ends of fuſtians.
Perez. I ſee you're packing now, my gentle couſin,
And my wife told me I ſhould find it ſo;
'Tis true I do. You were merry when I was laſt here,
But 'twas your will to try my patience, madam.
I'm ſorry that my ſwift occaſions
Can let you take your pleaſure here no longer;
Yet I would have you think, my honour'd couſin,
This houſe and all I have are all your ſervants.
Leon. What houſe, what pleaſure, Sir? what do you mean?
Perez. You hold the jeſt ſo ſtiff, 'twill prove diſcourteous:
This houſe I mean, the pleaſures of this place.
Leon. And what of them?
Perez. They're mine, Sir, and you know it;
My wife's I mean, and ſo conferr'd upon me.
The hangings, Sir, I muſt entreat your ſervants,
That are ſo buſy in their offices,
Again to miniſter to their right uſes;
I ſhall take view o' th' plate anon, and furnitures
That are of under place. You're merry ſtill, couſin,
And of a pleaſant conſtitution;
Men of great fortunes make their mirths *ad placitum.*
Leon. Prithee, good ſtubborn wife, tell me directly,
Good evil wife, leave fooling, and tell me honeſtly,
Is this my kinſman?
Marg. I can tell you nothing.
Leon. I've many kinſmen, but ſo mad a one,
And ſo phantaſtick——All the houſe?
Perez. All mine,
And all within it. I will not bate you an ace on't.
Can you not receive a noble courteſy,
And quietly and handſomely, as you ought, coz,
But you muſt ride o' th' top on't?
Leon. Canſt thou fight?
Perez. I'll tell you preſently; I could have done, Sir.
Leon. For you muſt law and claw before you get it.
Juan. Away; no quarrels!

Leon. Now I am more temperate,
I'll have it prov'd, if you were ne'er yet in Bedlam,
Never in love, (for that's a lunacy)
No great ſtate left you that you never look'd for,
Nor cannot manage, (that's a rank diſtemper)
That you were chriſten'd, and who anſwer'd for you;
And then I yield.

Perez. H'as half perſuaded me I was bred i'th' moon;—
I have ne'er a buſh at my breech? Are not we both mad,
And is not this a fantaſtick houſe we're in,
And all a dream we do? Will you walk out, Sir?
And if I do not beat thee preſently
Into a ſound belief as ſenſe can give thee,
Brick me into that wall there for a chimney-piece,
And ſay I was one o'th' Cæſars, done by a ſeal-cutter.

Leon. I'll talk no more; come, we'll away immediately.

Marg. Why then, the houſe is his, and all that's in it;
(I'll give away my ſkin, but I'll undo you!)
I gave it to his wife; You muſt reſtore, Sir,
And make a new proviſion.

Perez. Am I mad now,
Or am I chriſten'd? You, my Pagan couſin,
My mighty Mahound [33] kinſman, what quirk now?
You ſhall be welcome all; I hope to ſee, Sir,
Your Grace here, and my coz; we are all ſoldiers,
And muſt do naturally for one another.

Duke. Are you blank at this? then I muſt tell you, Sir,
You've no command! Now you may go at pleaſure,
And ride your aſs-troop: 'Twas a trick I us'd
To try your jealouſy, upon entreaty,
And ſaving [34] of your wife.

Leon. All this not moves me,
Nor ſtirs my gall, nor alters my affections.
You have more furniture, more houſes, lady,
And rich ones too, I will make bold with thoſe;
And you have land i'th' Indies, as I take it;

[33] *Mahound.*] See p. 498 of this vol.

[34] *Saving.*] Perhaps we ſhould read *craving*.

Thither

Thither we'll go, and view a while thoſe climates,
Viſit your factors there, that may betray you:
'Tis done; we muſt go.

Marg. Now thou'rt a brave gentleman,
And, by this ſacred light, I love thee dearly.
The houſe is none of yours, I did but jeſt, Sir;
Nor you are no coz of mine; I beſeech you vaniſh;
I tell you plain, you've no more right than he has [35];
That, ſenſeleſs thing, your wife has once more fool'd ye;
Go you, and conſider!

Leon. Good morrow, my ſweet couſin!
I ſhould be glad, Sir——

Perez. By this hand ſhe dies for't,
Or any man that ſpeaks for her! [*Exit.*

Juan. Theſe are fine toys.

Marg. Let me requeſt you ſtay but one poor month,
You ſhall have a commiſſion, and I'll go too;
Give me but will ſo far.

Leon. Well, I will try you.
Good morrow to your grace; we've private buſineſs.

Duke. If I miſs thee again, I am an arrant bungler.

Juan. Thou ſhalt have my command, and I'll march under thee;
Nay, be thy boy, before thou ſhalt be baffled,
Thou art ſo brave a fellow.

Alon. I have ſeen viſions! [*Exeunt.*

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[35] *I tell you plain, you have no more right than he*
Has, that ſenſeleſs thing, your wife has once more fool'd you.] Who can be the perſon meant here by *he that ſenſeleſs thing?* Cacafogo is abſent, and no other will anſwer the character. The meaſure is evidently confuſed, and the omiſſion of the pronoun will reſtore both that and the ſenſe. I read therefore,

——than has
That ſenſeleſs thing——

pointing to a chair, table, or any thing near her. *Seward.*

The reading we have adopted in the text is with no alteration of the words, and a very ſmall variation of the ſtops. It is Perez whom ſhe calls *ſenſeleſs thing*, and tells him his wife has duped him again; and that he has no more right *than he has*, pointing to any indifferent perſon in company.

ACT V.

Enter Leon with a letter, and Margarita.

Leon. COME hither, wife; d' you know this hand?

Marg. I do, Sir;
'Tis Eſtifania's, that was once my woman.

Leon. She writes to me here, that one Cacafogo,
An uſuring jeweller's ſon (I know the raſcal)
Is mortally fallen in love with you——

Marg. He is a monſter: Deliver me from mountains!

Leon. D'you go a-birding for all ſorts of people?—
And this evening will come to you and ſhew you jewels,
And offers any thing to get acceſs to you:
If I can make or ſport or profit on him,
(For he is fit for both) ſhe bids me uſe him;
And ſo I will, be you conformable,
And follow but my will.

Marg. I ſhall not fail, Sir.

Leon. Will the duke come again, d'you think?

Marg. No, ſure, Sir,
H' has now no policy to bring him hither.

Leon. Nor bring you to him, if my wit hold, fair wife!
Let's in to dinner. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez.

Perez. Had I but lungs enough to bawl ſufficiently,
That all the queans in Chriſtendom might hear me,
That men might run away from the contagion,
I had my wiſh: 'Would it were moſt high treaſon,
Moſt infinite high, for any man to marry!
I mean for any man that would live handſomely,
And like a gentleman, in's wits and credit.
What torments ſhall I put her to? Phalaris' bull now—
Pox, they love bulling too well, tho' they ſmoak for't—
Cut her a-pieces? ev'ry piece will live ſtill,

And

And ev'ry morſel of her will do miſchief;
They have ſo many lives, there's no hanging of 'em;
They are too light to drown, they're cork and feathers;
To burn too cold, they live like ſalamanders;
Under huge heaps of ſtones to bury her,
And ſo depreſs her as they did the giants?
She will move under more than built old Babel.
I muſt deſtroy her.

Enter Cacafogo, with a caſket.

Cac. Be cozen'd by a thing of clouts, a ſhe moth,
That ev'ry ſilk-man's ſhop breeds! to be cheated,
And of a thouſand ducats, by a whim-whâm?

Perez. Who's that is cheated? ſpeak again, thou viſion!
But art thou cheated? miniſter ſome comfort!
Tell me directly, art thou cheated bravely?
Come, prithee come; art thou ſo pure a coxcomb
To be undone? do not diſſemble with me;
Tell me, I conjure thee.

Cac. Then keep thy circle,
For I'm a ſpirit wild that flies about thee,
And, whoe'er thou art, if thou be'ſt human,
I'll let thee plainly know, I'm cheated damnably.

Perez. Ha, ha, ha!

Cac. Doſt thou laugh? Damnably, I ſay, moſt damnably.

Per. By whom, good ſpirit? ſpeak, ſpeak! ha, ha, ha!

Cac. I'll utter—laugh 'till thy lungs crack—by a raſcal woman,
A lewd, abominable, and plain woman.
Doſt thou laugh ſtill?

Perez. I muſt laugh; prithee pardon me;
I ſhall laugh terribly.

Cac. I ſhall be angry,
Terrible angry; I have cauſe.

Perez. That's it,
And 'tis no reaſon but thou ſhouldſt be angry,
Angry at heart; yet I muſt laugh ſtill at thee.
By a woman cheated? art ſure it was a woman?

Cac. I ſhall break thy head; my valour itches at thee.
Perez. It is no matter. By a wōman cozen'd?
A real woman?
Cac. A real devil;
Plague of her jewels, and her copper chains,
How rank they ſmell!
Perez. Sweet cozen'd Sir, let me ſee them;
I have been cheated too, (I would have you note that)
And lewdly cheated, by a woman alſo,
A ſcurvy woman; I am undone, ſweet Sir,
Therefore I muſt have leave to laugh.
Cac. Pray you take it;
You are the merrieſt undone man in Europe:
What need we fiddles, bawdy ſongs, and ſack [36],
When our own miſeries can make us merry?
Perez. Ha, ha, ha!
I've ſeen theſe jewels; what a notable pennyworth
Have you had next your heart? You will not take, Sir,
Some twenty ducats——
Cac. Thou'rt deceiv'd; I'll take——
Perez. To clear your bargain now?
Cac. I'll take ſome ten,
Some any thing, ſome half ten, half a ducat.
Perez. An excellent lapidary ſet theſe ſtones ſure;
D'you mark their waters?
Cac. Quickſand choak their waters,
And hers that brought 'em too! But I ſhall find her.
Perez. And ſo ſhall I, I hope; but do not hurt her;
You cannot find in all this kingdom,
If you had need of cozening, (as you may have,
For ſuch groſs natures will deſire it often,
It is at ſome time too a fine variety)
A woman that can cozen you ſo neatly.
Sh' has taken half mine anger off with this trick. [*Exit.*

[36] *Bawdy ſongs and* ſack.] We have not diſturbed the text; but as *ſack* and *ſherry* are ſuppoſed to have been, in Fletcher's time, the ſame wine, it is very probable the Poet wrote,

What need we fiddles, bawdy ſongs, and ſherry,
When our own miſeries can make us merry;

nor is it unlikely that theſe two lines are a quotation from ſome ballad, then well known.

Cac.

Cac. If I were valiant now, I'd kill this fellow;
I've money enough lies by me, at a pinch
To pay for twenty raſcals' lives that vex me.
I'll to this lady; there I ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exit.*

Enter Leon and Margarita.

Leon. Come, we'll away unto your country-houſe,
And there we'll learn to live contentedly:
This place is full of charge, and full of hurry;
No part of ſweetneſs dwells about theſe cities.
Marg. Whither you will, I wait upon your pleaſure;
Live in a hollow tree, Sir, I'll live with you.
Leon. Ay, now you ſtrike a harmony, a true one,
When your obedience waits upon your huſband,
And your ſick will aims at the care of honour [37].
Why, now I dote upon you, love you dearly,
And my rough nature falls like roaring ſtreams,
Clearly and ſweetly into your embraces.
Oh, what a jewel is a woman excellent,
A wife, a virtuous, and a noble woman!
When we meet ſuch, we bear our ſtamps on both ſides,
And thro' the world we hold our current virtues;
Alone, we're ſingle medals, only faces,
And wear our fortunes out in uſeleſs ſhadows.
Command you now, and eaſe me of that trouble;
I'll be as humble to you as a ſervant:
Bid whom you pleaſe, invite your noble friends,
They ſhall be welcome all; viſit acquaintance,
Go at your pleaſure, now experience
Has link'd you faſt unto the chain of goodneſs!
[*Claſhing ſwords. A cry within*, Down with their ſwords!

37 *And your ſick will aims at the* care *of honour.*] I have often obſerv'd that corruptions that leave tolerable ſenſe are leſs diſcoverable than thoſe that deſtroy the ſenſe utterly; I make no doubt but *cure* here is the true word, as it directly anſwers in metaphor to the ſickneſs of Eſtifania's will and honour. *Seward.*

We think *care* right; and underſtand the meaning of the paſſage to be, 'Now your will, *ſick* of its former purſuits, aims to take *care* of your honour.' Her *honour*, not having been wounded, could not want *cure*. It is not, however, wonderful for a clerical gentleman to reject *the care*, and retain *the cure*.

What noiſe is this? what diſmal cry?

Marg. 'Tis loud too:
Sure there's ſome miſchief done i' th' ſtreet; look out there.

Leon. Look out, and help!

Enter Servant.

Serv. Oh, Sir, the duke Medina——

Leon. What of the duke Medina?

Serv. Oh, ſweet gentleman,
Is almoſt ſlain.

Marg. Away, away, and help him!
All the houſe help! [*Exeunt Marg. and Serv.*

Leon. How! ſlain? Why, Margarita! why, wife!
Sure, ſome new device they have afoot again,
Some trick upon my credit; I ſhall meet it.
I'd rather guide a ſhip imperial
Alone, and in a ſtorm, than rule one woman.

Enter Duke, Margarita, Sanchio, Alonzo, and Servant.

Marg. How came you hurt, Sir?

Duke. I fell out with my friend, the noble colonel;
My cauſe was naught, for 'twas about your honour,
And he that wrongs the innocent ne'er proſpers;
And he has left me thus. For charity,
Lend me a bed to eaſe my tortur'd body,
That ere I periſh, I may ſhew my penitence!
I fear I'm ſlain.

Leon. Help, gentlemen, to carry him.
There ſhall be nothing in this houſe, my lord,
But as your own.

Duke. I thank you, noble Sir.

Leon. To-bed with him; and, wife, give your attendance.

Enter Juan.

Juan. Doctors and ſurgeons——

Duke. Do not diſquiet me,
But let me take my leave in peace.

[*Exeunt Duke, Sanchio, Alon. Marg. Serv.*

Leon. Afore me,

'Tis

'Tis rarely counterfeited!

Juan. True, it is ſo, Sir;
And take you heed this laſt blow do not ſpoil you.
He is not hurt, only we made a ſcuffle,
As tho' we purpos'd anger; that ſame ſcratch
On's hand he took, to colour all, and draw compaſſion,
That he might get into your houſe more cunningly.
I muſt not ſtay. Stand now, and you're a brave fellow.

Leon. I thank you, noble colonel, and I honour you.
Never be quiet? [*Exit Juan.*

Enter Margarita.

Marg. He's moſt deſp'rate ill, Sir;
I do not think theſe ten months will recover him.

Leon. Does he hire my houſe to play the fool in,
Or does it ſtand on fairy ground? We're haunted!
Are all men and their wives troubled with dreams thus?

Marg. What ail you, Sir?

Leon. Nay, what ail you, ſweet wife,
To put theſe daily paſtimes on my patience?
What doſt thou ſee in me, that I ſhould ſuffer thus?
Have not I done my part like a true huſband,
And paid ſome deſperate debts you never look'd for?

Marg. You have done handſomely, I muſt confeſs, Sir.

Leon. Have I not kept thee waking like a hawk?
And watch'd thee with delights to ſatisfy thee,
The very tithes of which had won a widow?

Marg. Alas, I pity you.

Leon. Thou'lt make me angry;
Thou never ſaw'ſt me mad yet.

Marg. You are always,
You carry a kind of Bedlam ſtill about you.

Leon. If thou purſu'ſt me further, I run ſtark mad;
If you have more hurt dukes or gentlemen,
To lie here on your cure, I ſhall be deſperate!
I know the trick, and you ſhall feel I know it.
Are you ſo hot that no hedge can contain you?
I'll have thee let blood in all the veins about thee,
I'll have thy thoughts found too, and have them open'd,

Thy

Thy ſpirits purg'd, for thoſe are they that fire you;
Thy maid ſhall be thy miſtreſs, thou the maid,
And all her ſervile labours thou ſhalt reach at [18],
And go thro' chearfully, or elſe ſleep empty;
That maid ſhall lie by me, to teach you duty,
You in a pallet by, to humble you,
And grieve for what you loſe.

Marg. I've loſt myſelf, Sir,
And all that was my baſe ſelf, diſobedience; [*Kneels.*
My wantonneſs, my ſtubbornneſs, I've loſt too:
And now, by that pure faith good wives are crown'd with,
By your own nobleneſs——

Leon. I take you up,

Enter Altea.

And wear you next my heart; ſee you be worth it.
Now, what with you?

Altea. I come to tell my lady,
There is a fulſome fellow would fain ſpeak with her.

Leon. 'Tis Cacafogo; go, and entertain him,
And draw him on with hopes.

Marg. I ſhall obſerve you.

Leon. I have a rare deſign upon that gentleman;
And you muſt work too.

Altea. I ſhall, Sir, moſt willingly.

Leon. Away then both, and keep him cloſe in ſome place,

[18] *And all* thoſe *ſervile labours* that ſhe *reach at.*] This not being grammar, Mr. Sympſon concurr'd with me in reading *thou ſhalt* for *that ſhe*. But he has ſome exception to the verb *reach*, or at leaſt thinks *ſweat* might better expreſs the idea requir'd; but *reach* is us'd in another play exactly in the ſame ſenſe, and is therefore undoubtedly the true word. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward reads,

And all her *ſervile labours* thou ſhalt *reach at,*

without mentioning the variation of *thoſe* to *her*. We think ſome words are loſt here; the firſt line might run,

And all thoſe ſervile labours that ſhe QUITS,
Thou ſhalt reach at, and, &c.

The whole context proves this to have been the *ſenſe* of the paſſage; but the exact *words* it is impoſſible to aſcertain.

From

From the duke's ſight; and keep the duke in too;
Make 'em believe both: I'll find time to cure 'em.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Perez and Eſtifania.

Perez. Why, how dar'ſt thou meet me again, thou rebel,
And know'ſt how thou haſt us'd me thrice, thou raſcal?
Were there not ways enough to fly my vengeance,
No holes nor vaults to hide thee from my fury,
But thou muſt meet me face to face to kill thee?
I would not ſeek thee to deſtroy thee willingly,
But now thou com'ſt to invite me, and com'ſt upon me:
How like a ſheep-biting rogue, taken i' th' manner [39],
And ready for the halter, doſt thou look now!
Thou haſt a hanging look, thou ſcurvy thing!
Haſt ne'er a knife,
Nor never a ſtring, to lead thee to Elyſium?
Be there no pitiful 'pothecaries in this town,
That have compaſſion upon wretched women,
And dare adminiſter a dram of rats-bane,
But thou muſt fall to me?

Eſtif. I know you've mercy.

Perez. If I had tons of mercy, thou deſerv'ſt none;
What new trick's now afoot, and what new houſes
Have you i' th' air? what orchards in apparition?
What canſt thou ſay for thy life?

Eſtif. Little or nothing;
I know you'll kill me, and I know 'tis uſeleſs
To beg for mercy. Pray, let me draw my book out,
And pray a little!

Perez. Do; a very little,
For I have further buſineſs than thy killing;

---

39 *Taken i' th'* manner.] This being intelligible may remain in the text, but it will admit a doubt whether *matter* be not the true word. i. e. *taken in the fact.* *Seward.*

Taken in the MANNER is a law-term, and is mentioned in ſeveral acts of parliament. The expreſſion occurs alſo in Shakeſpeare. It ſignifies *taken in the very fact*; and it is whimſical that Mr. Seward, though ignorant of the phraſe, ſhould have explained it rightly.

I've

I've money yet to borrow. Speak when you are ready.

Eſtif. Now, now, Sir, now! [*Shews a piſtol.*] Come on! d'you ſtart off from me?
D'you ſweat, great captain? have you ſeen a ſpirit?

Perez. Do you wear guns?

Eſtif. I am a ſoldier's wife, Sir,
And by that privilege I may be arm'd.
Now, what's the news? and let's diſcourſe more friendly,
And talk of our affairs in peace.

Perez. Let me ſee,
Prithee, let me ſee thy gun; 'tis a very pretty one.

Eſtif. No, no, Sir; you ſhall feel.

Perez. Hold, hold, you villain!
What, thine own huſband?

Eſtif. Let mine own huſband then
Be in's own wits. There, there's a thouſand ducats!
Who muſt provide for you? And yet you'll kill me.

Perez. I will not hurt thee for ten thouſand millions.

Eſtif. When will you redeem your jewels? I have pawn'd 'em,
You ſee for what; we muſt keep touch.

Perez. I'll kiſs thee,
And get as many more, I'll make thee famous.
Had we the houſe now!

Eſtif. Come along with me;
If that be vaniſh'd, there be more to hire, Sir.

Perez. I ſee I am an aſs, when thou art near me.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Leon, Margarita, and Altea, with a taper.

Leon. Is the fool come?

Altea. Yes, and i' th' cellar faſt,
And there he ſtays his good hour till I call him;
He will make dainty muſick 'mong the ſack-buts.
I've put him juſt, Sir, under the duke's chamber.

Leon. It is the better.

Altea. He has giv'n me royally,
And to my lady a whole load of Portigues.

Leon. Better and better ſtill. Go, Margarita,

Now

Now play your prize: You ſay you dare be honeſt;
I'll put you to your teſt[40].
Marg. Secure yourſelf, Sir;
Give me the candle; paſs away in ſilence.
[*Exe. Leon and Altea. Marg. knocks.*
Duke [*within*]. Who's there? Oh, oh!
Marg. My lord!
Duke [*within*]. Have you brought me comfort?
Marg. I have, my lord:
Come forth; 'tis I. Come gently out; I'll help you;

Enter Duke, in a gown.

Come ſoftly too. How do you?
Duke. Are there none here? [*Noiſe below.*
Let me look round; we cannot be too wary.
Oh, let me bleſs this hour! Are you alone, ſweet friend?
Marg. Alone, to comfort you.
[*Cacafogo makes a noiſe below.*
Duke. What's that you tumble[41]?
I've heard a noiſe this half-hour under me,
A fearful noiſe.
Marg. The fat thing's mad i' th' cellar, [*Aſide.*
And ſtumbles from one hogſhead to another;
Two cups more, and he ne'er ſhall find the way out.
What do you fear? Come, ſit down by me chearfully;
My huſband's ſafe. How do your wounds?
Duke. I've none, lady;
My wounds I counterfeited cunningly, [*Noiſe below.*
And feign'd the quarrel too, to enjoy you, ſweet:

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[40] *I'll put you to your* beſt.] Mr. Theobald and I concurred in changing this to *teſt*, and we both had quoted the ſame expreſſion,
I'll put you to the teſt,
from the ſecond ſcene of the Falſe One. *Seward.*

[41] *What's that you* tumble?] I have inſerted a conjecture of Mr. Sympſon's here, as more proper to the context than the old reading. *Seward.*

The variation is, *What's that* RUMBLE? The omiſſion of one word, and change of another, is certainly too bold, eſpecially where the old text is good ſenſe.

Let's

Let's loſe no time. Hark, the ſame noiſe again!
Marg. What noiſe? why look you pale? I hear no ſtirring.
(This goblin in the vault will be ſo tippled!)
You are not well, I know by your flying fancy;
Your body's ill at eaſe; your wounds——
Duke. I've none;
I am as luſty, and as full of health,
High in my blood——
Marg. Weak in your blood, you would ſay.
How wretched is my caſe, willing to pleaſe you,
And find you ſo diſable!
Duke. Believe me, lady——
Marg. I know, you'll venture all you have to ſatisfy me,
Your life I know; but is it fit I ſpoil you?
Is it my love, d'you think?
Cac. [*below.*] Here's to the duke!
Duke. It nam'd me certainly;
I heard it plainly ſound.
Marg. You art hurt mortally,
And fitter for your prayers, Sir, than pleaſure.
What ſtarts you make? I would not kiſs you wantonly,
For the world's wealth. Have I ſecur'd my huſband,
And put all doubts aſide, to be deluded?
Cac. [*below.*] I come, I come.
Duke. Heav'n bleſs me!
Marg. And bleſs us both, for ſure this is the devil!
I plainly heard it now; he'll come to fetch you!
A very ſpirit, for he ſpoke under ground,
And ſpoke to you juſt as you would have ſnatch'd me.
You are a wicked man, and ſure this haunts you:
'Would you were out o' th' houſe!
Duke. I would I were,
O' that condition I had leap'd a window.
Marg. And that's the leaſt leap, if you mean to 'ſcape, Sir.
Why, what a frantick man were you to come here,
What a weak man to counterfeit deep wounds,

To

To wound another deeper?

Duke. Are you honeſt then?

Marg. Yes, then, and now, and ever; and excellent honeſt,

And exerciſe this paſtime but to ſhew you,
Great men are fools ſometimes as well as wretches.
'Would you were well hurt, with any hope of life,
Cut to the brains, or run clean through the body,
To get out quietly as you got in, Sir!
I wiſh it like a friend that loves you dearly;
For if my huſband take you, and take you thus
A counterfeit, one that would clip his credit,
Out of his honour he muſt kill you preſently;
There is no mercy, nor an hour of pity:
And for me to entreat in ſuch an agony,
Would ſhew me little better than one guilty.
Have you any mind to a lady now?

Duke. 'Would I were off fair!
If ever lady caught me in a trap more——

Marg. If you be well and luſty—fy, fy! ſhake not!
You ſay you love me; come, come bravely now,
Deſpiſe all danger; I am ready for you.

Duke. She mocks my miſery: Thou cruel lady!

Marg. Thou cruel lord! wouldſt thou betray my honeſty,

Betray it in mine own houſe, wrong my huſband,
Like a night thief, thou dar'ſt not name by day-light?

Duke. I am moſt miſerable.

Marg. You are indeed;
And, like a fooliſh thing, you have made yourſelf ſo.
Could not your own diſcretion tell you, Sir,
When I was married I was none of yours?
Your eyes were then commanded to look off me,
And I now ſtand in a circle and ſecure;
Your ſpells nor pow'r can never reach my body.
Mark me but this, and then, Sir, be moſt miſerable;
'Tis ſacrilege to violate a wedlock,
You rob two temples, make yourſelf twice guilty,
You ruin hers, and ſpot her noble huſband's.

Duke.

Duke. Let me be gone, I'll never more attempt you.
Marg. You cannot go; 'tis not in me to ſave you:
Dare you do ill, and poorly then ſhrink under it?
Were I the duke Medina I would fight now,
For you muſt fight and bravely, it concerns you;
You do me double wrong if you ſneak off, Sir,
And all the world would ſay I lov'd a coward;
And you muſt die too, for you will be kill'd,
And leave your youth, your honour, and your ſtate,
And all thoſe dear delights you worſhipp'd here.
Duke. The noiſe again! [*Noiſe below.*
Cac. [*below.*] Some ſmall beer, if you love me.
Marg. The devil haunts you ſure; your ſins are mighty;
A drunken devil too, to plague your villainy.
Duke. Preſerve me but this once!
Marg. There's a deep well
In the next yard, if you dare venture drowning:
It is but death.
Duke. I would not die ſo wretchedly.
Marg. Out of a garret-window I will let you down then;
But ſay the rope be rotten; 'tis huge high too.
Duke. Have you no mercy?
Marg. Now you are frighted throughly,
And find what 'tis to play the fool in vice[42],
And ſee with clear eyes your deteſted folly,
I'll be your guard.

Duke.

[42] *And find what 'tis to* play the fool in folly,
And ſee with clear eyes your deteſted folly.] I have often had occaſion to obſerve, that by a ſlight caſt of the printer's eye words that belong only to one line are repeated in the preceding or following one; and in that caſe they frequently exclude words that may be totally different in all their letters. This, I believe, has happened in the lines refer'd to, where the ſame word ends both; and, as it does not make abſolute nonſenſe in either conjecture, cannot eaſily determine to which it belongs. If the reader thinks *playing the fool in folly* not a juſtifiable expreſſion, he will chuſe to diſcard it from the firſt, and then *ſin* or *vice* may ſupply the vacancy; but as I think the expreſſion not unjuſtifiable, the following ſeems to me to bid faireſt for having been the original,

And

Duke. And I'll be your true ſervant,
Ever from this hour virtuouſly to love you,
Chaſtely and modeſtly to look upon you,
And here I ſeal it.

Marg. I may kiſs a ſtranger,
For you muſt now be ſo.

Enter Leon, Juan, Alonzo, Sanchio, Cacafogo, and Altea.

Leon. How do you, my lord?
Methinks you look but poorly on this matter.
Has my wife wounded you? you were well before.
Pray, Sir, be comforted; I have forgot all,
Truly forgiven too. Wife, you are a right one,
And now with unknown nations I dare truſt you.

Juan. No more feign'd fights, my lord; they never proſper.

Leon. Who's this? the devil in the vault?

Altea. 'Tis he, Sir,
And as lovingly drunk, as tho' he had ſtudied it.

Cac. Give me a cup of ſack, and kiſs me, lady!
Kiſs my ſweet face, and make thy huſband cuckold!
An ocean of ſweet ſack! Shall we ſpeak treaſon?

Leon. He's deviliſh drunk.

Duke. I had thought h' had been a devil;
He made as many noiſes, and as horrible.

Leon. Oh, a true lover, Sir, will lament loudly.
Which of the butts is your miſtreſs?

Cac. Butt in thy belly!

Leon. There's two in thine I'm ſure, 'tis grown ſo monſtrous.

Cac. Butt in thy face!

Leon. Go, carry him to ſleep.
A fool's love ſhould be drunk; he has paid well for't too.

And find what 'tis to play the fool in folly,
And ſee with clear eyes your deteſted crime. *Seward.*

Play THE FOOL *in* FOLLY is a poor expreſſion at any rate. We think Mr. Seward's firſt conjecture, of diſcarding the word in the firſt line, happier than his ſecond, which he ſeems moſt inclined to adopt.

When he is ſober, let him out to rail,
Or hang himſelf; there will be no loſs of him.
[*Exeunt Cacafogo and Servant.*

Enter Perez and Eſtifania.

Leon. Who's this? my Mahound couſin[43]?

Perez. Good, Sir; 'tis very good! 'Would I'd a houſe, too!
(For there's no talking in the open air)
My Termagant coz, I would be bold to tell you,
I durſt be merry too; I tell you plainly,
You have a pretty ſeat, you have the luck on't,
A pretty lady too; I have miſs'd both:
My carpenter built in a miſt, I thank him!
Do me the courteſy to let me ſee it,
See it but once more. But I ſhall cry for anger!
I'll hire a chandler's ſhop cloſe under you,
And, for my foollery, ſell ſope and whip-cord.
Nay, if you do not laugh now, and laugh heartily,
You are a fool, coz.

Leon. I muſt laugh a little,
And now I've done. Coz, thou ſhalt live with me,
My merry coz; the world ſhall not divorce us.
Thou art a valiant man, and thou ſhalt never want.
Will this content thee?

Perez. I'll cry, and then I'll be thankful,
Indeed I will, and I'll be honeſt to you:
I'd live a ſwallow here, I muſt confeſs.

---

[43] *My* Mahound *couſin.*———
My Termagant *coz.*] In an old play, called Ram Alley, or Merry Tricks, Tafata ſays,

'———I am ſo haunted
'With a ſwaggering captaine, that ſweares (God bleſs us)
'Like a very *Tarmagant,*' &c.

And Biſhop Hall's Satires begin thus;

'Nor Ladie's wanton love, nor wand'ring knight,
'Legend I out in rhimes all richly dight;
'Nor fright the reader with the Pagan vaunt
'Of mightie *Mahound,* and great *Termagaunt.*'

Hamlet ſays, 'I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing *Termagant. Termagant* likewiſe occurs in King and No King. See note 31 on that play. *R.*

Wife,

Wife, I forgive thee all, if thou be honeſt,
At thy peril, I believe thee excellent [44].

Eſtif. If I prove otherwiſe, let me beg firſt.

Leon. Hold, this is yours; ſome recompence for ſervice:
Uſe it to nobler ends than he that gave it.

Duke. And this is yours, your true commiſſion, Sir.
Now you are a captain.

Leon. You're a noble prince, Sir;
And now a ſoldier, gentlemen [45],

Omnes. We all rejoice in't.

Juan. Sir, I ſhall wait upon you thro' all fortunes.

Alon. And I.

Altea. And I muſt needs attend my miſtreſs.

Leon. Will you go, ſiſter?

Altea. Yes, indeed, good brother;
I have two ties, my own blood, and my miſtreſs.

Marg. Is ſhe your ſiſter?

Leon. Yes, indeed, good wife,

---

[44] *At thy peril, I believe thee excellent.*
Eſtif. *If I prove otherways, let me beg firſt.*
Hold, this is yours, ſome recompence for ſervice.] The latter end of *Perez's* ſpeech and *Eſtifania's* anſwer have ſome difficulties in them. I ſuppoſe the Poets meant to make *Perez* ſay, that he believ'd his wife honeſt at her peril, becauſe, if he found her otherways he would ſeverely puniſh her. She anſwers; let me firſt beg my bread before I prove otherways. The latter part of the ſpeech, I think, evidently belongs to *Leon*, who gives Eſtifania part of the money which, by her aſſiſtance, he had got from Cacafogo. *Seward.*

[45] *And now a ſoldier, gentlemen, we all rejoice in't.*] I at firſt corrected this line thus,

And now a ſoldier, gentlemen.
Omnes. *We all rejoice in't.*

But this, as well as the old corrupt text, makes three redundant ſyllables to the verſe. The obſervation of this immediately diſcovered a more probable corruption, viz. that the word, *gentlemen*, only denotes the ſpeakers, and is not a part of *Leon's* ſpeech. *Seward.*

Mr. Seward therefore reads,

And now a ſoldier.
Gentl. *We all rejoice in't;*

but we think his firſt correction was right. Three redundant ſyllables often, very often, occur in the plays of our Authors and their cotemporaries, and even in Rowe.

And

And my beſt ſiſter; for ſhe prov'd ſo, wench,
When ſhe deceiv'd you with a loving huſband.
Altea. I would not deal ſo truly for a ſtranger.
Marg. Well, I could chide you;
But it muſt be lovingly, and like a ſiſter.——
I'll bring you on your way, and feaſt you nobly,
(For now I have an honeſt heart to love you)
And then deliver you to the blue Neptune.
Juan. Your colours you muſt wear, and wear 'em proudly,
Wear 'em before the bullet, and in blood too:
And all the world ſhall know we're Virtue's ſervants.
Duke. And all the world ſhall know, a noble mind
Makes women beautiful, and envy blind. [*Exeunt.*

EPILOGUE.

GOOD night, our worthy friends! and may you part
Each with as merry and as free a heart
As you came hither! To thoſe noble eyes,
That deign to ſmile on our poor faculties,
And give a bleſſing to our labouring ends,
As we hope many, to ſuch Fortune ſend
Their own deſires, wives fair as light, as chaſte!
To thoſe that live by ſpite, wives made in haſte!

END OF THE THIRD VOLUME.

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